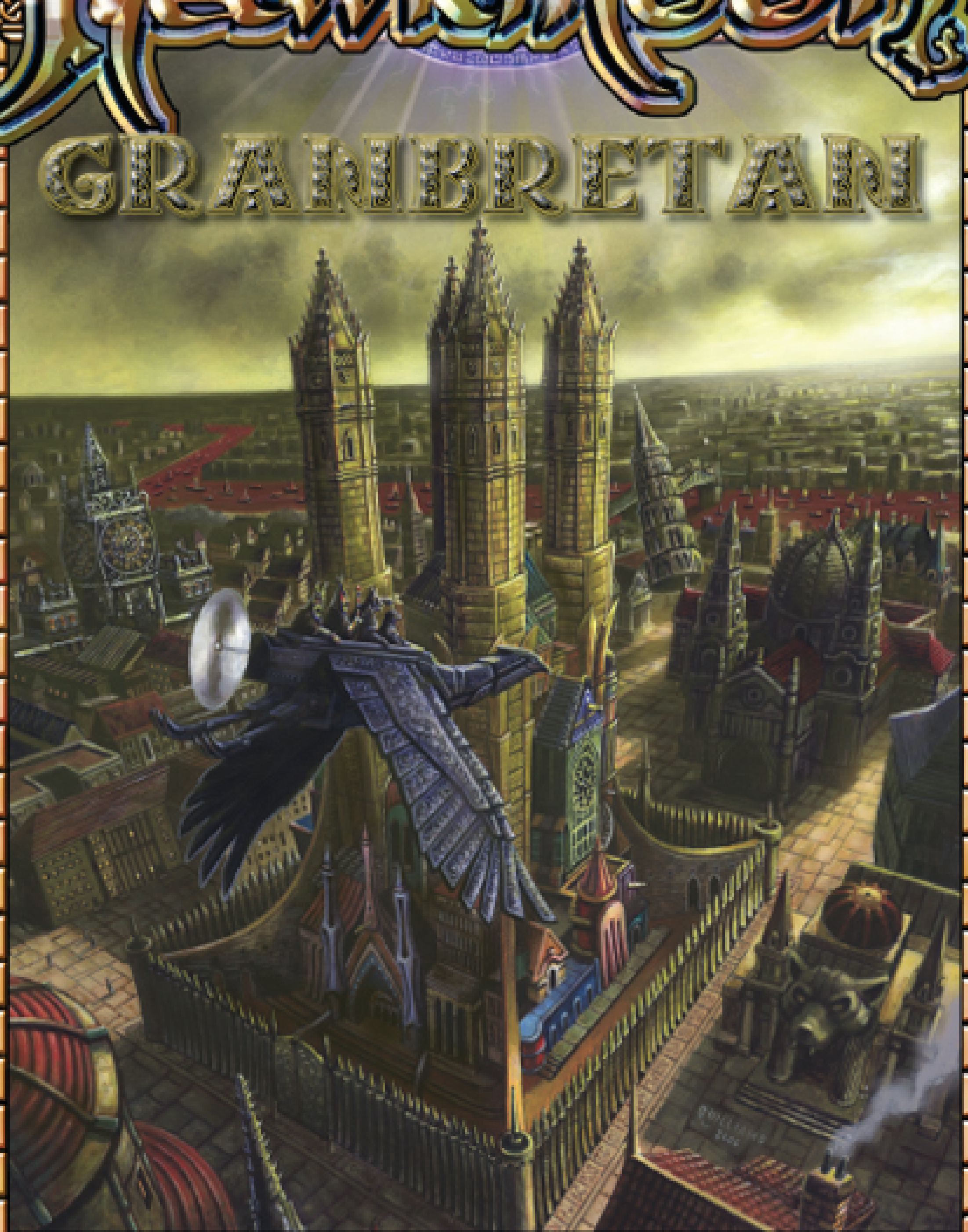
Michael Moorcock's

Hawkmoon

GRANBRETAN



The Eternal Champion

RuneQuest

Michael Moorcock's Hawkmoon

Granbretan

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Copyright Information

INTRODUCTION

From Tozer's unfinished and suppressed play, *The Mirror of Nature:*

Dramatis Personae:
The KING, swimming in his royal throne-globe. A merry fellow, quick to laugh;
A WOLF, ambitious and cunning, with a fine beard;
A GOAT, a little cranky, who is also Archduke of Londra;
A BULL, as witty as he is handsome;
A DRAGON, but newly hatched from an EGG;
A SERPENT, nocturnal by nature;
A HERON in search of entertainment;
TICK-TOCK, a Fool wearing a Clock for a Mask;
A CYNIC, wearing his Face on his Face and his Heart on his Sleeve;
A MAD MUSCOVITE, Risen from the Dead for Comedic Effect,
ALSO
HAWKMOON, a Phantom Born Of Too Much Cheese;
A SLAVE, servant of the HERON, and he could be any man, or woman either, and gods know many of us have wished ourselves in his position;
A MESSENGER
WITH
Sundry GUARDS and BRAVE WARRIORS, every man-jack of them a prince among men and lord of the earth, courageous and bold and never shirking, disciplined as iron and strong as steel;
A Full Chorus of Slaves, Maskless, Wretches, Courtiers and Damned Souls
AND
A NARRATOR who should have more sense.

Scene 1: The Throne Room of the King. Discover KING, stage left. Enter WOLF, GOAT, BULL and SERPENT. The SERPENT carries the EGG. They walk to the King. It is suggested that the audience go to the lobby and buy refreshments as the characters cross the stage, which should be a mile wide to fully convey the grandeur of the KING's hall.

GOAT: My legs ache. My lords, let's stop and rest awhile.
WOLF: Never! Granbretan's conquest shall never cease until all the world's beneath our heel.
BULL: But… is the world not round, and thusly, there's no top from which to crush?
WOLF: Shut that fool up.
GOAT: His roaring offends the ear.
SERPENT: Aye. Our sorcery-science proved the world is shaped very like a map, with 'to be conquered' writ in mountains across Asiacommunista.
WOLF: I'll conquer all the east in a day and Amarekh by Tuesday week!
GOAT: And what of Darkest Afric, and Turkia and Slough?
WOLF: They'll all be mine – I mean ours, by which I mean his.
BULL: Whose?
WOLF: Why, the King, of course. Hush now, we approach his awesome sphere.
To The King: Oh mighty King-Emperor, the Lords of LilBretan would speak to you.
GOAT: Look, he sleeps.
SERPENT: Like a little infant, curled up in the mother's womb.
BULL: Aye. It warms the heart and makes me want to kick pregnant women in the belly.
GOAT: What doesn't make you want to do that?
BULL: Getting them with child in the first place! Haw!
WOLF: Be quiet, fool! Don't speak of such things in front of the King! Don't you know he hasn't gotten any since the dark of time?
SERPENT: You've woken him and he'll be wrathful. I'll not wait.

The SERPENT leaves the EGG on stage and exits through a trapdoor. Noxious fumes and the crying of the damned are heard.

KING: What? Who? Where? Are those my feet?
GOAT: Nah, lord. Your feet atrophied before the Tragic Millennium was done.
KING: I liked my feet. Ah well, no matter. Report, my lords. How goes our war in Europe?
WOLF: It's done.
KING: What, already?



GOAT: The last cleaning expedition set out seventeen months ago, sire, and has not yet reported back.
KING: Bah! You're saying my throne room hasn't been cleaned in two years?
GOAT: No, my lord, two hundred years. And with all the weekly orgies, sire, this room's gone rather rank.
KING: Bah! Send the madman to his wife, that'll finish him for sure. And have the Serpent find some way to clean up this ordure.
GOAT: Verily, it shall be so my lord.
Exit A MAD MUSCOVITE
KING: Anything else to report from Europe?

Enter HAWKMOON, who is visible only to the WOLF
HAWKMOON: Ich bin ze Duke von Köln, the dastardly ally of that mad genius, Count Brass! I live in an invisible castle und I tweak ze moustachios of ze Wolf in every battle from the Kamarg to Hamadan! Ho ho ho! And though I am but vun mench, mit my hairy-dwarf wife, I am still ze greatest threat to Granbretan! I will invade Londra with an army of feral flamingos!
WOLF: Hawkmoon yet lives! By the Runestaff, I'll have yet another revenge upon him! The Kamarg, all fourteen marshy square feet of it, is the greatest threat to our continent-spanning thousand year empire! Why, they have at least a dozen soldiers, and a flamingo and a giant militant corkscrew! My King, I demand that we immediately send a million men to find Castle Brass!
HAWKMOON: Did you send me there in the first place? Look how well that turned out…
Exit Hawkmoon on a rope from on high.
WOLF: Rragh!
GOAT: Look, the egg hatcheth.
The EGG cracks, and a DRAGON emerges.
DRAGON: Ho! I seek conquests and glories!
WOLF: We've conquered all of Europe already and I bagsied Asiacommunista.
GOAT: You can have Amarekh.
DRAGON: Nay, I fear death by water. I'll find amusements elsewhere.
Exit the DRAGON.

KING: My wolf, attend to the conquest of the East. My good goat, attend to the cleaning. My lord bull…

WOLF: The roads from Karlye to Istanbul are paved with skulls and signposted with crucifixes and all the distances are now marked in miles, not kilometres.
KING: What of Espanyia?
WOLF: The Serpent's plagues were most efficacious, majesty. All of Espanyia's a charnel field.
KING: Start building holiday homes there immediately. What of Muskovia?
BULL: Er, was I supposed to conquer that?
WOLF: You were! Did you not heed my cunning plan?
BULL: I thought the Muscovite would do it.
WOLF: He's dead!

Enter A MAD MUSCOVITE and TICK-TOCK.
MAD MUSCOVITE: Dead! Dead! Death to Life!
TICK-TOCK: Behold! I resurrect the dead! I am the Lord of Time!
WOLF: Could you not resurrect someone useful?
TICK-TOCK: Why, with all of Europe conquered and Asia lying defenceless, I thought we'd need a challenge. Thusly, I brought back a moron who's more trouble than he's worth.
WOLF: Well, kill him once more.
MAD MUSCOVITE: Death to Life! Black to white! Murder to kittens! We'll cross the Black Sea by filling it with corpses!
TICK-TOCK: I lack the will.
BULL: I'll do it. Pass me yon axe.
GOAT: You can't kill people in front of the King.
KING: You can't?

The BULL kneels.

BULL: Command me, King of the World.

KING: Give me but a moment.

BULL: A million lifetimes are yours, oh most terrible majesty.

KING: Good point. Wait there.

Exeunt Omnes, save the BULL, who waits patiently, kneeling, for a time.

TICK-TOCK (*offstage):* And thus, ten thousand years pass!

Scene 2: Another room in the castle. Enter a HERON, stage left. She is dressed in the greatest of finery, silken garments from the east, jewels most rare and precious, gold and gilt and silver and all manner of treasures. Immediately upon entering, she casts them off and walks naked save for a mask to centre stage. A SLAVE follows her.

HERON: Oh, fie upon this dull life. I desire entertainment.

SLAVE: The sexual gymnasts?

HERON: Done them.

SLAVE: The mutant horses?

HERON: Ridden them.

SLAVE: Perhaps –

HERON: Both ways.

SLAVE: The Serpent's excessive machine?

HERON: Broke it.

Enter a MESSENGER, stage right.

HERON: Done him.

MESSENGER: Milady, I bring joyous news. Your husband lives!

HERON: You'll have to be more specific.

MESSENGER: About what?

HERON: Well, which husband, firstly… and how exactly it's joyous.

Enter a MAD MUSCOVITE, stage right, who lops the head off the MESSENGER.

MAD MUSCOVITE: Honey, I'm home! Da!

HERON: Did you not conveniently die in France, leaving me control of your legion of elite warriors?

MAD MUSCOVITE: Death to Life! Murder to Birth! Fire to Ice! Roast to Chickens!

HERON *to the SLAVE:* Slave, fetch me my poisoned lipstick.

SLAVE: Which one?

HERON *to the SLAVE:* I'm in a burgundy mood today.

Exit slave, stage left. The MAD MUSCOVITE casts off his armour and stands naked on stage, save for his chicken mask.

MAD MUSCOVITE: Look, they stuck all my bits back on! Hardly any rotted!

HERON: Well, no more than was rotted before. I suppose you want to ravish me then!

MAD MUSCOVITE: Lie back and think of Granbretan, my love.

HERON: *aside* Where is that cursed slave?
aloud Wait, who's that I hear approaching?

Enter the DRAGON, stage right.

DRAGON: It is I, the Dragon! Young and full of pep and fire.

HERON: My, that is indeed a fine worm.

MAD MUSCOVITE: She's mine! Be gone, or I shall call you by strange insulting names from my homeland.

HERON: We could share?

MAD MUSCOVITE: Never! Death to Life!

Enter a SLAVE.

HERON: *to the DRAGON:* Be with you in a moment.

DRAGON: You should know this is my first time. I'm less than ten minutes old, after all.

The HERON takes the lipstick from the SLAVE and applies it to her beak.

HERON: Kiss me, you fool.

TICK-TOCK (*offstage):* I'm coming, hold on!

HERON: Not you. My husband!

CHORUS (*offstage*): Which one? You'll have to be more specific!

THE MAD MUSCOVITE KISSES THE HERON ON HER POISONED BEAK.

MAD MUSCOVITE: *Oh venomous glasnost!* Too late I (standing in for my homeland of Muskovia) learn the truth of Granbretan. *He dies.*

DRAGON: Have I come at a bad time?

HERON: Nay!

They embrace.

DRAGON: I've come at a bad time.

Curtain.

Scene 3: The dungeon of the Serpent. Discover the SERPENT, with a chorus of moaning SLAVES and buzzing machines.

SERPENT: Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble, I'll blow Europe into rubble!

Enter a GOAT

GOAT: Hail, Baron!

SERPENT: To the weather control machine! I'll make it hail icebergs over Basinstoke!

GOAT: No, I mean, hello Baron.

SERPENT: Hell, O Baron? It shall be so! I'll tear open the walls of reality and open a gateway to Hell itself!

GOAT: Gods of Westminster! I mean, how do you do, Baron!
SERPENT: How do I do it? I'll reveal my secrets to no man!
GOAT: I'll try another tack. The King commands you to find a way to clean his throne room, immediately.
SERPENT: Feh! Such a thing is a mere trifle for a sorcerer of my power! I command the very elements, like fire, air and water!
GOAT: Water sounds good.
SERPENT: By Runga I command thee, oh ancient river Tayme! Burst thy banks and wash the filth from the King's throne room!
GOAT: This cannot possibly go badly. Let's go and see what we have wrought.
Exeunt Omnes.

Scene 4: The Ruins of the Throne Room, all awash with muddy river water. The corpses of many BRAVE WARRIORS bob in the floods. Enter a Ship of Fools, Stage Left, bearing a WOLF, a GOAT and a BULL.
WOLF: By the Runestaff! Hawkmoon has, under cover of night, crept into the King's palace and left all the taps on! Revenge!
BULL: My guts heave; I think I'm seasick.
GOAT: But we're in the throne room, not at sea.
BULL: Well, then I feel better.

Enter another ship, piloted by a CYNIC.
WOLF: Where's the King?
CYNIC: I passed his throne-globe, which was floating down river. Why, don't you know that this river is The Course Of Events and even the King may be Swept Up in Them?
WOLF: Lies!
GOAT: Half of Londra's drowned! Oh, the ignominy.
BULL: Ah, a little drowning builds character.
CYNIC: One would almost think it a commentary on our practise of relying on sorcery when but a little forethought would have done us better service.
WOLF: No man may accuse me of forethought and live! Brothers, let's take arms against this sea of troubles and by opposing end them!
He leaps into the floodwaters. They are but ankle-deep. He slashes at them savagely with his sword.
BULL: Verily! Where the Wolf leads, I'll follow.
He stands very still, and looks about himself with bovine stupidity.
GOAT: While the King's missing, his cousin the Heron must serve as regent! Where is the Heron?
CYNIC: In bed with a Dragon, who incidentally is not just a mockery of Lacasdeh but also symbolises our dangerous alliances with untrustworthy powers. Just so you know; I'd hate to be misunderstood.
GOAT: I'll go fetch her. Cynic, take your ship and this shrimp net and go rescue the King. The tide's going out, so be swift, lest the throne end up in the east end.
CYNIC: Oh, I'll conquer the east, never fear.
Exit the CYNIC, stage left. Exit the GOAT, stage right. We linger, for a moment, at the stock-still BULL, and the WOLF still madly thrashing in the scummy water.
WOLF: Hawkmoon! Hawkmoon! Hawkmoon!
Curtain.

Historical note: The original manuscript of The Mirror of Nature *was discovered in the apartments of Elvereza Tozer when the playwright was exiled from the court. It was taken as evidence of Tozer's seditious ways, although some critics have suggested the writing style of the piece is closer to that of Murrain, Tozer's arch-rival. Following the Battle of Londra, Queen-Empress Flana ordered the still-incomplete play to be performed, despite its less than flattering portrayal of her. She held that it provided a valuable insight into the state of King-Emperor Huon's court in the months just prior to the Battle of Londra.*

The Dark Empire

'I'm not saying Britain always behaved herself properly, and I knew a fair bit about empire, but these people seemed to have come up with the ideas and methods of Adolf Hitler combined with the imperial instincts of Cecil Rhodes.'
– The White Wolf's Son

This sourcebook for the *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game* describes the Dark Empire of Granbretan, the all-conquering enemy of life in the age after the Tragic Millennium. It is primarily intended as a book of villains for the Player Characters to battle, a corrupt cornucopia of evil lords, foul sorcery, new monsters and hideous beasts. Optionally, campaigns can even be set on the Isle of Granbretan itself, with the Player Characters being criminals, freedom fighters and renegades battling against the Empire from within its very heart.

Player Character Granbretanians should not be allowed, unless the Players have the ability to convincingly act as empire building sadists!

The History of Granbretan

The historians of the Dark Empire consider the beginning of modern history to be the Sealing of the Throne Globe, which is said to have taken place 2,187 years before the Battle of Londra that ended the reign of King-Emperor Huon. According to tradition, King-Emperor Huon led the forces of ancient Granbretan in a heroic battle against the French, saving the whole nation from destruction. He was mortally wounded in that conflict. To preserve the life of this most valiant son of Granbretan, the healers Nahass and Bupha built the Globe which has sustained the King for two thousand years.

Winners write the histories though, and it is common knowledge among the intelligentsia of the Dark Empire that the official records have been rewritten many times. Little stigma is attached to this, as Granbretan has little use for such fragile things as 'truth'. If it pleasures the King to have been a great hero in his youth, why, then he was a great hero in his youth and anyone who denies this is destined for an appointment with the gallows.

Prehistory

One must turn to the mythologies and legends of the land to learn anything of its prehistory. Granbretan has a rich heritage of strange tales and folk-heroes. Huon specially venerated Aral Vilsn, the Howling God and his worship of this primordial deity has spread to the whole of Granbretan. The Fearful Four, though, the gods of change and renewal, are almost as powerful and still have a strong following among the peasantry. Some of these folk-tales describe a Granbretan that was altogether more peaceful and – in the eyes of the Beasts – weaker than it has become in modern times.

In one story, for example, the trickster deity Blaise (the teacher of Merlin) wishes to avoid his arranged wedding with a brown troll, who will eat him as soon as they consummate the marriage. He hides in a farmyard barn but is discovered by a slavering pack of hunting hounds and plain farmers, whom he had banished to the wilderness in another tale. In the nick of time, Blaise is able to escape capture by finding the blind village idiot and using a spell of disguise to make him appear to be a town guard. When the farmers drag Blaise to the stocks, the blind man forgets to lock the trickster in and Blaise is able to slip out and hide once more. Other, more martial tales insist that Granbretan's Dark Empire is actually the second empire to have arisen from this land and that another vast empire on which the sun never set was once ruled from Londra (historians interpret this to mean that this first empire included other worlds, conquered by the fabled skyships of old).

The Tragic Millennium

Granbretan was struck hard by the war. The whole west coast was blighted by a poisonous rain that lingers yet to this day and places like Yel and Cornwallis are still uninhabitable by humans. The rest of the country was also blasted by weapons and terrible plagues. There are glass-walled craters where towns once stood and wormwoods even within the precincts of Londra. The cities survived better than the countryside, as mighty thick-walled buildings and arcologies offered shelter from the toxic vapours and plagues. Millions crowded into the cities and whole neighbourhoods became mass graves as plagues spread. The land fell into utter anarchy.

The first of the Beast Orders were born during this tragic, brutal time. Groups of survivors would band together, wearing masks to protect themselves from the foul vapours and disease-ridden corpses. Some of these gangs were formed from surviving military units, others from the clans. The practice of naming the groups after beasts arose in the north and swiftly spread over the entire country. The Beasts saved the people of Granbretan by separating the healthy and uninfected from those who were doomed to die or who were carriers of disease. A third class, those who were mutilated or mutated by the effects of war but were not actually a danger to the healthy survivors grew up and the Beasts permitted them to live as slaves. The practice of mask-wearing spread

The Gods of Granbretan

Chief among the gods is Aral Vilsn, the Roaring God, who ruled Granbretan in the time of myth. He is the father of Skvese, who is Doom and Blansacredid the Chaos God. Aral Vilsn is a wise but cruel god, the embodiment of the perfect king. His pantheon also includes Jh'im Slas, the Weeping God and Jeajee Blad, the Groaning God. All these gods are worshipped in great cathedrals; the Beast Orders have various rites to honour the powers, normally involving blood sacrifices and a great deal of oath-swearing. The common folk are content to merely attend services in the local church once per week (the ceremonies are called quangoes, a term whose meaning has long since been lost).

Lesser members of the pantheon include Bjirn Adass, the Singing God; Chirshil, the Howling God who conquered Europe and is the special patron of the Order of the Wolf and Brason Ever-Virgin, the patron of the Crows and other flyers. There are also several powers who must be worshipped and placated, like Privashun the Spirit of Blight and Famine or Kreaketch, God of Meaninglessness.

Worship of darker gods, like the Iron Lady, is officially banned in Granbretan, although her favours are sought by many noblewomen of Londra, as she is especially potent when giving gifts of finance.

The Feared Four are more folk heroes than gods, although their power is very great indeed. They supplanted the One God who once ruled all the world, although the Red Church still worships him in some ways. The Feared Four are powers of change and upheaval. They are named Jhone, Jharg, Phawl and Rhunga. Together, they defeated all who stood against them and blessed their legions of followers with a strange mania.

from the Beast Orders to the healthy ones; according to the official histories, the Fixing of the Masks took place around 580 AR (Anno Regis) or roughly halfway through the Tragic Millennium.

Bowgentle Considers The Wearing Of Masks Among The Beasts

Firstly, there is an undeniable practical benefit to the masks worn by the people of Granbretan. In the years of the Tragic Millennium, plagues and poisons fell from the sky in droplets of moisture or carried like pollen, and masks would prevent these toxins from being inhaled. Similar customs associating health with guarding the mouth and nostrils can be found in many countries. The men of Bahzel wear green and red scarves across their faces when outdoors; the nobles of Espanyia carry perfumed handkerchiefs and it is customary in some parts of Hollandia to splash one's mouth and nose with hot water or even alcohol from the Guest Bowl when one enters a home.

Secondly, the masks provide an instant way to recognise one's allies. In the chaos of battle – or in the anarchy that prevailed in Granbretan many centuries ago – hesitating even a moment could cost a warrior his life. The masks made killing a simpler proposition: those who wore the right mask were friends but anyone else should be hewed down.

Thirdly, a mask hides one's face. Obviously, this was useful when the Beast Orders were unofficial gangs of enforcers and thugs who arose from their local communities and towns. Not knowing who was a Wolf or a Goat or whatever, protected the Beasts from being murdered in their sleep out of revenge and also instilled paranoia in the rest of the populace, as anyone might have been a watchful Beast.

Fourthly, the masks hid the marks of plague and mutation. It is well known that the nobles of Granbretan have a higher proportion of mutants and ill-breeds than any other

nation. Wearing the masks allowed hideously twisted and changed brutes to become warlords and respected leaders, instead of being chased into the wilderness or hung as they were in saner countries.

Fifthly, and most dangerous of all, a mask offers freedom from responsibility and conscience. A man wearing a mask cannot be recognised; he is not himself. In a group of masked men, he ceases to be an individual at all. The mask does not merely hide the face, it hides the higher soul and makes a man into a Beast.

As the various orders grew in strength, they began to fight between themselves for territory and power. The stronger orders absorbed the defeated remnants of others and alliances formed. Unsurprisingly, Londra with its huge population was able to muster the largest coalitions of Beasts. A period of vicious street-fighting lasting over a century followed, as the Orders clashed for control of the vast city. There are still criminal gangs roaming the Quarter of the Unmasked who descend from ancient orders like the Owls or the Droogs. This period is termed the War of the Tayme, as it ended in a long stalemate with Huon controlling the north of Londra and the rival dynasty the Kings of Clapham of the Order of the Lion in control of the south. The stalemate was broken when the Grand Constable of the Wolves (an ancestor of Baron Meliadus) made a dangerous secret crossing of the Tayme via one of the half-flooded underground tunnels and entered into an alliance with Huon. When the Wolves were given control of the southern embankments, they allowed a Mantis strike force to cross the river safely and the Order of the Lion was destroyed in the climactic Battle of Lambent Fire. The vassal orders of the Lion were incorporated into the northern kingdom. King-Emperor Huon and the Mantis Order emerged at the head of the Army of Londra and soon the Home Counties fell under their sway.

The War of Abasement

While Huon's wise counsel guided the Mantis and their close allies the Wolves to victory in the Battle of the Tayme, other powers had risen in the north. As every Granbretanian schoolboy knows, there were four other kings opposing Londra: Kayan of Maester, the King of Steel; Daldra of Skowse, the Lame King; Forbrand the Fat of New Castille and Gregor of Edenbough, the sorcerer-lord. Between Huon and the first of his foes, Daldra, were any number of petty counts, kings and warlords.

Undaunted, the King-Emperor went to war. His first attack was with proclamations – his heralds rode forth, announcing that any who willingly joined the Army of Londra would be given high honours and a place of power at Huon's right hand; the minor lords of the Home Counties and southern parts of the Grim North soon saw what fate awaited them if they resisted. A dozen new Beast Orders were born in as many weeks, as domain after domain fell to Londra without a fight. The armies of Londra fell on Skowse far sooner than the Lame King expected and the cannons of the King-Emperor were bombarding the city within six months of the beginning of the war.

The rival kings, Kayan and Gregor, sent emissaries to Skowse pledging support and aid and the Lame King rallied his forces. Forbrand was also approached by the kings but he refused; the Fat King hated and feared sorcery and would not deal with Gregor under any circumstances. The armies made slow progress through the southern defensive lines and districts of Skowse and battles like Seaforth, the Bloody Crossing and the Trent Bombardment still stir the soul of any red-blooded Granbretanian. In the end, though, the war was won through fate, not strength of arms. A virulent plague swept through Skowse, killing thousands and weakening the city's defenders so they could not resist. 'Skowser Sickness' is still used to refer to any unidentified sickness or poisoning that destroys an army's ability to fight. The Order of the Serpent still claims credit for this victory, although rivals in the Mongoose say there is no evidence of such a plague having been brewed in the Serpent's laboratories.

Kayan, the architect of the alliance that had held Skowse for so long, had not been idle while Londra dashed itself against the castles on the Mer-Sea. He had raised a great army to battle the hated southerners but never led it into battle, as he died to an assassin's blade. His son, Kayan the II, proved to be an even more effective foe of Huon. The younger Kayan earned the soubriquet 'the Bloody' for his many victories against Londra's armies. To this day, the Mask of the Devil is a symbol of fear in Granbretan. Huon's forces were tired and scattered after the Sack of Skowse and Kayan II's well-disciplined armies struck them like a thunderbolt. In a single summer's campaigning, he drove Londra's borders back to the edge of the Home Counties.

Londra mustered reinforcements but as mischance would have it, two barbarian kings arose in far Cornwallis among the mutant tribes there. Gog and Magog, as these powerful warlords called themselves, commanded a vast horde of barbarians and worse monsters. They had looted the research city of Kamic and were already threatening the western borders of Londra's domain, having put Swinedom to the torch. Faced with two enemies, King Huon sued for peace with Kayan II and sent his Beast Orders west, not north.

Kayan's lords and his ally Gregor counselled him to take advantage of the barbarian attack and if the Bloody King had listened to them, then all Granbretan would have been his. In his overconfidence though, he named himself Emperor prematurely and offended Forbrand the Fat. The King of New Castille attacked the 'impudent whelp' and a lucky flame-lance blast in a skirmish outside Sunder killed Kayan the Bloody, who if he had lived would have been the Emperor of Granbretan. Meanwhile, the iron discipline of the Beasts proved more than a match for Gog and Magog's barbarians. The west was saved and the two barbarian warlords were marched in chains into the Palace of Huon, where they were executed in stages over the next thirty years.

With Kayan II dead, the crown of Maester was claimed by several rival lords and the north swiftly became a battle of proxies. The Duke of Oldham, a cousin of Kayan, was supported by Forbrand; Huon secretly allied with another baron, the lord of Burnt Demesne. Maester swiftly collapsed into civil war and its possessions were divided up between New Castille and Londra in a series of wars and defections called the Death Throes of Maester. That took almost a century, during which Forbrand the Fat was replaced by various members of his extensive dynasty. It would be his great-grandson, Tom the Clever, who would face the might of the Dark Empire on an open battlefield.

King Tom the Clever faced an Empire that controlled well over half the country and whose army outnumbered his by nearly six to one. King Huon had not been idle during the Death Throes and the 'Army of Londra' was now commonly called the Empire, or even the Dark Empire (the exact origin of the 'Dark' appellation is unknown. Some say that it was given by appalled observers on the Continent, who saw the depravity and evil of Granbretan. Others say that it refers to the thick pall of smog that hangs over Londra and the other cities, reflecting the Empire's industrial might). A knight named Adjen was dispatched from New Castille to Londra but he was slain in the wormwoods by cannibals. Legend insists that Adjen was carrying a secret letter from Tom to Huon, offering to swear loyalty to the Throne Globe to prevent a catastrophic war. Before a second messenger could be sent, an army of Wolves and Hounds sacked the southern towns of Darlington and Forbrand's Tor, ending any hope of a negotiated peace. War was inevitable.

The Conquest of New Castille was far more difficult than any of Huon's generals believed it would be. In addition to the knights and swordsmen of the north, Tom the Clever had made an alliance with a race of men called the Athesh, who arrived in iron boats all along the east coast of Granbretan. No scholar has ever determined for certain where the Athesh came from – some believe them to be exiles from Amarekh, Ultima Thule or an underwater kingdom. The Athesh proved to be deadly foes, armed



with poisoned whips and crossbows that could kill an armoured knight with a single bolt. Athesh ships even raided as far south as Londra, until the newly-formed Order of the Barracuda joined a revitalised Shark Order and reclaimed the seas for Granbretan. Slowly, Huon's beasts drew closer and closer to the city in the northlands. The Athesh proved to be craven and abandoned their former ally to his doom.

Huon, tired of the long war, ordered every man, woman and child north of Maester and south of Shkarlan killed. His legions obeyed, wiping out over half the living souls in the Grim North.

Tom's death was perhaps a tragedy worse than that of Kayan II. The Maesterian had been a general and a warrior of genius but he would never have been anything more than a conqueror. Tom, on the other hand, came of a line of brutes and warlords but was blessed with a keen intellect and a sensitive soul. He was a law-giver and diplomat, born in a time when diplomacy had failed utterly. His courtiers insist that when Tom died, his spilled blood formed the sign of the Runestaff upon the golden floor of his hall.

One lone king now stood against the all-conquering emperor – the equally immortal sorcerer-king of Edenbough. Learning from previous conquests, Huon first sent diplomats and emissaries to the cold court, offering terms of peace and speaking of a union between their two thrones. Huon offered Gregor a staggering amount of gold and treasure, the highest place in the court of Londra, the rule of the Grim North and many other things besides but the sorcerer-king refused them all. He wanted some other secret, held in the vaults of the Order of the Serpent. Whatever that secret was would never be known. In a grand procession, Gregor – escorted by the flower of Shkarlandish chivalry, the Order of the Bear – travelled to Londra on a floating chariot. He entered the city and visited the court of King Huon, where he formally laid down his crown and abandoned any and all claim on the north. Gregor then entered the labyrinthine archives and was never seen again. It is known that Gregor was a sorcerer of great power, with a special interest in dimensional travel and that the only treasure he took from his vaults in Edenbough was a crystal talisman of great power and beauty – but it is also known that the assassin Order of the Cat was publicly honoured for the first time that year.

With Edenbough having yielded to Londra, all of Granbretan was in Huon's grasp – at least, all the parts of it that were worth a damn. The king ordered the border guards of the Foxes and Hounds to watch for invasions from Yel and the other barbarian lands and turned his face to the east, to Europe. The War of Abasement was over.

The Madness of Granbretan

After fifteen centuries of war, the people of Granbretan had survived – in body, if not in spirit. The War of Abasement had been cruel and strangely empty. None knew why the kings fought and every sacrifice and slaughter seemed to wear away at the souls of those who suffered. By the end of the war, the Granbretanians were a hollow-eyed and listless people, so exhausted by war that they had forgotten how to live in peace. A black evil seemed to flow out from Londra, filling the void in the Granbretanian soul with dreams of conquest and pleasure taken at the expense of others. They had nothing to live for, so they began to kill. Within months of the war ending, warriors began to whisper of new conquests.

The Dark Empire began to rearm. Londra grew like a cancer, as new foundries and factories were raised to the iron-dark sky. Breeding programs were initiated, with women forced to bear as many children as possible to fill the ranks of Huon's legions. The Serpents developed the ornithopter and the fire-cannon, and flame-lances – a rarity during the War of Abasement – became a common weapon for the troops. New Beast orders like the Mongoose or the Ferret were raised as part of these preparations for war.

It became evident that the isle of Granbretan alone could not support the Granbretanian people and soon Huon's courtiers began arguing about needing more living space for the burgeoning population. Eire, to the west of Granbretan, became a training ground for the Beasts, where they hunted the barbaric folk of that isle for sport. Normandia, in France, became little more than a vassal state of the empire, providing much of the food for hungry Londra. Huon ordered the construction of a great bridge to connect the island to the continent, ostensibly to make trade easier. Spies set out from Londra, infiltrating every city and court in all the known world.

Soon, the conquests would begin…

THE REALM OF GRANBRETAN

Three years before *the War in Europe, an ambassador from the Court of Muscovy arrived in Karlye, wishing to visit 'his noble cousins' in the Dark Empire. This ambassador, Yuri Bogdanovitch, toured the whole island accompanied by Sir Malik of the Order of the Stag. Sir Malik's descriptions of the places visited, together with various notes written by Bogdanovitch and the Muscovite's spies, are presented below.*

The Silver Bridge

We begin, my lord, our travels at the Silver Bridge, the gateway to Granbretan. Admire, if you would be so kind, the arcing cables of woven steel and the way the bridge flexes and folds when the winds blow. It is quite safe, I assure you – the bridge can endure the worst storms this region of the world has to offer. If the weather is especially foul, then we shall ride along the central span of the bridge instead of on this raised course that is reserved for couriers and nobles. The pillars that support the bridge are driven many hundreds of feet into the bedrock of the channel. I understand that our sorcerer-scientists created methods for breathing underwater so the craftsmen of the Badger Order could work far beneath the waves when settling these mighty pylons. Do you have such science in your homeland, my lord?

You will note that the right-hand side of the bridge has all the traffic going to Granbretan, while the left-hand side is thronged with those going to Karlye. This is to ensure swift movement along the bridge. The central lanes are for carts and caravans, the middle section for infantry and the outermost courses for fast-moving traffic like ourselves. There are guards – from the Order of the Horse, I believe – who oversee this arrangement. Ah, we're approaching one of the pylons now. Note, please, that is not just a shaft of metal and stone – each pylon is actually a garrison tower, containing barracks, infirmaries, observation decks and so forth. There is signalling apparatus and an ornithopter nest atop each tower. Why, the Silver Bridge is not only a great engineering accomplishment, it is also a fortress some thirty miles in extent.

Those rails running down the centre? Ah, yes. We experimented with running a mechanical carriage – a train – over the bridge but I understand there are some snags. No doubt our scientist-sorcerers are already working on ways to correct the problem. They are such clever fellows, you know. You'll meet them in Londra soon enough.

Deau-Vere

If I may draw your attention away from the magnificent sunset over the white cliffs, you can see the city of Deau-

The Silver Bridge

The bridge is not the safest way to cross from Europe into Granbretan, as it is heavily guarded. The travel papers of anyone trying to use it are checked, although the guards can be bribed for 1D6x20 silvers and they will not stop Beasts. A better way to sneak in and out of the Dark Empire is by sea, as there are plenty of ships visiting Granbretan's ports that a character could sneak aboard.

The bridge resonates across dimensions – Hawkmoon fell from the bridge and landed in the Sea of Fate and it is possible that, with the right incantation, an army could ride across the Silver Bridge and arrive in a wholly other Granbretan.

Vere, dominated by the landing field we have constructed on the ruins of the ancient castle that once stood there. The city was once one of our important ports but with the construction of the Bridge and our flying forces, its significance as a naval base has diminished in favour of ports like Por'smith and Plymyth.

We shall take our ease, here, lord, in one of the town's many fine inns. Deau-Vere is always crowded these days, because of its proximity to the Bridge. I would keep an eye on your coin-purse while we are here. You can trust the common folk of Granbretan, of course, but here at Deau-Vere they are constantly troubled by foreigners and other undesirables who cross the Bridge or the channel in small boats, hoping to steal some of the fabled wealth of our nation. We catch them and put them into the slave pens. Those convicted of theft have their hands amputated and replaced by surgically implanted tools, allowing them to be remade into useful members of society.

Before we step off the Bridge, lord, I must ask you to put on a mask in accordance with our customs. Travellers in Europe are used to looking up naked faces but those nobles and courtiers you meet in Granbretan are not prepared for such things. We hold, my lord, that the face is a very private thing to look upon and should not be revealed in public. Most people remove their masks only when in bed, either for sleep or sport, or when dining in private. You may, I fear, be disappointed by our banquets here. We serve little food but instead the celebrants drink a great deal and eat small morsels of food that can be eaten beneath a mask. Most courtiers have small doors in the mouths of their garb; more functional beast-masks like the one I wear do not have such fripperies. I have here a mask for you, lord, if you did not bring one from Muskovia.

Ah, here is the inn, the *Laughing Crow*. While you'll encounter members of the various Orders in every city in Granbretan, there are certain towns that are closely associated with a particular Order. The Crows, who are the daring pilots of the ornithopters, are the Order of this city, although they share that honour with the Horse. There's a delightful rivalry between the two. Your meal will be served in your room. Would you care for a sex-slave?

* * *

Renegade Beasts

Sometimes, the Madness of Granbretan fails to take hold and a young Granbretanian manages to retain some vestiges of conscience and humanity. Perhaps the Runestaff's eldritch influence touches him, awakening in him a desire for justice, not power. Such Beasts must flee their orders before their weakness is discovered. Many end up as renegades on the continent, using their martial skills in some mercenary company. Others hide in the Home Counties or among the teeming millions of Londra.

Good morrow, lord. We must depart immediately for the great nest, from whence we shall take an ornithopter to Londra. Rejoice! A few years ago, they would have put out your eyes for daring to look upon the secret workings of our ornithopter hives. Now, our spies have determined that no other nation is even close to replicating the spells used to make them so I can bring you into the nest without having to worry about espionage. The ornithopters, as you may have surmised by the clouds of vapour they spit out as they fly, are powered by steam that drives a cunning engine. There's also lots of strange sorcery involved, which is quite beyond my comprehension. The inside of the nest is hot and oppressive, filled with clanking machines and technicians in gleaming masks and slaves with skin pale from lack of sunlight or burned red as lobsters from the heat. Personally, I loathe the place but we'll be through it soon. When we reach the top, brace yourself for high winds and a steep drop – the ornithopter launching platform is quite a sight, if you've the courage to look upon it.

* * *

The Home Counties

This is your first trip in an ornithopter, I take it? 'Tis a little cramped but our pilot is skilled and can keep to the thermals for a smooth flight. Why, I've been on flights where the wings never stop flapping and it's like being on a ship in a storm. Do not press the red stud on your left; it fires the flame-lance. The controls are quite simple but to

fly it, the pilot must feel the rush of air under the wings, the flex of the guiding tail-vanes, every pulse and judder of the gasping steam drive.

Below us, you can see the home counties. We're flying over Kanbery now, then on to Maidstone and the city of Londra. Yes, the land here is quite wild. Our friends in Normandia and our farms in Eire and the midlands provide our crops, so these are our hunting grounds. The men of Granbretan love hunting and those forests are well stocked with boar, wolves, deer… and other animals. There is more challenging game than boar, you know.

There are no great cities in these territories, but there are any number of palaces, estates, smaller farm towns and other holdings. Most of the larger Orders have training grounds in the Home Counties. My own Order of the Stag, for example, has a great proving ground and horse stud in Chelmsford. The private estates also allow for other diversions. I know that the Count of Ashford-on-Tayme, for instance, is one of our most respected sculptors. Why, were we to swoop low enough, you could see him at work in the bubbling chemical pits, lowering his latest subjects into the liquid porcelain that will immortalise them! The man's a genius.

The towns like Kanbery, Colchester or Osfoud are centres of commerce and light industry but the real strength of Granbretan comes from our great metropolises like Londra. The Home Counties, lord, are our garden and playground. If we have time, there are rustic delights and games I must show you. I know there are some who have only seen the iron fist and not the bright eyes of Granbretan and think we are all ravening monsters who live only to conquer but that is base slander! The honest folk of Granbretan are peaceful by nature, delighting in nature and beauty, adept at both craft and artistry. We seek to bring order and harmony to the world – and you must agree, my lord, that poor Europe desperately needs the air we could bring her.

Taken by Jackals

Those taken by the Order of the Jackal as slaves are sent wherever their talents are best suited. Captured fighters are sometimes put into penal infantry units. If they survive whatever suicide missions they are sent on, they may be offered membership in one of the lesser Beast Orders, like the Pig, or just killed for their trouble. Occasionally, a defeated foe may be immediately offered the Mask as a mark of respect or as a reward – Huillam D'Averc, for example, was accounted a friend of Granbretan and so was given the Boar Mask as a mark of this friendship.

If a slave displays any knowledge of science-sorcery, he is usually sent to Osfoud so his lore can be stolen from him. Once his useful knowledge is exhausted, he is normally handed over to the Ferrets as a slave. Skilled craftsmen are given to the Ant or Badger as slaves, although again, especially skilled captives can be given the Mask.

Pretty or handsome slaves are often prostituted or sold as pleasure-slaves. The entertainer guilds purchase a great number of slaves every year, training them as acrobats, sexual gymnasts, gladiators or actors.

If a slave has no notable qualities other than a strong back, he is worked to death in the factories or mines.

Slaves are marched back to Granbretan in chains across the Silver Bridge. A campaign could start with the Player Characters being enslaved, then breaking free by some stroke of fortune as they arrive in Granbretan.

I understand you especially wished to visit the university town of Osfoud, where scholars from all over Europe study and work under Serpent supervision. Some of your own countrymen, I understand, have come to the dreaming spires of that lovely town. Regrettably, I have been unable to arrange such a visit. You understand, of course, that many of the experiments conducted there are both sensitive and dangerous and your safety is paramount. I hope that your visit to the laboratories in Londra will make up for any disappointment. Baron Bous-Junge, the Factor of Osfoud, sends his personal regrets.

Ah! Look! Through the smog clouds – a minor blemish on an otherwise beautiful sky – you can see Londra.

Londra

There is no city in the world like this city. I have heard strange tales of your native Muscovy, lord, of the courts of Berlin or Mahdrid, of the ancient grandeur that is Roma, of the topless towers and thronged bazaars of Istanbul but none of those cities has a fraction of the wonder or wealth of Londra. Why, it is said that the wealth of Londra equals that of the rest of the world put together! The population of Londra exceeds some fifteen million souls, according to the royal census.

You will see that the heart of Londra, the city proper, has few open streets or plazas. This is, of course, because of the rain, which constantly pelts down upon the city. The many gargoyles and statues that adorn the buildings usually conceal gutters and spouts to deal with this downpour. It is possible to cross twenty miles of the city without setting one foot outdoors, as every building is connected to its neighbours by bridges, covered walkways or underground passages. The city seems to be something of a maze to strangers and I would advise you against wandering off without a guide. Worry not, though, for I'll be at your side throughout your visit.

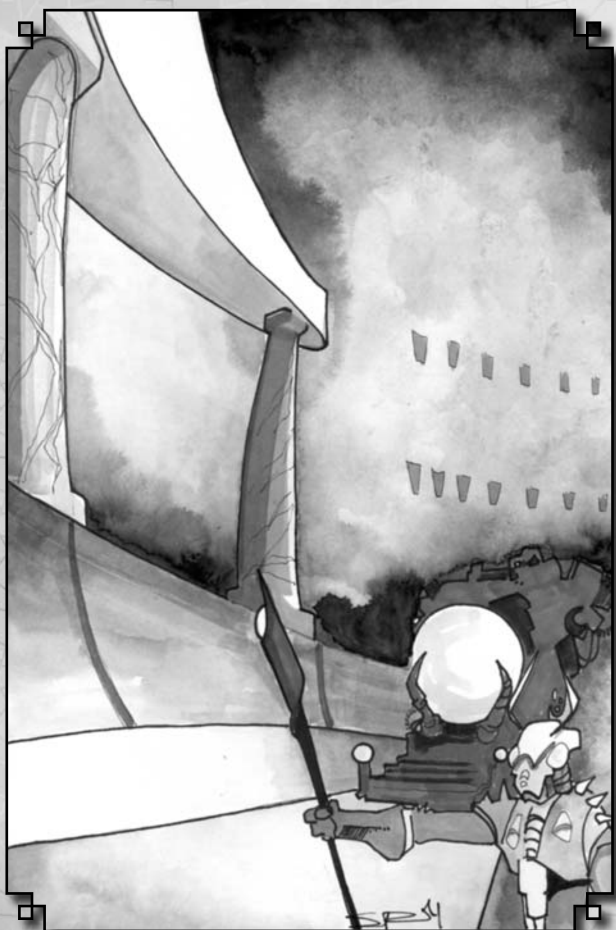
We shall have more time to discuss the city later but your appointment to meet King-Emperor Huon draws near and I must prepare you for that.

Huon's Palace

The palace rose, tier upon tier, almost out of sight. Four great towers surmounted it and these towers glowed with a deep golden light. The palace was decorated with bas-reliefs depicting strange rites, battle scenes, famous episodes in Granbretan's long history, gargoyles, figurines, abstract shapes – the whole a grotesque and fantastic structure that had been built over centuries. Every kind of building material had been used in its construction and then coloured so that the building shone with a mixture of shades covering the entire spectrum. And there was no order to the placing of the colour, no attempt to match or contrast. One colour flowed into the next, straining the eye, offending the brain. The palace of a madman, overshadowing, in its impression of insanity, the rest of the city.
– The Jewel in the Skull

Beautiful, is it not, my lord?

The palace of the King-Emperor is the largest structure in the world. It took nearly three hundred years to complete the palace and construction work continues to this day as we expand the king's chambers and add new towers



and decorations. It is a city unto itself and a quarter of a million courtiers, guards, servants, aides and other officials dwell within its sacred walls. The four golden towers are not ornithopter landing nests; they are part of a warding spell that protects the whole palace from hostile magic. We shall land in one of the lower towers, yonder.

Now, the throne room itself is the single largest chamber in the palace. It is very large indeed and is enchanted with certain space-warping spells so that its dimensions are all awry. There, you will see amid the finery and the jewels, above the grand assembly of courtiers and Mantis guards, the banners of the five hundred great noble families and of the Orders of the Beasts. The Throne-Globe is at the far end of the room, and you may not be able to see it from when you enter unless your eyes are very keen. Nonetheless, it is vitally important that you walk directly and unhesitatingly towards the King-Emperor, without faltering or showing any sign of confusion, if you are to win the respect of the court.

When you approach the Throne, you must kneel before the King-Emperor on the third circle of emeralds. That is as close as you can come; passing that circle is permitted only for noble Granbretanians and even an ambassador such as yourself would be instantly destroyed by the flame-lancer guards should you cross that line. The King-Emperor will question you, inspect you. He will see into your very soul. Do not attempt to deceive him or to challenge him in any way. His mind is vast. It encompasses your every thought. He is the peerless ruler of the universe and should you displease him, then there is nothing you, I or anyone else can do.

I am sure Huon will smile on you, of course. The wellspring of the King-Emperor's wisdom and generosity are bottomless.

We shall stay in the palace's guest wing, where dignitaries and visitors from other lands reside. This evening there shall be entertainments and celebrations for you and the other guests. I understand that as a mark of respect for Muskovia, the scientist-sorcerers have magically lowered the temperature in one of the theatres to far below freezing and there will be ice dancers, polar bears, skating dancers and musicians who play frantically to ward off frostbite in their fingers. What fun it shall be!

* * *

Good morning, my lord. Ah, I see you have a guest. I should have knocked first, forgive me – and please put your masks on, both of you. My apologies for intruding but the ambassador wished to view the laboratories of our scientist-sorcerers and Baron Kalan of Vitall has informed me that there is a brief period this morning when you may visit. Fortunately, the laboratories I speak of are located beneath this very fortress, so please follow me. Your entertainment will have to remain here.

The different orders of Guards? Ah, yes. The Mantis are the King-Emperor's Own; the Hounds are the official guards of cities, so they have jurisdiction here in Londra while the Serpents have their own wardens of the laboratories – although I'm not quite sure they are all human. Oh, and the Skull-masked guards are from the Guild of Jailers. We have them in the palace to deal with the prisoners in the dungeons. There are two sorts of guests in King-Emperor Huon's palace, after all.

* * *

My, one is thankful for one's mask down here! The vapours are caustic and devour the lining of the lungs. We barely get three months out of a slave, although I understand Baron Kalan has perfected a brass breathing apparatus that extends their useful employment to half a year. Science marches ever onwards!

Here you see all the fruits of the Serpent Order's sorcery. That foundry yonder is casting the barrel of one of the new flame-cannons. Each one is dedicated to a particular Order, hero or god. The runes on that one say that it is sacred to Rhodes, the colossus who long ago prophesied the rise of our empire. In the next chamber, we see a device that... well, I'm sure it does something quite wonderful. And here, this machine that resembles a spider drawn with knives and steel is a... well I have no idea. All this science makes my head spin, or perhaps that is the mercury fumes.

No doubt you have heard the tales of the fearful peasants on the continent who associate all sorcery with the blights and curses loosed upon our poor globe by our foolish ancestors during the Tragic Millennium and who claim that the Serpent Order does nothing except recreate horrors from the past. Nothing could be further from the truth – we practice scientific sorcery here, a methodical, reasoned magic that enables us to reclaim all the lost arts

Beneath The Palace

Unsurprisingly, the palace has a warren of dungeons and temples in its depths. Sacrificial altars for the bloodier Beast Cult rites, stockpiles of ancient weapons, thousands of prisoners, caches of gold and treasure hidden by past lords and secret passages in and out. Even after Queen Flana takes power after the Battle of Londra, the secrets of Huon's palace are never wholly discovered.

of the past. We do not want to recreate the people of the Tragic Millennium – we will surpass them utterly. Europe is but a pale shadow of what it once was but Granbretan will make it great once more.

Look at this, one of Baron Kalan's most prized inventions. This is the Mentality Machine, which can see into a man's very brain. Our enemies would no doubt say that we will use this machine to enslave people. Bah! We have far simpler machines for such tasks. Troublesome servants are placed in regulator chains that dull their rebellious spirits. No, the Mentality Machine offers something far more wonderful – perfect truth and perfect trust. Who could fear such a gift, save the guilty? If the lords of Europe distrust the Mentality Machine, it is because they have something to hide. The men of Granbretan may wear masks but we are honest about it. Our enemies show their naked faces but are the more deceptive for it.

This laboratory here is focussed on more subtle arts and machines. Elsewhere in Londra, you will find the greater foundries and factory-cathedrals where we make our weapons and our ships and other mighty creations. Come, you have a city to admire! We shall take this moving stairway up to the ornithopter tower that you may see the city from the air once more.

The Other Palaces

We have many palaces in Londra. Seen from above, in the too-rare sunlight, the city is like a scattered collection of unique jewels, each one a baroque wonder of glass and precious stones and gleaming metal, all competing to outshine each other. Some of those shining monuments are the palaces of the various beast orders; others belong to some of the nobles of Granbretan.

For example, there on the north bank of the river is the Palace of Time. 'Tis one of our oldest buildings and was once called Wes'miser. Now it is the home of Taragorm, the Grand Constable of the Ferret and another accomplished sorcerer. The whole palace is a single great clock, regulated by the constant swinging counterweight in the Hall of the Pendulum. You can hear the ticking from half a mile away and the music of the chimes can be heard over all of central Londra. Beyond it, you see the spires of the Cathedral, where the gods of Granbretan are satiated with sacrifices and rites. We are a god-fearing people, you know. I must take you to see the cathedral while you are in Londra so you can see the fantastic leering statues and admire the tombs of our great poets, generals and nobles. King-Emperor Huon was crowned there aeons ago and that is one of our holiest sites. The Archbishop of Londra is second only to that of Kanbery in the Church of Granbretan.

There, to the south, are the Temples of the Wolf and Goat. Those figures in the courtyards may look as small as ants but they are mounted warriors engaged in drills. There must be ten thousand of them in front of the Goathall – a mere fraction of the Order's strength, of course, probably new recruits. The oldest orders tend to have the most fortified compounds, as they were built in a time of war. Newer orders, built during the Pax Granbretannica, need not hide their beauty behind walls. Londra is inviolate.

One of the great strengths of Granbretan is our government. The King-Emperor wisely constructed a system where the various Beast Orders and ministries each have their own portfolios and duties, unlike the chaos that reigns in Europe, with each devil-may-care noble leading his domain into penury. No, Londra is like a great mill, an engine that drives the Empire onwards. It is this organisation that lets us co-ordinate armies from Scandia to Turkia, that deals with tens of millions of serfs and many billions worth of gold and silver that now floods our coffers. The heart of government is Huon's Palace, but its hands are in Dunninstrit, its bones are in Maester and its fists and teeth, well, they are beneath us right now.

You see that dark tower that juts from the domeside? That is the New Bailey, the seat of justice and law. It is ruled jointly by Hound, Fox and Mongoose; criminals are brought there to be tried and punished. Each man in Granbretan has the right to be judged by a jury of twelve of his peers. However, according to our law, a freeman is worth twelve serfs and a noble or Beast is worth twelve freemen; therefore, we expedite the process of justice by having a single judge from a higher caste deal with the majority of cases.

Baronies in Londra

There are numerous baronies in Londra, all associated with important Beast Lords, especially those who are part of Huon's inner circle of advisers. Some of the more notable are Dunninstrit and Vitall, in the shadow of the palace itself. Meliadus' Kroiden is to the south of the river, as are Swark and Clapham. To the west are Ounslought, Mortlake and Eathow.

We shall set down by one of the most popular and famous places in all of Granbretan – the Halls of Joy. Here are thirteen linked domes, each offering a different diversion. Theatre, music, duels, opera, cinema, sexual gymnastics… why, when a man is tired of Londra, he is tired of life! I understand the great Tozer has a new performance of his *Comedy of Steel* opening soon, with music by Voss Bender himself…

River Tayme & The Foundry Quarter

Let us walk awhile alongside the Tayme. Well, not quite alongside, for the vapours from the river are unpleasant to the nose and eye. There is a covered walkway along the Embankment which offers a fine view. The blood-red colour, I understand, is from certain effluents and chemicals released from the factories. It's quite a shame that the river is so tainted but we've grown fond of the colour. Chemical works purify the river water so it can be drunk.

The Tayme is the arterial flow of Londra. Barges and ships crowd the banks bringing goods from all over Europe. Londra is the greatest centre of commerce in the known world; you should hear the traders yelling and jabbering in the tea rooms along Theedle way and the Street of Smiles. The pleasure boats rarely come this far downriver; the smaller boats you see threading their way between the barges are water taxis or watchmen. Trade ships come up to these wharfs, too, and to the east are the great docklands.

I have brought you here for a reason, my lord: to see another example of Granbretan's might. We're approaching the Foundry Quarter, the industrial heart of Londra. The air grows dark and you'll note that the masks worn by the passers-by outside are heavier and include breathing apparatus. The foundries here are never allowed to grow cold; the slaves toil night and day but the fruits of their labour are worth the sacrifice. A new ironclad warship, the *Blansacredid*, is about to be launched into the river. Magnificent, is she not? A floating fortress of steel, bristling with cannons and carrying an army into battle! It requires a stiff wind to fill the wide sails of such a ship but science will avail us by commanding the very weather!

This mighty warship is, of course, for use against the hated Barbary Pirates, not our beloved cousins in Muskovia.

Quarter of the Unmasked

I would not go down that street, my lord. No, it is not that it is forbidden – as an ambassador, you may go wherever you wish. And no, it is not dangerous; no cutpurse would dare defile your person when you are accompanied by Mantis guards but it is unpleasant. That street leads into the Quarter of the Unmasked.

The poor of Londra live underground or in the canyons and divides between the palaces, beneath the walkways. There are thousands of miles of catacombs and tunnels under Londra. Some are used by trains bringing goods or soldiers from the provinces; others are storerooms, archives, laboratories, dungeons and still others have been sealed off due to structural problems – Londra is a very ancient city and her foundations were dug tens of thousands of years ago. The maskless live wherever they can, like vermin.

You should not feel sorry for them. They choose to starve like this, because they lack the will to better themselves. The Dark Empire is expanding at a tremendous rate and

there is work for all. Any one of them could indenture himself to an Order or Guild and be fed and clothed. No, they are scoundrels and vagabonds, all of them, and they are not deserving of your pity. Once, their numbers were diminishing at such a rate that we believed the Quarter of the Unmasked would be empty in a hundred years; now, the place is full of foreign beggars and those fleeing persecution in their native lands. Bah! Still, once the Empire's borders are secure, we can then eliminate such minor internal problems. Most of the Beast Orders have their minds bent on war and conquest, not affairs at home.

Tomorrow, my lord, we shall take one of the new long-range ornithopters, and I shall show you the northern territories.

Beyond Londra

The capital city eclipses all the other cities of the isle, sir, just as Granbretan eclipses the world. You have seen Londra and there you have seen the greatest city in history. All the north can offer you is provincial towns and wilderness, nothing more. In times past, these places were the backbone of Granbretan's industry but now

Random Londra Encounters

1-2	A beggar, asking for coins
3-4	A cripple, his legs lost in a war.
5-6	An orphaned child
7-8	A madman, ranting about the Runestaff.
9-10	A cheap whore
11-12	A man, whose lungs are destroyed by vapours.
13-14	A leper
15-16	A family cast out of their home by a cruel landlord
17-18	A man wearing a mask of cheap paper, who has pretensions above his station
19-20	A crowd of desperate beggars
21-22	A blacksmith, drunk and looking for a fight.
23-24	A nervous clerk, the inside of his mask slick with sweat
25-26	A gang of young men who work in a factory
27-28	A tired seamstress, her fingers worked to the bone
29-30	A mask-smith, looking for work
31-32	A swordsmith, eager to show off his skills
33-34	A shipwright, who is being plied with beer by a spy
35-36	A torturer out for an evening stroll
37-38	A printer, being dragged off for writing sedition
39-40	A builder, at work on another monstrous palace
41-42	A pickpocket, trying to steal from the characters
43-44	A con artist, running three-mask-monte
45-46	A temptress, who would seduce the characters then steal from them
47-48	A sycophant
49-50	A single mugger
51-52	A gang of thugs
53-54	A government agent, spying on the characters
55-56	A group of Ant-masks, hard at work
57-58	A Hound guard patrol
59-60	Boars, just back from the continent and spoiling for a fight
61-62	A proud and swaggering Crow, eager to show off his shiny ornithopter
63-64	Wolves, hungry and vicious
65-66	A Serpent and his attendant Ferrets, looking for new subjects for an experiment
67-68	Hounds chasing a criminal
69-70	A noble out for a stroll
71-72	A hawker, offering cut-price tickets to a show
73-74	A gossip-monger
75-76	A street market, offering pickings from the war in Europe
77-78	An impromptu slave market
79-80	A slave being kicked to death by a bored crowd
81-82	A gang of Beasts, raping a woman while her children look on
83-84	A busy pub, with a riotous singing session going on
85-86	A wagon overturned in the street, spilling its contents into the gutters
87-88	A newly-minted Beast knight, riding on his horse through an admiring crowd
88-90	A street market, selling trophies torn from corpses abroad
91-92	A religious procession, showing off a relic of one of the Gods
93-94	A newly-arrived ship, offloading a cargo of slaves
95-96	An escaped prisoner, running through the streets
97-98	A sorcerous experiment gone wrong
99-100	A significant character from the novels; one of the Lords of Granbretan

Londra has waxed so huge that it has overtaken them all in every way.

Osfoud

The university city of Osfoud is a centre of learning, a beacon of wisdom and scientific sorcery. It is also where our diplomats and courtiers are trained in the finer arts and it is common for nobles from Londra to travel up to the dreaming spires for a day's entertainment. Osfoud is also the seat of the seminary where the priests are inducted into the cults of the Gods of Granbretan.

The Ivory Towers in the south of the town date back to before the Tragic Millennium. No-one knows what material they are made from or how it glows so prettily in the twilight. We put foreign scholars in those towers, where the constant illumination lets them work ceaselessly.

Gloster

Gloster marks the western edge of Granbretan; beyond the fortress-city are the wild lands of Yel. The monsters of Yel and Cornwallis are a constant threat to the security of our empire so the armies of Gloster must be ever-vigilant. The town is also famed for its churches; no doubt, when faced with the horrors of the tainted lands, a man's heart looks for succour in the examples of Chirshil and Aral Vilsn.

Leodis

Ah, below us you see the ruins of Leodis, formerly one of the princedoms of the kingdom of New Castille. During the war against Tom the Clever, the city of Leodis was struck by an ancient weapon from the arsenal of Londra. The Serpent scholars cautioned the King that no man should dwell in the ruins of Leodis for thirty generations, and that commandment has been kept. Of course, there are more things in the world than men, unwholesome things, and now the old town is quite overrun with all manner of hideous creatures. The Beast Orders keep the monsters in check, but still, you will forgive me if we pass hastily over both the topic and the town.

Maester & Skowse

The great metropolis of the north is a conglomeration of two large cities and dozens of smaller ones; it is like the Foundry Quarter of Londra writ even larger, a clangourous conflagration of molten metal and ringing steel. The honest men of the north are the rock on which



this Empire is founded, though I fear they lack the civility and culture of Londraners.

New Castille

Once rebellious, New Castille is now a bastion of support for the wise reign of King-Emperor Huon. The city was purified and then restocked with loyal men from Londra and Skowse. Today, it is one of the centres of our shipbuilding industry, turning out galleon after galleon for the growing navies of the Shark. I'm told 'tis a pleasant city these days, full of bright banners.

Edenbough

The capital of Shkarlan is a curious, haunted city. It was ruled by sorcerers for a long time and something of them lingers. It is a city of mists and spires, of dark alleys and forgotten streets. It is said that the people of Edenbough are yet under some enchantment or curse and certainly the city produces a disproportionate number of sorcerers for its population. Edenbough is ruled by a hereditary prince, the Prince of Shkarlan, who must each year travel south to reaffirm his loyalty to the King.

Halapandur

'It was a city wholly given over to scientists – a Research City, I believe they called it. Every kind of scientist came here from all parts of the world. The idea was that new discoveries would be made by cross-fertilization. If my memory serves me, the legends say that many strange inventions were created here, though most of their secrets are now completely lost…'

Everywhere were the remains of instruments whose function he could not recognise. They bore the stamp of things prehistoric; all in dull, plain cases with austere characters engraved on them, totally unlike the baroque decoration and flowing numerals and letters of modern times.
– The Sword of the Dawn

The ruins of this city still stand, though they are overgrown and infested with all manner of strange beasts. Halapandur was but one of hundreds of Research Cities; some have even survived intact to the present day, hiding themselves as science enclaves or fleeing the war by moving to a parallel dimension.

Yel & Cornwallis

The barbaric lands of Yel and Cornwallis are of little interest to anyone, my lord. They were blighted during the Tragic Millennium and are now the abode of beasts and mutants. We maintain a wall along our western border to protect ourselves against the twisted offspring of Gog and Magog. Yel, in particular, is so dangerous that it is has become a curse-word among the common folk – 'go to Yel' they say, 'thou craven dog,' 'son of Yelsher' and so forth. There are a few semi-civilised tribes who shelter on the far side of the wall; it is from them that the Order of the Raven draws its fine archers.

Eire

Ah, yes, the forgotten island, also called Hibernia in some texts. Granbretan has long had a friendship with that land but it has fallen into barbarism since the Tragic Millennium. We have civilised the southern portion, transforming it into farmland but as for the unruly ruffians from Gley or Fookindubun, why, they are whetstones to sharpen the claws of young Beasts.

The Orkneys

You wish me to land the ornithopter here, lord. Certainly, although why one would wish to land on this godforsaken barren outcrop of rock, I know not. Perhaps you wish to stretch your legs, lord – or maybe you intend to flee on board a Muscovite ship that was to meet you here?

Yes, we know of your duplicity, of how you have been spying and gathering intelligence all through your visit. You played us for fools, my lord but our spies are better than yours. We captured your man in Londra and he sang us a very pretty song before his skull collapsed under the tender attentions of the Mentality Machine! Will you do any better, my lord, when Baron Kalan's device worms its way into your brain?

Your ship is sunk, lord; the Shark devoured it. No rescue is coming for you. Your only choices now are to resist us and be destroyed by the machines we command or take the Mask and bend your knee to the Throne Globe. Do not despair, my friend – you are not alone in your plight. Soon, all Europe shall face the same choice – to die or to yield.

And they will choose as you do… *slave.*

The Beast Orders

Each square of *infantry and cavalry was made up of a particular Order, each member of the Order pledged to defend every other member whether that member was alive or dead. This system was part of Granbretan's great strength, for it meant that no man ever retreated unless specifically ordered to do so by his Grand Constable.*
– The Jewel in the Skull

There are dozens of Beast Orders in Granbretan. The Dark Empire has many weapons, many legions who thirst for blood and pillage. Each Order has its own unique customs and traditions but they are all utterly subservient and loyal to the true god of Granbretan, the King-Emperor Huon.

A few Beast Orders, like the Falcons or the Vultures, willingly recruit outsiders into their ranks if they are of sufficient skill and have proved their worthiness and loyalty. Sometimes an outsider may be inducted into another Order but only in the most exceptional circumstances. Huillam D'Averc, for example, was inducted into the Order of the Boar as a reward for his long friendship and service to Granbretan and for saving the life of Grand Constable Foder on the field of battle in Normandia.

Most Beasts, though, are recruited at a much younger age. The Orders each have at least one school where potential young Beasts are sent to be taught and trained. Most Beasts are sent to the Order school at age eleven or twelve, graduating at age sixteen to their first Beast-mask. The Order of the Serpent trains its young snakes from the age of six; Wolves begin their training at eight. A certain number of places are reserved for the children of members of the Order but other places may be claimed by any child with the strength, wit and will to pass the school's rigorous entry exams. Every schoolboy in Granbretan dreams of becoming a Beast and fighting for King Huon against the savage mutants and barbarians of Europe.

The Orders are primarily male. Roughly one in twenty Beasts are women and there are three women-only orders, the Cat, Pelican and the Wasp. The Crows, Serpents, Ferrets, Bats and Tigers also have a number of women in their ranks but females who are not slaves or concubines are rare sights in the Halls of the Beasts. The senior members of the Orders are encouraged to marry women of noble birth, although these marriages are primarily financial arrangements for funding the Orders. The noble lady brings with her the taxes and produce of her vast estates; the Beast brings the prestige and honour of his Order to the marriage. They see each other rarely, as he is often away fighting with his Order, and she is busy with the affairs of court and the business of managing the estates. Any children will be tested for their suitability and those who are worthy will be sent to the Beast Schools or trained to be their mother's heir. In addition to the money from these noble matches, the Orders have their own vast holdings and properties and receive money from the Crown.

Structure

Each Beast Order is commanded by a Grand Constable, who is a great lord in the court of Granbretan. Below the Grand Constables are the Masters, each of whom oversees a particular aspect of the Order's activities. For example, at the start of the war in Europe, the Wolf Order had a Master of the Coffers, a Master of the School, three Quartermasters, a Master of Sieges, a Master of Horse, a Master of the Air and four Battlemasters each specialising in one enemy country. Next in the hierarchy are the Constables, who command brigades of Beasts. The size of a Brigade varies from Order to Order, from no more than five Cats to several thousand Ants.

While all the Orders share this pattern of Grand Constable commanding Masters commanding ordinary Constables, they also have their own grades and honours. The larger Orders even have their own internal groups, like the Black, Red, Silver, White and Grey Wolf Packs. The

Granbretanians have a special love for formal ceremonies and subtle social hierarchies. Calling a Beast by the wrong title is grounds for harsh punishment or even death and knowing the latest gossip about who has been promoted and who is out of favour is a vital survival skill.

Many positions within the Orders are hereditary, by tradition and not by law. There is no official rule that say, the son of Baron Meliadus will become the Grand Constable of the Wolves but in practice, everyone in the Order knows that Meliadus' son is destined for that role. It is possible, though, for this tradition to be ignored – say, when an officer disgraces himself or when an amazingly promising Beast is found. Baron Kalan of Vitall, for instance, was born of a merchant family and was technically a commoner before his genius elevated him to the House of Lords and the command of the Order of the Serpent.

Three times each year, the members of each Beast Order are recalled to Londra for the Revels of the King, a week-long orgy of sex and drugs in the Palace of King Huon. There are so many Orders that even though each Order takes part in the Revels for only three weeks out of every year, the Revels are nonetheless never-ending. Wolf gives way to Boar who gives way to Fly, then Crow then Shark and so forth. The Revels are the only time when the Beasts willingly go maskless before each other. No weapons are permitted to be brought into the Revels but that is the only restriction on the Beasts. Bizarre lusts, cannibalism, gang rape and torture are common diversions. The Revels are watched over by the wise, paternal face of the King-Emperor, who swims in his throne globe, the naked, writhing bodies of thousands of Beasts and slaves reflected in the glass. The Revels also serve a political end – two or more Orders joined in a Revel form strong bonds, so the timing of a Revel can be used to restrain an overly ambitious Order or lift a struggling one.

Beast Characters

The main *Hawkmoon* rulebook presents a generic Member of a Beast Order profession, which is replaced by the more detailed descriptions below. Each Order has a profession, which represents an initiate into the Order. It also describes any special benefits enjoyed by members, Constables or Masters of that Order.

Random Order

Roll	Order	Speciality
1-2	Ant	Workers
3-4	Ape	None
5-6	Bat	Night Watch
7-8	Badger	Engineers and Miners
9-11	Barracuda	Pirates and Coast Guard
12-13	Bear	Scandian Garrison
14-15	Boar	Shock Troops
16-17	Bull	Sieges
18	Cat	Assassins
19-22	Crow	Aerial Warfare
23-25	Eel	Merchant Marine
26	Falcon	Elite Mercenaries
27-30	Ferret	Technicians and Treasure Hunters
31-34	Fly	Mass Murder
35-39	Fox	Country Watch
40-43	Goat	Wealthy Cavalry
44-46	Horse	Haulage and Cavalry
47-52	Hound	Urban Watch and Infantry
53-54	Jackal	Slaves and Looting
—	Lion	All Dead
55	Mantis	Royal Guard
56-57	Mole	Miners
58-60	Mongoose	Internal Security
61-64	Pelican	Medical
65-70	Pig	Infantry
71-73	Rat	Urban Warfare
74-75	Raven	Archery
76-77	Salamander	Artillery
78-79	Serpent	Science
80-83	Shark	Naval Warfare
84	Stag	Heavy Cavalry
85-88	Tiger	Feral Killers
—	Unicorn	Order of the Condemned
89-93	Vulture	Mercenaries
94	Wasp	Duellists
95-97	Weasel	Saboteurs
98-00	Wolf	Elite Fighters

The Tongues of Beasts

Every one of the Beast Orders has its own secret language, which only members of the Order are permitted to know. Any outsiders who are found to have learned even a single word of the secret tongue must be put to death. The complexity of this language varies from Order to Order – for the Warrior Orders, for example, the language needs only be capable of passing on basic commands and warnings in battle. The secret language of the Serpents, by contrast, is an exceedingly subtle and precise scientific language, well suited to describing sorcerous techniques and spells.

The only place to learn a Beast Order language is in that Beast Order. There are a few books of lore written by renegades but these are incredibly rare.

Each Order is described as follows:

- The Name of the Order
- Any sobriquets, nicknames or mottos associated with the Order
- The current Grand Constable of the Order, and his title
- A description of the Order's histories, beliefs, customs and achievements
- The location of the Order's Temple
- The skill modifiers for initiates of the Order
- Common equipment for members of the Order
- The benefits for being part of the Order

Ant

Ten Thousand Hands Make Light Work

Grand Constable: Countess Sneck of Maester

The Ants are the largest of the Orders in terms of sheer numbers. They are the military engineers and the factory overseers of the Dark Empire. They swarm in great numbers across the Grim North and Londra, constructing huge bridges and mighty fortresses. The Ants are not as skilled in combat as the other engineering Orders like the Ferrets or Badgers, so they are rarely deployed on the front lines. Instead, they follow behind the advancing armies, rebuilding the roads and other structures destroyed in battle.

The Ants are so numerous that they refer to each other by number, not name. A name is earned only when an Ant reaches the rank of Constable. The demands on the Ants are very great – the construction of King Huon's palace, for example, took tens of thousands of Ant overseers just to manage the slave workers – and the lack of prestige associated with the Ants means that the Order has traditionally had trouble finding enough new recruits to meet those demands. On occasion, the Order is said to have used cloning to make up the difference.

Temple: The Ant Order has two Temples. The Order's original temple is in Maester, where the Ant Countess rules. A second temple was established beneath Londra hundreds of years ago, as the bulk of the Order's activities take place there.

Benefits: Ants may spend Focus Points (see Sorcery, page 107 of the *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game*) on Persistence, Resilience, Craft, Engineering or Mechanisms tests.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Ant	Athletics +5%, Driving +5%, Resilience +5%. **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, 2H Axe, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, 2H Sword	Craft Language (Ant) **Pick One** Engineering, Mechanisms	Standard Granbretanian Armour Military Pick Toolkit



APE

The Cunning Beasts
Grand Constable: Duke Heston of Skowse

The Ape Order have never distinguished themselves in battle, or in the conquest of cities, or in their skills as engineers or in their ability to crush the spirits and break the bodies of a defeated people but they can turn their hairy paws to any of these tasks. Apes are included in every army to fill in the gaps and do whatever needs doing. The more prestigious Orders mock the Apes, calling them servants and slaves with pretensions beyond their station and the Apes must bow their heads and endure these taunts – but in their temples, the Apes shriek and plot the overthrow of their oppressors. One day soon, the Dark Empire's conquests may stall as the Apes sabotage all the armies and siege engines that they maintain and turn on the other Orders.

Temple: The Temple of the Ape is a huge stepped ziggurat in the north. Prisoners are hurled into a shaft in the centre of the ziggurat, where the Apes dance on seven hundred years of piled bones.

Benefits: Apes are especially acrobatic fighters and get an extra Reaction each round that can only be used to Dodge.

BADGER

Our Work Is Our Honour
Grand Constable: Baron Eldever of Brum

The Badgers are the sappers and miners of the Dark Empire. They can be found everywhere from the coal mines of eastern Yel to the mountains of Scandia to the battlefields of France. They are always taciturn and gruff, with little patience for weakness or conversation. Work is their only grim joy (the Badgers are beaten only by the Flies in the ranking of 'least popular Order at Revels').

Temple: The Badger Temple is in the north in a deep coal mine in the county of Sheafyield. The Badgers are rumoured to have recovered many ancient artefacts from the secret underground places, including a nuclear missile that they worship with foul rites.

Benefits: Badgers are especially dangerous when cornered – in a situation where either the Badger or his foe cannot dodge, the Badger warrior gains a +10% bonus to Parry attempts and penalises his opponent's Parries by –10%.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Ape	Athletics +5%, Dodge +5%, Resilience +5%. **Pick One for +15%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, 2H Axe, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, 2H Sword	Language (Ape) **Any one Advanced Skill**	Standard Granbretanian Armour Weapon

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Badger	Persistence +10%, Resilience +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, 2H Axe, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, 2H Sword, Flame-Lance	Craft Language (Badger) **Pick One** Engineering, Mechanisms	Heavy Granbretanian Armour Military Pick or Sword Toolkit

BARRACUDA

Blood in the Water
Grand Constable: Duke Hood of Plymyth

The Order of the Barracuda are privateers in the eyes of Granbretan and pirates as far as the rest of Europe are concerned. Barracuda ships prey on any vessel that enters the coastal waters of Granbretan or any of her protectorates and colonies, or on the sea-routes connecting such overseas holdings. In practice, this means that the Barracuda attack and raid everywhere north of Afric. The Order will accept any cut-throat, brigand or deserter willing to put on the iron mask and swear loyalty to the King and the Grand Constable, so their ships are always well-crewed and hungry for plunder.

Temple: The Barracuda temple is a mobile one – it is Hood's flagship, the Sea-Serpent. It is normally anchored in Plymyth but been seen as far south as Espanyia in the past.

Benefits: Barracuda Constables gain an extra Language skill.
Barracuda Masters gain an extra Language skill.

BAT

Fly-by-Nights, The Haunters of the Dark
Grand Constable: Baron Hirek Weyun of Estend

During the training of a young Bat recruit, the prospective Beast has caustic blinding chemicals poured into his eyes. If he can endure the next three years of total darkness, his eyes are surgically altered once more, giving him preternatural sight in the darkness. Only a few trainees complete their schooling – most go mad or flee the school, weeping red tears from their swollen and bruised eyes.

The Bats have a variety of duties, all carried out by night. They are spies and secret police on the streets of Granbretan, making enemies of the Crown disappear or hunting down thieves in the dark streets of Londra. They fight battles at night when they can see perfectly and their opponents are at a disadvantage. They have even begun to fly ornithopters in the darkness – the Crows refuse to fly at night, citing the danger to the valuable flying machines. The Bats, by contrast, do not fear the darkness.

Temple: The Bats' temple is an underground cavern of great size, located deep beneath eastern Londra. There, they hold ghastly ceremonies where victims are hunted through the lightless tunnels for their blood.

Benefits: Bats gain the Night Sight ability.
Constables of the Bat gain the Dark Sight ability.
Bats suffer a –50% penalty to all skill tests in bright light but their helmets contain filtering lenses to block out bright light. Activating these lenses costs a Combat Action.

BEAR

Ferocious in Battle
Grand Constable: Baron Mikel Heshletin of Dean

The Bear Order has fallen on hard times. Once one of the greatest of the Beast Orders, it was revealed by agents of the Mongoose that the lords of the Bears and many of the Order's warriors were in fact mutants. Thousands of Bears were culled and the slaughter was halted only

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Barracuda	Acrobatics +5%, Athletics +5%, Boating +10%, Lore (World) +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Dagger, Rapier, Bow, Crossbow	Language (Barracuda) **Pick One** Craft, Shiphandling or Survival	Light Granbretanian Armour Rapier and Bow

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Bat	Acrobatics +5%, Athletics +5%, Dodge +5%, Perception +5% **Pick One for +10%** 1H Sword, Dagger, Rapier, Martial Arts, Bow, Crossbow, Flame-Lance	Language (Bat) **Pick One** Streetwise or Pilot Ornithopter	Light Granbretanian Armour Sword Rope with grappling hook



when then Grand Constable Bruin signed away the majority of the Order's wealth in exchange for a special royal pardon. The shame of this disgrace still lingers and Bears are commonly accused of being mutants. This has led to many of the Beasts risking their lives to prove their loyalty and genetic fitness.

The one hope for the future prosperity of the Bear Order may lie in the north in Scandia. Two-thirds of the Order are now stationed in that cold land and they intend to make it their own domain, away from the baits and taunts of the Wolves and Goats.

Temple: The original Bear temple was seized during the Year of Shame and is now part of the sprawling Ministry of War. A new temple, much more modest, was constructed in the Home Counties but the true heart of the Bear now is to be found in the ice of Scandia.

Benefits: Bears still bear the taint of mutation but they have culled the weaker strains of taint. A Bear mutant may roll twice on both the positive and negative mutation tables and choose one of the two results from each table.

BOAR

Bristle-backed, tusks all gore/
All foes quail when they hear the Boar

Grand Constable: Baron Gorch of Pimliko

The Boars are savage fighters, selected for their fury and berserker strength more than their wit or tactical ability. With their rivals, the Bulls, they are the shock troops of Granbretan. The Boars have acquired a reputation for being brutish, uncultured and crude and have taken to revelling in lewd behaviour and being offensive. To meet a Boar is to be insulted by a Boar; it is rumoured that one reason Huillam D'Averc was propelled through the Boar ranks with such unseemly haste was that the Order needed to have at least one member who could go to court without starting a fistfight at the very least (given the Frenchman's love of irony and veiled humour and his habit of seducing every woman that catches his eye, it says something of the boorishness of the Boars that he was their best ambassador in two centuries).

Temple: The Boar temple is in Londra. It is an unremarkable place as temples go, being nothing more than a fifty-storey mountain of concrete in the shape of

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Bear	Athletics +10%, Resilience +10%. **Pick One for +10%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, 2H Axe, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, 2H Sword	Language (Bear) Survival	Heavy Granbretanian Armour Two-handed weapon

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Boar	Athletics +5%, Resilience +5%, Ride +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, 2H Axe, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, 2H Sword	Artillery Language (Boar) Survival	Heavy Granbretanian Armour Two-Handed Weapon

a boar's head, with massive tusks of melted bone made from the skeletons of some thirty thousand victims of previous Boar wars.

Benefits: Boars are known for their savagery. The Damage Modifier for members of the Boar order is increased by one step.

Bull

The Maze-Masters, the Horned Order
Grand Constable: Baron Gerden of Kamden

The Bulls specialise in unstoppable assaults and siege-craft. Wherever the fighting is thickest or the walls are strongest, there you will find the Bulls, armoured in black steel and wearing great horned helmets. The detractors of the Bulls would argue, of course, that thick skulls are all the Bulls offer and the Order has never been accused of tactical genius. Their siege engines, while powerful, are centuries behind the more advanced weapon produced by the Serpents; the Bulls are slow to change.

Among the most dangerous Bull weapons are their rampage herds of mutant animals, especially the auroch war-bulls ridden by their braver warriors. It is said no infantry in all of Europe can withstand a Bull cavalry charge.

Temple: The Temple of the Bull in Londra is famed for its underground maze, which extends for many miles beneath the temple itself. This maze is filled with traps and monsters, as well as mirrors and viewing devices allowing the warriors in the temple above to be entertained by the deaths of victims.

Benefits: When a Bull charges, his damage is increased by +1D6 instead of +1D4.

Cat

Huon's Claws
Grand Constable: Duchess Tobin of Edenbough

The Cats are one of the only three Orders that admit only women and are far more prestigious and honoured than the other such orders, the Pelicans and the Wasps. The Cats are trained as assassins and spies and are used by Huon to deal with problematic individuals that must be dealt with quietly and delicately. The Cats are by far the smallest Order, as their training regime is easily the most demanding. Only one in a hundred applicants to the Order of the Cat survives the rigorous and lethal tests of body, mind and soul – they must be superhumanly agile, beautiful, cunning, ruthless and utterly loyal to Huon. His favoured pets lead lives of luxury but are ready to die for the King-Emperor if he demands it of them.

A Cat was sent to kill Count Brass after Meliadus failed to recruit him but she was recalled in favour of using Hawkmoon as the Dark Empire's agent in the Kamarg.

Temple: No man knows where the Cat temple lies; rumours have placed it in Edenbough, in Huon's palace, in Londra or even in Yel. The Cats meet there on moonless nights, black shapes flitting through the shadows, their poisoned blades gleaming like sharp claws.

Benefits: Cats may double their Damage Modifier when striking in a surprise round.

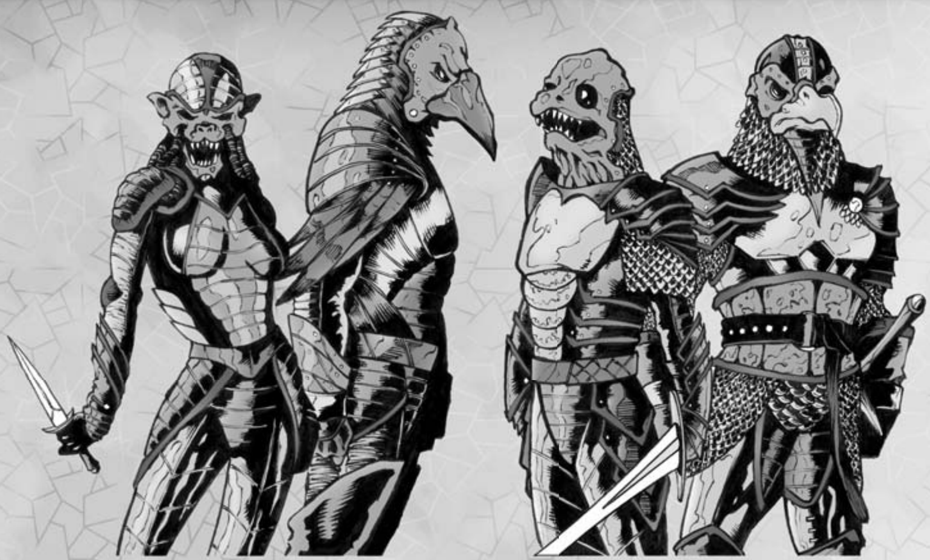
Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Bull	Athletics +5%, Persistence +5%, Resilience +5%, Riding +5%. **Pick One for +10%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, 2H Axe, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, 2H Sword	Artillery Language (Bull)	Heavy Granbretanian Armour Two-Handed Weapon Horse or Riding Bull

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Cat	Acrobatics +5%, Dodge +5%, Stealth +10%, Perception +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Dagger, Rapier, Martial Arts	Language (Cat) Streetwise	Armour of the Cat Dagger

CROW

Death from Above!

Grand Constable: Baron Branseen of Kernow



The Order of the Crow is one of the youngest of the Beast Orders but it has soared very high indeed. The Crows specialise in piloting the ornithopters that have proved so effective in war. The Crows take great pride in their skills and their machines and scorn the 'land-meat' or 'ground-worms'. They take special delight in strafing and bombing victims on the ground but the Crows have duties other than fighting wars; fast-flying ornithopters serve as couriers, reconnaissance observers and instruments of terror.

The haughty Crows are not the only pilots in Granbretan but they are acknowledged to be the best. They constantly petition the king to be given complete authority over all air travel in the Dark Empire but Huon is too wily to give any one Order such power.

Temple: The Temple of the Crow is a tall tower, rising so high above Londra that it pierces the constant smog clouds that hang over the city. Ornithopters patrol the air around the tower, ready to shoot down any rival flyers.

Benefits: Crows may halve the penalty for firing from a moving vehicle.

EEL

Lifeblood of the Empire

Grand Constable: Baron Rumsey of Hull

The Eels are a minor Order these days, as the Empire profits far more from conquest than from trade. In the past, the Eels carried industrial goods from Granbretan to the continent and exchanged them for raw materials and luxuries but now many merchants of Europe trade with Granbretan only under duress.

The construction of the Silver Bridge severely damaged the influence of the Eels and the Order has been forced to trade in the dangerous northern waters since its construction.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Crow	Acrobatics +5%, Perception +10% **Pick One for +5%** Dagger, Unarmed, Flame-Lance	Language (Crow) **Pick Two** Artillery, Mechanisms or Pilot Ornithopter	Light Granbretanian Armour Ornithopter

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Eel	Boating +5%, Evaluate +5%, Influence +5%, Lore (World) +5% **Pick One for +10%** 1H Axe, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Dagger, Shield, Bow, Crossbow	Language (Eel) Shiphandling	Light Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon

Temple: The Eel temple is in the docklands of Londra, where the blood-red Tayme empties into the sea. The temple incorporates a vast port, with berths for all the Eel trade ships.

Benefits: Eels gain considerable wealth from their merchant activities. An Eel gains double the normal starting cash for a character of his status.

FALCON

The Bright Order

Grand Constable: Count Trott of Sussex

The old Falcon Order was composed of skilled warriors and archers, brave and true and unfortunately marched into an ambush in a battle against Yelish barbarians a century ago. The Order languished in obscurity for decades, until the eccentric but brilliant Count Shenegar Trott rebuilt it as a mercenary order. His initial recruits were failed rejects from other Orders but he trained them into an elite fighting force. The Falcons then left for Europe, where they served as mercenaries, fighting for half the courts of Europe on a hundred battlefields. The Falcons proved to be among the best mercenary companies ever seen and they were compared to the companies led by Count Brass in his heyday.

When the War in Europe began, Trott led his Falcons home. The Order has the best knowledge of the terrain and tactics of the Dark Empire's enemies and has slaughtered thousands of its former employers and allies. The reborn Falcons may not yet have the renown or strength of the Wolves or Hounds but their star is rising and everyone knows that Shenegar Trott has the king's ear.

Temple: The Falcon Temple is decorated with trophies and skulls from a hundred battlefields, bloody souvenirs gathered from charnel fields across Europe.

Benefits: Falcons are especially dangerous and merciless fighters. Characters suffer a –10% penalty to Resilience tests made to resist the effects of wounds inflicted by Falcons.

FERRET

The Time Meddlers, Grave-Robbers

Grand Constable: Duke Taragorm of Hobern

The Ferrets are just as important as the better-known Serpents to the progress of Granbretanian scientific sorcery. While the Serpents are researchers, the Ferrets are the technicians who build and maintain the labs, the acolytes who assist in the grand Serpentine experiments and the pioneers who test the inventions in the field. The Ferrets have another, more secret and more important role, too – their duty is to seek out and secure ancient technology and sorcery for Granbretan. Ferret archaeologists have criss-crossed Europe and the East to the very borders of Asiacommunista, looking for lost technology caches and research cities that can be looted for the Empire. If their discoveries cannot be secured for the benefit of Granbretan, they are destroyed. The Ferrets have obliterated more secrets and wonders than they have ever brought back to the Empire.

The Ferrets' witch-hunters and thieves are well established, allowing the Grand Constable to focus on his own scientific hobbies and obsessions, such as mastering travel through time.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Falcon	Athletics +5%, Persistence +5%, Resilience +5%, Riding +5% **Pick One for +10%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, 2H Axe, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, 2H Sword, Bow, Shield, Crossbow, Flame-Lance	Language (Falcon) Lore (Military Tactics)	Light Granbretanian Armour Greater One-Handed Weapon Horse

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Ferret	Lore (World) +5% Perception +10%, Stealth +5%, Sleight +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow, Flame-Lance	Language (Ferret) **Pick One** Artillery, Craft, Engineering, Lore (History), Mechanisms	Light Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon Sorcerer's Trappings



They are perhaps the most hated and infamous of the Orders, as there is no atrocity they have not committed and delighted in.

The Flies are numerous, attracting the worst of Granbretan with the lure of easy victories and plunder. The chief qualifications for becoming a Fly are the complete destruction of one's conscience and the cultivation of joy in degradation and suffering. The onward march of technology opens up new vistas of horror – the Flies have their own ornithopters, small one-man fighter craft adapted for strafing and bombing civilian targets.

Temple: The Temple of the Fly perches on a hill overlooking north Londra. It is among the most ornate of the temples, a massive fly built from glass and steel and stone and bone, buzzing obscenely when the wind howls through its quivering wings.

Benefits: Flies can learn any of the following spells from Order grimoires: Agony, Blood Heat, Hypnotism, Madness, Plague, Poison, Smother.

Temple: The Ferret Temple adjoins the Palace of Time. As Temples go, it is an unimpressive structure, a warren of anonymous rooms, offices, corridors and dusty warehouses where artefacts and talismans from across the world are stored and catalogued.

Benefits: Ferrets can learn any of the following spells from Order grimoires: Blasting, Boost, Cast Back, Damage Resistance, Dampening, Darksight, Diminish Characteristic, Enhance Characteristic, Guide Machine, Glow, Haste, Hinder, Insight, Mental Image, Phantom Sight, (Sense) Projection, Sorcerer's Focus, Watchful Eyes Network.

Every Ferret is given a Workbench for free. The Ferrets have a Major Laboratory.

Fly

The Stinging Swarm
Grand Constable: Nankanseen, Viscount of Finsbury

The jewel-eyed Flies are the executioners and slaughterers of the Granbretanian forces. They specialise in mass murder in all its forms. The Flies can fight, and fight well if need be but they prefer easier tasks like poisoning wells, spreading plagues or dropping bombs from ornithopters.

Fox

The Keepers of the Isle
Grand Constable: Count Renfield of Ael

The red-masked Foxes are the overseers of the farms and rural areas conquered by Granbretan. They keep the peasants and slaves in line, collect taxes, enforce laws and deal with bandits and mutants. The Foxes also sometimes fight on the front lines, mainly because of their great rivalry with the Order of the Hound but they are not noted for their military successes. The Foxes are also infamously corrupt, especially in Granbretan itself. Whole villages have disappeared into the wildwood, struck from the official rolls after paying a suitably grandiose bribe to the Foxes.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Fly	First Aid +10%, Perception +5%, Resilience +5%	Language (Fly)	Light Granbretanian Armour
	Pick One for +10%	**Pick One**	One-Handed Weapon
	1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow, Flame-Lance	Artillery, Healing, Mechanisms, Pilot Ornithopter	Sorcerer's Trappings

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Fox	Influence +5%, Lore (World) +5%, Perception +5%, Riding +5%, Stealth +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow, Spear, Polearm	Language (Fox) Tracking	Light Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon Horse

The Foxes are more active and conscientious in Europe, where they enforce the law of Granbretan in Normandia.

Temple: The Foxes' Den is on the outskirts of Londra, in Ruislip. It is a huge mound, with offices and vaults corresponding to all the districts and counties of the Empire.

Benefits: Foxes gain a +20% bonus to Influence in their home district.
Constables of the Fox gain a +30% bonus to Influence; Masters gain a +50% bonus.

Goat

The Armour of the King
Grand Constable: Archduke Mygel Holst of Londra

The Goat Order are hardy and determined warriors, the solid core of the Dark Empire forces. They lack the bravado and flair of the Wolves or Crows but the Goats are dependable, tough and disciplined. The massed ranks of Goat spearmen and riders march across Europe like a tide. Their numbers are so vast that supplying the Goat legions is a constant worry for the quartermasters of the Dark Empire; camp legend insists that Goats are trained to eat anything from bark to human flesh.

The Grand Constable of the Goats, Mygel Holst, is one of the three richest men in Granbretan, after only King-Emperor Huon and Shenegar Trott.

Temple: The Temple of the Goat is perhaps the largest and most imposing in all of Londra. It is a huge twisted horn, rising from central Londra into the clouds above. Lightning crackles around it and it echoes with screams. Enemies of the Goat are hung from the horn by woven metal cords, to be electrocuted to death by lightning strikes.

Benefits: Goats may increase their Damage Modifier and the Damage Modifier of their mount by one step when using a lance and making a mounted charge.

Horse

The Sinews of Empire
Grand Constable: Baron Waspish of Linden

The Order of the Horse is the land-based counterpart of the Eel – they are responsible for transporting goods and supplies to the great armies of Granbretan. Members of the Horse Order are selected for their physical size and strength and for their ability to handle horses and other beasts of burden. The Horse's stables hold not only

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Goat	Athletics +5%, Resilience +5%, Riding +10% **Pick Two for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, 2H Sword, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, Spear, Polearm, Flame-Lance	Language (Goat) Lore (Military Tactics)	Standard Granbretanian Armour Greater Weapon Horse or Flame-Lance

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Horse	Athletics +5%, Driving +5%, Lore (Animal) +5%, Riding +10% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, 2H Sword, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, Spear, Polearm	Language (Horse) Survival	Heavy Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon or Lance Horse

horses, but camels, ponies, oxen and all manner of other creatures, including many bred in sorcerous vats.

The fighting arm of the Horse is, of course, its cavalry, mounted on armoured beasts and bearing barbed lances. They have won less honour than other Orders and the Horses are treated as dumb animals by their fellow Granbretanians.

Temple: The public Temple of the Horse is in the very heart of Granbretan, a sprawling camp of stables and barns surrounded by thousands of acres of paddocks; beneath it are laboratories and breeding pits. It is a purely functional place, without any mystique or majesty.

The true Temple lies deep in Londra, a secret place deep underground, where bleached horses' skulls stare from the shadows like strange beaked things, cryptic and terrible and aware.

Benefit: Horses may increase their Damage Modifier and the Damage Modifier of their mount by one step when using a lance and making a mounted charge.

HOUND

The Lawgivers

Grand Constable: Baron Promp of Sunill

The Hounds are one of the most influential and powerful Orders in Granbretan. They lag just behind the Wolves if the roll of victories and conquest is considered and their domestic duties give them even greater power than Meliadus's Wolves. The Hounds are in charge of policing the cities and towns of Granbretan, just as the Foxes are the wardens of the countryside. The Hunting Hounds work with the Bats and the Mongooses to find enemies of the state and deal with them harshly.

On the battlefield, the Hounds have a great number of skilled warriors and flame-lancers. The Hounds fight in small packs, loping through the woods and scrub-land instead of fighting in ranks. The Hounds, therefore, prefer small battles and wars of terror; they have more of a taste for burning villages and ambushing foes as they sleep than they do for pitched battles and sieges.

Temple: The Temple of the Hound is also the Palace of Justice in Londra. It is a titanic structure but the true extent of the building can only be seen from below, as its dungeons extend for many miles. It is said that the Hound's prisons could hold half of Europe and that there are prisoners kept so deep and so long that whole generations have been conceived, born, lived and died in chains and lightless cells.

Benefits: Hounds gain a +20% bonus to Influence in their home district.
Constables of the Hounds gain a +30% bonus to Influence; Masters gain a +50% bonus.

JACKAL

The Slavetakers

Grand Constable: Count Gland of Aldwik

The Jackals are battlefield scavengers and slave-takers. Granbretan survives on plunder and slave labour, so it is not enough to crush the enemies of Huon – the Empire must pick their bones clean. Once the Wolves, Hounds

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Hound	Influence +5%, Lore (World) +5%, Perception +5%, Riding +5% **Pick One for +10%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow, Spear, Polearm	Language (Hound) **Pick One** Tracking or Streetwise	Standard Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon Horse

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Jackal	Evaluate +5%, First Aid +5%, Influence +5%, Lore (World) +5%, Perception +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow, Spear, Polearm, Throw	Language (Jackal) **Pick One** Healing, Tracking or Streetwise	Standard Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon Horse

and other warrior Orders have won the day, the Jackals move in, stripping everything of value and sending it home to Granbretan. They are hated by the other Orders, who see them as parasites and thieves but the Jackals are so wealthy that they wield great power at court.



More important than the gold and trinkets, though, are the slaves gathered by the Jackals. They are skilled at determining how many slaves they can take from a province without destroying it. The Jackals bring the workers to the mines, to the factories, to the seraglios and profit all the while.

Temple: The Temple of the Jackal is a grand bazaar in the heart of Londra where prizes and slaves from all the conquered and subjugated nations are sold. Hawkers yelp out prices for girl-slaves from Parye and Burgundy, for jewels looted from Roma, for eastern silks and artefacts from Nurnberg, all while the mocking visage of the Jackal grins down at them.

Benefits: Jackals are adept at taking their foes alive. A Jackal may choose to reduce the damage of any attack that would cause a Major Wound by the exact amount needed to bring it down to a Serious Wound.

Lion

Grand Constable: None

The banner of the Order of the Lion still hangs in Huon's throne room but the last Grand Constable died in the flash of a flame-lance during the War of Londra. The Lion Order was the royal guard of the Kings of Clapham before both kings and Lions were conquered by Huon.

Granbretanian legend insists that a few Lions escaped into the sewers and still defy the King-Emperor. Every accident and injury that befalls the Empire is blamed by on these shadowy foes.

Temple: None

Mantis

The Jewel Guard

Grand Constable: King-Emperor Huon of Granbretan

The Mantis are the chosen instruments of Huon's will. Whatever they were a thousand years ago, when they first fought for him in the War of Abasement that made him king, they have changed utterly since then. The ranks of the Mantis are a strange mix of the sons of nobles, who are sent to the Mantis schools to be close to the king and the centre of power in Granbretan and cold, cold men who have had all selfhood and conscience stripped away and exist solely to serve Huon. To them, Huon is god.

The Mantis do not fight in battle in ordinary circumstances – their first and foremost duty is to safeguard the King-Emperor and his vast palace. Huon's castle is so large that almost all of the Mantis' thousands of guards and warriors are needed just to garrison the key points in the

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Mantis	Influence +5%, Perception +5%, Persistence +5%, Resilience +5% **Pick Two for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, 2H Sword, 2H Flail, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow, Spear, Polearm, Flame-Lance	Courtesy Language (Mantis)	Mantis Armour Marvellous One-Handed Weapon Flame-Lance

fortress. The other Mantis agents are Huon's personal representatives and enforcers. The King is confined to the Throne-Globe and cannot ride out to show his generals who is the master of Granbretan. He worries constantly that some warlord, his pride grown fat on a chain of conquests, will turn avaricious eyes towards Londra unless the generals are reminded constantly that they are nothing but insects compared to the glorious beast that is the king. These masked Mantis warriors are extensions of his will; they speak with his voice and in his name. He trusts them because they cannot conceive of treason against god.

Temple: The Mantis Order has no temple; they dwell in the great and terrible Palace of the King, which is heaven to them.

Benefits: The Mantis are fanatically loyal to Huon. No spell or effect can convince a Mantis warrior to turn on his master.

Mole

As Below, So Above

Grand Constable: Count Aden of Townsend

The sable-clad Order of the Mole are miners and engineers like their brother Badgers but there is a fierce rivalry between the two. The Moles specialise in mining and underground construction, and they are also adept at tunnelling using mechanical engines built for them by the Serpents. The Moles have dug the train lines that run beneath Londra, and delved in the mines of Scandia for iron and gemstones. Sometimes the Moles are called upon to topple enemy fortifications or even open sinkholes to swallow armies.

Temple: The Mole Temple is located somewhere in the depths of the tunnels beneath Granbretan, many hundreds of feet underground. Only the Mole know which branch of the endless labyrinth leads to their inner sanctum.

Benefits: Moles gain the Night Sight ability.
Constables of the Mole gain the Earth Sense ability.
Moles suffer a –50% penalty to all skill tests in bright light but their helmets contain filtering lenses to block out bright light. Activating these lenses costs a Combat Action.

Mongoose

Watch for Serpents

Grand Constable: Baron Sprange of Swinedom

The Order of the Mongoose are, according to their charter, the king's heralds; in truth, they are the king's propagandists and liars, rewriting the history books and changing the beliefs of the common folk. The Mongooses are also spy-catchers and secret police, spying and listening on the people of Granbretan. They employ agents and servants in every noble house in the land, watching the nobles for any sign of dissent.

Temple: The Mongoose Tower is in Swinedom, a dark and dank town. It is a place of whispers and lies, where the scribes collate reports and eavesdrop on conversations, searching for any words they can twist, and cackle when they can have the Hounds or Bats drag some unfortunate away into the dungeons for a badly-phrased joke.

Benefits: Mongoose Beasts may learn any of the following spells from Order grimoires: Agony, Ghost Fence, Hypnotism, Madness, (Sense) Projection, Sorcerer's Focus.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Mole	Persistence +5%, Stealth +5% **Pick One for +10%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, 2H Axe, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, 2H Sword, Flame-Lance	Craft Engineering Language (Mole)	Standard Granbretanian Armour Military Pick or Sword

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Mongoose	Evaluate +5%, Influence +5%, Lore (World) +5%, Perception +5%, Sleight +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow, Spear, Polearm	Language (Mongoose) **Pick One** Artistic Expression, Courtesy, Streetwise	Light Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon



Benefits: Pelican Beasts may learn any of the following spells from Order grimoires: Agony, Bloodline Rejuvenation, Cure Disease, Fleshwarping, Mutate, Plague, Poison, Regenerate, Resurrection Drug, Riddle of the Cells, Treat Wounds.

PELICAN

The Bloody Order

Grand Constable: Countess Marya of Kent

The Pelicans are the healers and doctors of Granbretan. While some are the personal physicians of nobles, most are battlefield medics, sewing torn flesh and amputating twisted and broken limbs. All the Pelicans are women, trained in the healing arts in the secret schools of the Order.

The hands of the Pelicans can be gentle but they can also be cruel. Granbretan has learned much of anatomy and biology from their experiments, dissecting prisoners, injecting them with experimental plagues and poisons, surgically grafting on artificial organs or animal parts.

Temple: The Pelican Temple is the chief hospital of Granbretan and is where all the broken soldiers are brought. Many are sent back to the battlefield, either healed of their wounds or as walking dead men in a suicide battalion; others are given over to the labs for experiments or slaughtered when they have no more strength to give the Dark Empire. The Pelican does not bleed if it can find other blood to give first.

PIG

Kill-in-the-muds!

Grand Constable: Baron Dacwert of Florizel

There's always the Pig.

Only the most skilled warriors can become Wolves. It takes a particular genius to be initiated into the Serpent, great strength to become a Bull or Boar, nobility to be a Stag and so forth. Not everyone has such qualities. For all the average thugs and marauders of Granbretan, there's always the Pig. The Order of the Pig are not the best soldiers or warriors but what they lack in talent they more than make up for in sheer numbers. Tens of thousands of Pig axemen march in lock-step across Europe; the guttural thunder of their massed war-cries shakes the heavens.

Pigs are cannon fodder and they know it. There are few problems that cannot be solved by hurling a million ill-tempered and brutish axe-men at it and in the Order of the Pig, the Empire has unlimited manpower.

Temple: The Pig Temple is a vast stadium; it is the only structure that could possible hold all the millions of Pigs.

Benefits: Pigs fight best in the company of other Pigs. If a Pig has at least five other members of his Order fighting alongside him, he gets a +5% bonus to all his attacks.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Pelican	First Aid +5%, Lore (Plant) +5%, Lore (Animal) +5%	Healing	Light Granbretanian
		Language (Pelican)	Armour
	Pick One for +5%	Lore (Alchemy)	One-Handed Weapon
	1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger		

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Pig	Driving +5%, Resilience +10% **Pick One for 10%** 1H Axe, 2H Axe, Polearm **Pick One for +5%** 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, 2H Sword, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow	Language (Pig) Lore (Military Tactics)	Standard Granbretanian Armour Axe

Rat

The Little Deaths
Grand Constable: Baron Farnu of Deau-vere

The Rats specialise in urban warfare and infiltration. They scurry through alleys and sewers, jewelled eye-lenses gleaming in the half-light, emerging to cut throats and spread disease. They carry disease-bombs and plague sachets; a fair fight is anathema to the Rats.

They move ahead of the main body of the Granbretanian army, skulkers and spies, a rising tide of unwholesomeness. They are cowards, fleeing the light and any strong opposition. Of all the Orders, the Rats take perhaps the most delight and pleasure in human suffering, returning again and again to mock defeated foes.

Temple: The Rats claim all of Londra as their Temple. They have any number of hidden caches and strongholds scattered across the city and the surrounding countryside. When they meet, thousands of Rats swarm out of the shadows and converge on some street or warehouse; they light lurid green torches and chitter in their secret tongue in praise of death and sorrow.

Benefits: Rats may halve the penalty from their armour when making Stealth tests, as they are adept at hiding and camouflage.

Raven

Blacken the Sky
Grand Constable: Baron Maddoc of Yel

The Ravens are the only Granbretanian order recruited in the west of the Kingdom, on the very borders of Yel. They are the best archers in Granbretan and their black-feathered shafts can pierce armour and bone alike with equal ease. The Ravens are also trained in the use of the flame-lance but prefer the ancient elegance of the longbow.

Due to their Yelish heritage, the Ravens are distrusted at court and are rumoured to harbour many mutants in their ranks. If they do too well in Europe, the Ravens will no doubt share the fate of the old Bear Order.

Temple: The Raven Temple is a crumbling tower in the heart of Londra, shared with the skull-faced Jailer's Guild.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Rats	Evaluate +5%, Perception +10%, Sleight +5%, Stealth +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow, Spear, Unarmed, Flame-Lance	Language (Rat) Streetwise	Light Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Raven	Lore (Animal) +5%, Perception +5%, Stealth +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger **Pick One for +10%** Bow, Crossbow, Flame-Lance	Language (Raven) Survival	Light Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon Exquisite Longbow or Flame-lance



Temple: The Temple of the Salamander is a great foundry in New Castille. The furnace fires there burn ceaselessly and only the Salamanders can endure the terrible conditions. Slaves die of dehydration every day there and men have been known to spontaneously burst into flames near the seat of the Grand Constable, where the heat is as intense as the very heart of fire.

Benefits: Ravens may increase the damage from their bows by +1, or the range by 25% with each shot.

SALAMANDER

Forged in Flame
Grand Constable: Count Durkon of New Castille

The Order of the Salamander delight in flame in all its forms. They are close allies of the Serpents, who provide the artillery pieces and flame-lances that spit such lovely fires. The stench of scorched flesh and burning fields is perfume to the Salamanders and it is said they only eat meat if it has been charred black.

There are few Salamanders in the Order but only a few are needed. A single fire-cannon can blast a thousand men to dust, after all.

Benefits: Salamanders may ignore the first three points of damage from any heat or fire-based attack.

SERPENT

Sorcery-science!
Grand Constable: Baron Kalan of Vitall

If there is one Order that has ensured Granbretan's success in war, one Order that has done more to drag the nation down into madness and blackest evil, it is the Order of the Serpent. They are the masters of sorcery, of the black arts of technology and magic that have wrought both wonders and horrors for Huon, bent on creating both the power and the mistakes of the Tragic Millennium. The King-Emperor knows the importance of the Serpent Order and agents scour the villages and slums of Granbretan looking for children of special intelligence to be trained in the Serpent's ways. Their education begins when

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Salamander	Resilience +10%, Perception +5% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword , Flame-Lance, Shield, Dagger	Artillery Language (Salamander) **Pick One** Engineering, Mechanism	Heavy Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon Flame-Lance

they are no more than six years old. In the school of the Serpent, these children learn the hidden secrets of a past age and they also learn to compete with one another. The first scholar to recreate a lost formula or master a new spell will be rewarded but all his fellows will be punished for their laggard ways and weakness. The Serpents foster obsession and madness among their scholars, driving them to greater victories and excesses.

The King-Emperor keeps his Serpents in check with a choke-chain of gold. The laboratories and experiments require a staggering amount of money and resources every month and the Serpents are always short of cash. Only the most successful and prestigious projects are funded – although many sorcerers make illegal but vital private bargains with rich dukes and lords. The Mantis keeps a close watch on the Serpent to ensure that the terrible powers commanded by the Serpents are never turned against the Lords of Granbretan.

The Serpents' primary focus is on weapons of war – flame-cannons, ornithopters, the breeding of monsters and plagues – and on means to control and enslave others, with devices like the Mentality Machine. When need dictates, they are capable of producing other machines with great speed and skill, such as communications devices or conveyances. Every senior Serpent has his own private plans and ambitions, too – Baron Kalan, for example, specialises in machines that traverse or even bend space; Bous-Junge studies ancient rites and blood sorcery.

Temple: The Temple of the Serpent is but one of the hundreds of research facilities belonging to the Order but it is the largest. It abuts the Palace of King-Huon but as the palace expands, the Temple is becoming more cramped. Senior Serpents have designed a new Temple, built in the image of a tremendous snake that would coil around all of Vitall but Baron Kalan has vetoed such schemes and has instead ordered the construction of more secondary facilities along the Tayme.

Benefits: Serpents may learn almost any spell from their Order.

Shark

Granbretania Rules The Waves
Grand Constable: Admiral Drahk of Wight

The fleets of the Dark Empire are Huon's pride and joy. It is only in recent years that the armies of Granbretan have grown so mighty and terrible that they could defeat any force in Europe but the black fleet has always been supremely powerful. No rival navy, not the men'o'war of Hollandia or even the Espanyian galleons dared sail against the black ships, with their cannons and ballistae and flame-lances and worst of all, their savage and blood-thirsty shark-masked sailors and marines.

The Sharks are not pirates or raiders; they are conquerors. They do not sack ports or sink ships; they raze ports to the ground and sink whole fleets. They practise a form of warfare that is savage and terrible, wiping out all life within five miles of the coast.

Temple: The Temple of the Shark is located on the southerly Isle of Wight. The Temple is decorated with booty and prizes from all over Europe, as well as the

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Serpent	Influence +10%, Lore (World) +5%, Persistence +10% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Dagger, Crossbow, Unarmed, Flame-Lance	Language (Serpent) **Pick One** Artillery, Engineering Lore, Mechanisms, Pilot Ornithopter	Light Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon Sorcerer's Trappings

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Shark	Acrobatics +10%, Athletics +10%, Boating +10%, Dodge +10%, Lore (world) +10% **Pick Two for +15%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Dagger, Rapier, Bow, Crossbow, Flame Lance	Language (Shark) **Pick One** Craft, Shiphandling, Survival	Light Granbretanian Armour Sword and Bow or Flame-Lance

prows or figureheads from sunken ships. There is also an artificial lake filled with sharks from all over the world; prisoners are dangled into the lake from above.

Benefits: Sharks gain a percentile bonus to all attacks equal to the amount of damage suffered by a foe.

Stag

The Blood of Kings

Grand Constable: Count Liastor of Skowse



The Stag Order is another one of the 'Defeated' orders – those who fought against King-Emperor Huon in the War of Abasement. They can be recognised by the Black Mark of Shame on their banners. The Stag was the personal guard of the Kings of Skowse and led the defence of the city against the army of Londra. The Stag were defeated but fought with such ferocity and devotion that Huon ordered that half of the survivors be spared. Since then, one tine of a stag's horns is always broken to symbolise the lost half of the Order.

The Stags fight exclusively from horseback. Their legions of heavy cavalry are not as numerous as those of the Horse but the Stags are better trained and more skilled. They are called upon to break the strongest enemy forces and are often sent into the very jaws of death on suicide missions. The Stags still have pride, even after seven centuries of abuse and mockery from their fellow Granbretanians and they refuse to yield the last inch of themselves.

Temple: The Stag Temple was broken in the Sack of Skowse and has never been rebuilt.

Benefit: Stags may increase their Damage Modifier and the Damage Modifier of their mount by one step when using a lance and making a mounted charge.

Tiger

We are animals, we are beasts! Nature red in tooth and claw!

Grand Constable: Duke Vendel of Spise

No other order takes the title of 'Beast' so literally as the Tigers. They gleefully cast away their humanity to be as feral and animalistic as possible. They eat raw meat, sleep naked in dens, rut like beasts and hunt with their bare hands in the forests surrounding their Temple. The Tigers are no fools, though – in war, they wear well-crafted armour and carry their 'claws'; cruelly barbed swords and spears. They still fight like beasts, though, leaping into the midst of the enemy to rend and tear and feast. Their hunting instincts are honed by sorcerous potions, brewed from the blood and brain-juices of fallen foes.

King-Huon tolerates the eccentricities of his tigers; their bestial cruelties amuse him and the Tigers are so avowedly apolitical that they serve as a useful counterbalance to the ambitions of the Wolves or Hounds. If the Wolves ever grow too proud of their accomplishments in battle, Huon can just undercut them by putting the Tigers into

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Stag	Athletics +5%, Resilience +5%, Riding +15% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, 2H Sword, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, Spear, Polearm	Language (Stag) Lore (Military Tactics)	Heavy Granbretanian Armour One-Handed Weapon or Lance Horse

the field. Animals care nothing for pride or glory, just the thrill of the hunt and the kill.

Temple: The Tiger Temple is located deep in the thick forests of Arden. No non-Tiger has ever looked upon it and lived.

Benefit: Tigers may learn the Blood Heat spell.

Unicorn

Grand Constable: None

Along with its brother Order, the Lion, the Unicorn Order was loyal to the Kings of Clapham who opposed Huon's bid to control Londra. The Lions were wiped out to a man and no longer exist as an Order but the Unicorns have been permitted to exist… in a way.

The law is important in Granbretan; obedience to the rule of law and the dictates of tradition are all that hold the corrupt and insane nation together. Criminals are entitled to due process and those of noble blood have special privileges and rights – including the right to stand before a jury of their peers. When a non-Beast of noble blood is accused of a crime, he may choose to join the Order of the Unicorn in order to be tried by the Beasts instead of a civil court. There is little difference between these two methods of justice – the courts will still no doubt find the defendant guilty and impose a harsh and cruel punishment – but at least the accused has the rights of a Beast for the duration of his trial. As a Beast, he can attend court (under guard) and apply for trial-by-combat in some circumstances.

Temple: None

Vulture

Death to Life! The Most Admirable Company of Men

Grand Constable: Asrovak Mikosevaar of Muskovia

The Madness of Granbretan is not wholly unique to the people of that cursed and twisted isle. There is no other nation in Europe that is so completely insane and corrupt but there are many individuals who share something of the cruelty and perversion of the Dark Empire. The King-Emperor draws these people to his service as moths to a flame. Asrovak Mikosevaar was once a noble of Muskovia, the captain of a rag-tag band of Cossaki barbarians who put a hundred towns along the border to the torch. He was famed for his battle cry and his personal philosophy of 'death to life' and he committed deeds that would have shocked and sickened another age of the world. In Tragic Europe, however, such atrocities won him the friendship of the Dark Empire. Mikosevaar's Cossaki became the core of the newest Beast Order, the Order of the Vultures.

The Order is made up of mercenaries and outcasts from across Europe. There are only a handful of true-born Granbretanians among their ranks but the Vultures are just as blood-thirsty and hateful as any honest son of Londra or Skowse. Their familiarity with the battlefields of Europe and their burning desire to prove themselves have won the Vulture many victories and they soar in the ranks of the Beasts to be mentioned in the same breath as Wolf or Hound.

Temple: The Temple of the Vulture is still under construction. For now, the Vultures gather in camps across Europe, their voices a cacophony of harsh accents and

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Tiger	Athletics +10%, Resilience +10% **Pick One for +10%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, 2H Sword, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, Spear, Polearm, Unarmed	Language (Tiger) Survival	Light Granbretanian Armour Any Weapon

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Vulture	Athletics +5%, Lore (World) +5%, Resilience +5%, Riding +5%, **Pick One for +10%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, 2H Sword, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, Spear, Polearm, Flame-Lance	Artillery Language (Vulture)	Standard Granbretanian Armour Any weapon Horse



strange tongues united in a single, hateful cry – 'death to life!'

Benefits: Vultures are especially dangerous and merciless fighters. Characters suffer a –10% penalty to Resilience tests made to resist the effects of wounds inflicted by Vultures.

Wasp

The Deadly Sting

Grand Constable: Baroness Helena of Bashea

The Wasp are another young order, formed less than a century ago. It is the third all-female order and the only one likely to be seen on the front lines of a battle. The Wasps specialise in duels and swordplay and the use of poisons. With their jewelled eyes and tight metal armour, they look more insect than human, an impression which is reinforced by the way they move, all fast twitches and jerks. A Wasp's foe will find the sword-sting embedded in his heart or throat before he can even blink.

Fancy sword-tricks, of course, do not win battles where many thousands of warriors clash and the Wasps have striven to prove themselves. They have recently entered into a bargain with the Ferrets to obtain their own squadrons of ornithopters and they intend to become a quick-reaction strike force that can be dropped behind enemy lines or atop an enemy castle. The Wasps respond instantly to any insinuation that they are weaker than any other fighting Order – the 'temper of the Wasps' is infamous, as is their practice of challenging those who offend them to a duel.

Temple: The Wasp Temple is located in the centre of Londra – a surprisingly prestigious location for such a young Order, suggesting to many that the King-Emperor has a special plan for these warrior women.

Benefits: Wasps are excellent duellists. They gain a +5% bonus to their Weapon skill when parrying and each round they may choose to either parry one extra attack or increase the damage from all attacks by 1.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Wasp	Acrobatics +10%, Athletics +10%, Dodge +10% **Pick One for +10%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, Rapier, Flame-Lance	Language (Wasp)	Light Granbretanian Armour Exquisite Sword

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Weasel	Evaluate +10%, Lore (World) +5%, Perception +10% **Pick One for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, 2H Sword, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, Spear, Polearm, Flame-Lance	Language (Weasel) **Pick One** Artillery, Mechanisms, Engineering	Standard Granbretanian Armour Any weapon

WEASEL

What Is Made Can Be Unmade

Grand Constable: Baron Warren of Sthile

The Weasel is the brother Order to the Ferret and the two share much knowledge and technology. Like the Ferrets, the Weasels are engineers and technicians, though they also focus on sabotage. While no nation has even a fraction of the sorcery of the Dark Empire, there are those that possess dangerous and potent science. There are the watch-towers of the Kamarg, for example as well as the perilous mists of Lyonesse or the still-untried weapons of Muskovia. The Weasel's role is to study and gather intelligence on these foreign weapons of war and devise ways to sabotage or counter them.

Weasels are selected for their intelligence and cunning, not their fighting skills but they invariably carry some sorcerous weapon like a flame-lance or other blasting device to use when they are cornered. The Weasels pioneered the use of the flesh-mask disguise and they claim to have agents in every nation from Espanyia to Persia and beyond.

Temple: The Weasel Temple stands on the bank of the Tayme, an anonymous building of grey stone, where thin men skulk and conspire.

Benefits: Weasels may learn any of the following spells from their Order: Acid, Agony, Blasting, Darksight, Guide Machine, Haste, Hinder, Jamming, Insight, Sorcerer's Focus.

WOLF

The Hunters

Grand Constable: Baron Meliadus of Kroiden

The Wolves of the Dark Empire are terror incarnate. They are not the largest Order: there are three or four Hounds to every Wolf, nor do they have the sorcerous power of the Serpents or the poisons of the Flies. Even so, no other Order has conquered so great a territory, nor with so much bloodshed. Until they came to the Kamarg, the Wolves were utterly undefeated. They might have lost individual battles but no force on Earth had opposed the Wolves for long and lived.

The men of the Wolves are the elite warriors of Granbretan. Their Grand Constable, Meliadus, is a tactical genius to equal the famed Count Brass and he knows how to train and lead his men and how to inspire them to deeds of great heroism in battle. Every Wolf knows he is worth ten lesser men and they would die for each other and for their Constable without a second thought. The Legions of the Wolf are the single most powerful and successful fighting force in all of Europe and they will suffer no rival to eclipse them.

Temple: The Temple of the Wolf stands proudly on the south shore of the Tayme. Some say the gargantuan and grotesque wolfshead atop the grey structure looks enviously towards the mighty Palace of Huon across the bloody water but the Wolves insist that their stony patron is merely watchful, ready to tear the throat from any rival Order who displeases the Emperor of the World.

Benefits: The Wolves are superlative warriors. Once per day, a Wolf warrior may gain a bonus equal to his POW to all weapon skill tests for three rounds.

Order	Basic Skills	Advanced Skills	Standard Equipment
Wolf	Athletics +5%, Dodge +5%, Resilience +5%, Riding +5% **Pick Two for +5%** 1H Axe, 1H Flail, 1H Hammer, 1H Sword, Shield, 2H Sword, 2H Flail, 2H Hammer, Spear, Polearm, Flame-Lance	Language (Wolf) Lore (Military Tactics)	Standard Granbretanian Armour Any weapon Horse

The Lords of Granbretan

King-Emperor Huon

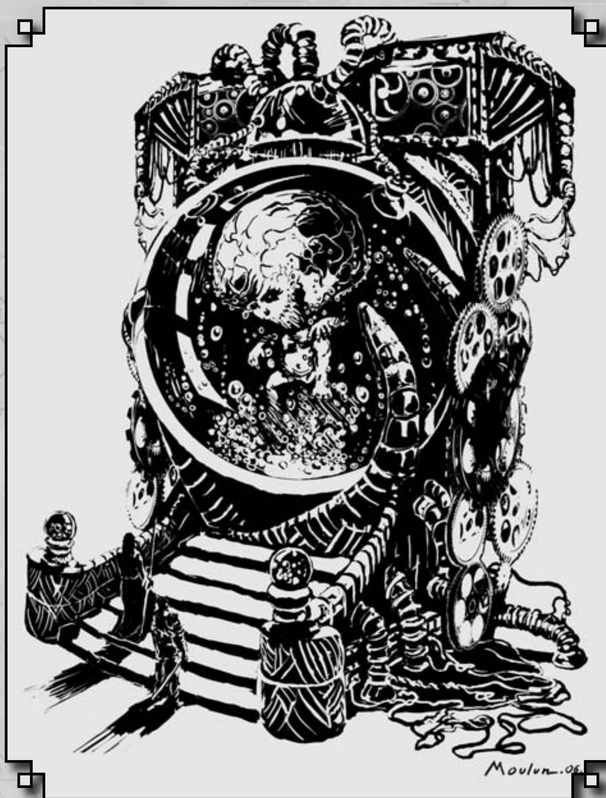
Eventually Hawkmoon could see the Throne Globe and he was astonished. It contained a milky-white fluid that surged about sluggishly, almost hypnotically. At times the fluid seemed to contain iridescent radiance that would gradually fade and then return. At the centre of this fluid, reminding Hawkmoon of a foetus, drifted an ancient man, his skin wrinkled, his limbs apparently useless, his head overlarge. From this head stared sharp, malicious eyes.

'Rise,' came a voice. Hawkmoon realised with a shock that the voice came from the globe. It was the voice of a young man in the prime of health – a golden voice, a melodic, vibrant voice. Hawkmoon wondered from what youthful throat the voice had been torn.
– The Jewel in the Skull

There can be no better guide to the character of the King-Emperor than his own words: '*You must serve us, in turn, with great loyalty, knowing that you share a part in the destiny of the greatest race ever to emerge on this planet. It is our right to rule the earth, by virtue of our omniscient intellect and omnipotent might and soon we shall claim this right in full.'* For thousands of years, this immortal creature has ruled the mightiest empire on Earth and has never suffered defeat or humiliation. To the people of Granbretan and to all their conquered races, the Immortal Emperor is god.

Confined within the life-sustaining Throne Globe, Huon is isolated from the humanity he left behind. He has not known touch or taste or smell in centuries and his body has atrophied. All that remains of him is his cunning intellect and his overwhelming hatred of life. He is the embodiment of the Madness of Granbretan – he is dulled to all sensation so he inflicts great agony upon all the world in a desperate attempt to find something that can still excite him. He would burn the world if he thought it would please him. Conquering the universe is his only amusement.

The King-Emperor knows that he has bred a race of monsters and amoral conquerors who would turn on him if they could. He has cultivated his divine aura and indeed he has more than half-convinced himself that he truly is a god. His fathomless cunning and malicious wit has also enabled him to play the other Lords of Granbretan off against each other, favouring one and then another, ensuring that all the court squabbles and plots to win his favour, instead of plotting against him. For all his intellect and age, Huon has no sorcery to speak of and the Throne Globe is virtually defenceless in itself – although obviously, having thousands of elite Mantis guards who are willing to die in one's service is a fine deterrent.



King-Emperor Huon (Villain)
Characteristics: STR 5, CON 6, DEX 10, SIZ 8, INT 24, POW 24, CHA 20
Skills: Courtesy 150%, Influence 150%, Lore (World) 120%, Lore (Art) 90%, Lore (Geography) 120%, Lore (Heraldry) 90%, Lore (Law) 120%, Lore (Military Tactics) 150%, Lore (Theology) 150%, Perception 90%, Persistence 150%, Resilience 50%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/3
4-6	Left Leg	0/3
7-9	Abdomen	0/4
10-12	Chest	0/5
13-15	Right Arm	0/2
16-18	Left Arm	0/2
19-20	Head	0/3

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
None	—	—

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* –1D4, *Movement:* 1m
Legendary Abilities: Madness of Granbretan, Heroic Aura

Asrovak Mikosevaar

[He] recognised the barbaric vulture-mask of Asrovak Mikosevaar as the Muskovian led his Vulture Legion on foot and was one of the first to cross the swamp and reach the slopes of the hill. Hawkmoon trotted his horse forward a little so that he would be directly in the path of Mikosevaar when he approached.

He heard a bellow and the vulture-mask glared at him with eyes of ruby. 'Aha! Hawkmoon! The dog that has worried us for so long! Now let's see how you conduct yourself in a fair fight, traitor!'
– The Jewel in the Skull

The infamous renegade fled his homeland after committing treason and hideous atrocities of all kinds and brought with him the mercenaries who would become the core of the Vulture Legion. Mikosevaar was half a lord and half a jester at court – the Granbretanians rejoiced in the madman's utter hatred of all life, which so mirrored their own but he was so uncultured and barbaric that he amused them too. His virile, brutish ways caught the attention of Flana of Kanbery, who seduced and married the Muskovian so quickly his mask spun.

Before he was slain by Hawkmoon at the first battle of the Kamarg, Asrovak was one of the most flamboyant and notorious of the Granbretanian generals. His banner famously bore the legend 'Death to Life' and he was known for loving slaughter and bloodshed of all forms. He would personally butcher prisoners and slaves and rated the sharpness of his axe by the number of necks it could cleave with a single swing.

Mikosevaar's mask was not made of metal and jewels like those of other lords but was partially composed of bone chips and flesh torn from the bodies of the fallen.

Asrovak Mikosevaar (Master)
Characteristics: STR 16, CON 13, DEX 13, SIZ 16, INT 11, POW 15, CHA 11
Skills: Athletics 70%, Artillery 70%, Dodge 60%, First Aid 60%, Influence 50%, Language (Vulture) 65%, Lore (World) 70%, Perception 60%, Persistence 60%, Resilience 60%, Riding 80%, Survival 60%, Tracking 80%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	6/6
4-6	Left Leg	6/6
7-9	Abdomen	6/7
10-12	Chest	6/8
13-15	Right Arm	6/5
16-18	Left Arm	6/5
19-20	Head	6/6

Standard Granbretanian Armour: –35%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Marvellous Greataxe (Keen x 2, Baleful)	90%	2D8+4+1D4 / 3

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* +1D4, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: Battle Fury, Decapitating Swing

Adaz Promp

A fat visitor clad in gaudy silk-covered armour with a brightly painted helm representing a savage and grinning hound.
– The Runestaff

Who rules the Dark Empire? The immortal King-Emperor, Huon, of course but he works his will though instruments, through great lords – and the chief of these instruments is Adaz Promp of the Hounds. The Hounds are not only one of the largest military Orders, they are also responsible for security and law enforcement and tax collection in the realm. Promp is perhaps the least ambitious man in the Dark Empire – he has nowhere to rise to while Huon lives and even becoming emperor would not measurably enhance his power. By the standards of his people, Promp has attained a perfect lifestyle – when in Londra, he has entertainments and concubines and fine feasts and wealth beyond measure but he also has a vast army of slavering warriors and all the bloodshed he could wish for.

The Grand Constable of the Hounds, then, is paranoid and always watching for those who might unseat him. He is politically conservative, seeking to preserve the status quo that so benefits him. In court politics, he tries to ensure that none of the factions grow too powerful and makes himself indispensable to the King-Emperor without being as obviously sycophantic as Mygel Holst. Promp fancies himself a pioneer of fashion and culture but he lags two steps behind true trend-setters like Nankenseen or Flana.

Adaz Promp (Master)
Characteristics: STR 12, CON 14, DEX 12, SIZ 16, INT 16, POW 15, CHA 15
Skills: Athletics 40%, Courtesy 80%, Dance 60%, Dodge 60%, Influence 90%, Language (Hound) 95%, Lore (Military Tactics) 80%, Perception 50%, Resilience 80%, Persistence 80%, Riding 70%, Streetwise 60%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	8/6
4-6	Left Leg	8/6
7-9	Abdomen	8/7
10-12	Chest	8/8
13-15	Right Arm	8/5
16-18	Left Arm	8/5
19-20	Head	8/6

Surpassing Heavy Granbretanian Armour (Bulwark x2, Nimble x 2): -28%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Surpassing Lance (Baleful, Swift x 2, Warriors)	80%	1D12+2+1D2 / 2
Surpassing Warsword (Baleful, Penetrating x 2, Warriors)	80%	1D10+1D2 / 4
Surpassing Target Shield (Parrying x3, Warriors)	70%	1D6+1D2 / 11

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +14, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: Madness of Granbretan

Mygel Holst

Mygel Holst, skeletal Archduke of Londra, head of the Order of the Goat, veteran of the Kamarg from which he had barely escaped with his life, laughed. 'Aye – all Europe. Not an inch of it is not ours. And now great parts of the East belong to us also.' The Goat helm nodded as if in satisfaction, the ruby eyes catching the firelight, flashing malignantly.
– The Sword of the Dawn

According to accepted fact, the King-Emperor is the only immortal being in the cosmos and at the end of time shall consume all-that-is in a final conquest. All other men merely live out their spans, however long or short they may be. Be that as it may, Mygel Holst's span is exceedingly long. The Archduke is at least three hundred years old and may in fact be even older. Other lords of Granbretan use sorceries like Bloodline Rejuvenation to prolong their twisted lives but Holst has no such kin and may use the same spells as his former ally and sorcerer, Lord Agonovos, the Black Exile.

Of course, the court whispers, what is the point of living so long without pleasure or joy? Holst seems to take no interest in the orgies, in the pleasure-domes, in the liquor-feasts or in the torture operas. He seems to exist purely to complete his duties, a dull dry soul made up of ledgers and legal documents. Holst does take to the field at the head of his Goat Order but even in battle, he moves like a threshing machine, not a Beast. Jerek Nankenseen once quipped that for all the sorceries and spells of the Serpent Order, they have yet to develop any torture half so terrible as having to endure a conversation with Mygel Holst.

Mygel Holst (Master)
Characteristics: STR 15, CON 12, DEX 10, SIZ 11, INT 17, POW 15, CHA 10
Skills: Athletics 70%, Courtesy 80%, Dodge 50%, Evaluate 70%, Influence 60%, Language (Goat) 90%, Lore (Heraldry) 90%, Lore (Military Tactics) 90%, Lore (Law) 80%, Lore (World) 90%, Perception 80%, Persistence 100%, Resilience 90%, Riding 120%, Stealth 60%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	8/5
4-6	Left Leg	8/5
7-9	Abdomen	8/6
10-12	Chest	8/7
13-15	Right Arm	8/4
16-18	Left Arm	8/4
19-20	Head	8/5

Surpassing Heavy Granbretanian Armour (Bulwark x2, Nimble x 2): –28%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Surpassing Lance (Baleful, Swift x 2, Keen)	120%	1D12+3+1D2 / 2
Surpassing Warsword (Baleful, Penetrating x 2, Keen)	90%	1D10+1+1D2 / 4
Marvellous Target Shield (Parrying x3)	60%	1D6+1D2 / 11

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: Born to the Saddle, Jouster, Madness of Granbretan

Jerek Nankenseen

Jerek Nankenseen's bejewelled Fly mask turned a little to regard Meliadus and the voice from within the mask was baiting…[he] mocked the man who had been his rival in more than one amorous encounter in Londra.
– The Sword of the Dawn

The Warlord of the Fly is a notorious rake and swashbuckler. Half the women of the Court have been 'fly-specked,' as the phrase goes and he is a celebrity in Granbretan. All the Warlords are venerated and feted by the common folk but none are as loved and lusted after in quite the same way as Jerek. With his close friend and protégé Pra Flenn, Nankenseen is commonly seen as a rising star in court. Indeed, when the pair were allied with Mikosevaar and the former head of the Jackals, Count Iblis, they were called the new Feared Four and were said to herald a new age when youthful vitality would wash away the weakness and hesitation of the old ways. Indeed, if not for the quarrel that led to Iblis' death at Nankenseen's hands, the four might have won Huon's favour and it would be the Fly and not the Wolf who led the assault on Europe.

Nankenseen cultivates the reputation of being a whimsical, mercurial lord who acts without thinking but in truth he is keenly intelligent and calculating. He gambles vast sums but always when either cheating or using some infallible mathematical system of his own devising. His ambition is almost limitless, checked only by an uncharacteristic and very real devotion to the King-Emperor.

The Warlord is even less honourable in battle that other Granbretanians; his order specialises in mass destruction and he mocks 'mud-sloggers' and 'horse-buggerers' as being outdated. He dreams of hosts of ornithopters dropping disease-bombs on the cities of Europe, of silver missiles carrying nuclear death across wide seas. Above all else, Nankenseen hates to get his perfectly manicured hands dirty, after all.

Jerek Nankenseen (Master)
Characteristics: STR 13, CON 12, DEX 17, SIZ 12, INT 16, POW 17, CHA 17
Skills: Acrobatics 50%, Artillery 70%, Athletics 70%, Courtesy 80%, Dance 70%, Dodge 80%, Influence 90%, Language (Fly) 95%, Lore (Military Tactics) 80%, Lore (Animal) 70%, Perception 80%, Pilot Ornithopter 80%, Resilience 70%, Persistence 60%, Riding 80%, Sleight 60%, Stealth 70%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	3/5
4-6	Left Leg	3/5
7-9	Abdomen	3/6
10-12	Chest	3/7
13-15	Right Arm	3/4
16-18	Left Arm	3/4
19-20	Head	7/5

Marvellous Light Granbretanian Armour (Bulwark x2, Light), Beast-Mask: –13%

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage / AP
Heroic Rapier (Baleful, Penetrating x2, Swift x2)	90%	1D10 / 3
Flame-Lance	80%	2D8 / 2

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +16, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: Devilish Charm, Duellist, Madness of Granbretan

Brenal Farnu

'They can offer us no menace,' murmured Baron Brenal Farnu of the Rat helm. 'From what our scientists divined, they exist in a dimension beyond Earth, in some other time or space. We cannot reach them and they cannot reach us. Let us enjoy our triumph, unmarred by thoughts of Hawkmoon and Count Brass.'
– The Sword of the Dawn

Not all the lords of Granbretan are full of bile and bluster. The Rat Lord is quiet, even humble and sensitive. He is even kind, in his way and disapproves of the atrocity and mass slaughter that is often perpetuated by his Order. Sometimes he takes pity on children made orphans by his Rats and takes them to his country estates in Sussex. Does Farnu, then, not share in the Madness of Granbretan?

The Rat is as evil and malevolent as any other lord but in his own unique fashion. While the other Lords are content to inflict evil and suffering, Farnu wishes to *evoke* it. He is endlessly fascinated by the human capacity for betrayal, for selfishness and for malice. He might take a child from her mother's breast and raise her for a few years, then give her a choice – go back to the slums and be nothing once again or murder her own mother and remain in luxury. He is a sociopath who makes other sociopaths, a quiet madman who knows how to blacken souls.

Brenal Farnu (Master)
Characteristics: STR 12, CON 14, DEX 16, SIZ 10, INT 15, POW 13, CHA 14
Skills: Acrobatics 60%, Athletics 60%, Courtesy 50%, Disguise 80%, Dodge 70%, Engineering 60%, Evaluate 50%, Influence 70%, Language (Rat) 90%, Lore (World) 60%, Mechanisms 60%, Perception 80%, Persistence 60%, Resilience 60%, Riding 50%, Sleight 70%, Stealth 90%, Streetwise 70%, Survival 60%, Throwing 60%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	3/5
4-6	Left Leg	3/5
7-9	Abdomen	3/6
10-12	Chest	3/7
13-15	Right Arm	3/4
16-18	Left Arm	3/4
19-20	Head	7/5

Light Granbretanian Armour, Beast-Mask: –13%

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage / AP
Marvellous Warsword (Baleful, Penetrating x 2)	60%	1D10 / 4
Marvellous Target Shield (Parrying x3)	60%	1D6 / 11
Flame-Lance	70%	2D8 / 2

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +15, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: Madness of Granbretan

Shenagar Trott

[He] seemed like a soft-living, soft-brained aristocrat ruined by rich living but Hawkmoon had seen Shenagar Trott do battle at the Ford of Weizna on the Rhine, had seen him deliberately sink himself and horse under water and ride along the river bottom to emerge on the enemy's bank. It was the puzzling thing about all Dark Empire noblemen. They seemed soft, lazy and self-indulgent, yet they were as strong as the beasts they pretended to be and were often braver. Shenagar Trott was also the man who had hacked the limb off of a screaming child and eaten a bite from it while its mother was forced to watch.
– The Mad God's Amulet

Trott is the great eccentric of Huon's court. He is notorious for his mask, which is a parody of his own human features. He has appalled many courtiers by his habits and actions – he eats openly instead of in private, he does not always play the games of status and diplomacy beloved by others and he dares question the King-Emperor openly. If anyone else did a fraction of what Trott has done in court, his head would be on a Mantis pike in an instant but the King-Emperor is amused by Trott's wit and respectful of the count's intellect. Indeed, it is whispered that the

Count of Sussex is the King's favourite noble and most trusted counsellor and that he is not of higher office only because he refuses the positions the King offers.

Trott's Order of the Falcon is growing in both prestige and size and has been chosen for any number of special missions and secret campaigns. The Count has that most useful and desirable of reputations – he is known as the man who can get things done, both in Londra and abroad and the King has come to rely on him more and more. The Count has many friends and allies at court – he is very close to Farnu of the Rats, is respected by Nankenseen of the Flies and Holst of the Goats and has used his vast wealth to sponsor various expensive experiments by the Serpents, Ferrets and Pelicans. No-one trusts Shenagar Trott but everyone is indebted to him in one way or another.



He is also known as a scholar of considerable learning, an artist of not inconsiderable gifts, a poet and writer and a gourmet. Even before the war he had extensive estates abroad for the preparation of the fine food and wine that he demands wherever he goes. In his studies, Trott has learned much of the Runestaff and of the structure of the Multiverse and plots to capture that fabled artefact.

Shenagar Trott (Villain)
Characteristics: STR 16, CON 15, DEX 14, SIZ 15, INT 18, POW 17, CHA 16
Skills: Athletics 50%, Artistic Expression 70%, Boating 40%, Courtesy 90%, Evaluate 70%, Influence 140%, Language (Falcon) 95%, Lore (Alchemy) 90%, Lore (Military Tactics) 120%, Lore (World) 110%, Perception 100%, Persistence 120%, Pilot Ornithopter 70%, Resilience 65%, Riding 100%, Sleight 80%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	6/6
4-6	Left Leg	6/6
7-9	Abdomen	6/7
10-12	Chest	6/8
13-15	Right Arm	6/5
16-18	Left Arm	6/5
19-20	Head	6/6

Surpassing Heavy Granbretanian Armour (Bulwark x2, Nimble x 2): –28%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Surpassing Warsword (Baleful, Penetrating, Swift, Warriors)	130%	1D10+1D4 / 4
Surpassing Heavy Mace (Baleful, Penetrating, Swift, Warriors)	120%	1D10+1D4 / 3

Special Rules *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +16, *Damage Modifier:* +1D4, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: Born to the Saddle, Heroic Aura, Madness of Granbretan

Pra Flenn

She saw the mask of the Duke of Lacasdeh, Pra Flenn, barely eighteen and with ten great cities fallen to him, his helm a grinning dragon's head.
– The Sword of the Dawn

The young Duke is a member of the Order of the Goat, but his dragon-head mask shows that he has greater ambitions than serving the withered old Archduke of Londra and it is common knowledge that when Flenn brings back the head of the King of Muscovy, he will be given leave to form a new Order of the Dragon. Pra Flenn is seen by many as the proof of the innate superiority of the Granbretanian race, with his perfect body, his prodigious talent with sword and flame-lance, his tactical genius and his lust for glory. Groomed since birth to be a champion of the Dark Empire, the young Duke has never been defeated in battle or duel and is said to be unbeatable.

Since coming to court less than three years ago, Flenn has won himself a peerless reputation as a duellist, lover and commander. His boundless arrogance has made him many enemies, including Baron Meliadus, but it seems that not even the great warlord can check the rise of the Dragon of Lacasdeh.

Pra Flenn (Veteran)
Characteristics: STR 16, CON 16, DEX 18, SIZ 14, INT 13, POW 14, CHA 17
Skills: Athletics 80%, Courtesy 60%, Dance 50%, Dodge 80%, Influence 60%, Language (Goat) 75%, Lore (Military Tactics) 70%, Perception 70%, Persistence 65%, Resilience 60%, Riding 80%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	7/6
4-6	Left Leg	7/6
7-9	Abdomen	7/7
10-12	Chest	7/8
13-15	Right Arm	7/5
16-18	Left Arm	7/5
19-20	Head	7/6

Surpassing Granbretanian Armour (Bulwark x2, Nimble x 2): –21%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Surpassing Warsword (Baleful, Penetrating x 2, Keen)	100%	1D10+1+1D2 / 4
Marvellous Target Shield (Parrying x3)	60%	1D6+1D2 / 11

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +15, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: Madness of Granbretan

Taragorm of the Palace of Time

A bizarre figure stood there, between two mantis-masked guards who bore flame-lances and looked anything but indecisive… Hawkmoon recognised the figure, clad in a gigantic mask which was also a working clock and was, even as its wearer spoke, chiming the first eight bars of Sheneven's Temporal Antipathies*, all of gilded and enamelled brass, with numerals of inlaid mother-of-pearl and hands of filigree silver, balanced by a golden pendulum in a box worn upon his chest…*

The sword smashed into the ruined mask and the two sides fell away.

And there was revealed a head far smaller, in proportion, than the body on which it sat, A round, ugly head – the head of something that might have thrived during the Tragic Millennium.
– Count Brass

For much of his curious career, Baron Taragorm existed on the fringes of Granbretanian society. By inheritance, Taragorm was Grand Constable of the Order of the Ferret and ruler of a wealthy Londra barony. He even managed to marry the sister of Baron Meliadus, despite the baron's intentions to marry her himself. He proved to be a powerful sorcerer and a great scholar – but Taragorm's lack of social graces and his disinterest in martial applications for his magic condemned him to obscurity. Courtiers mocked the Ferret Lord for his obsession with time in all its forms, although the construction of the Palace of Time was admired as perhaps the most impressive and dramatic folly in all of Londra.

It was only during the Division of the Spoils that Taragorm's gifts came to the fore. He discovered his wife's infidelity with a Beast and had her killed. He and Meliadus worked together to dispose of the evidence and the two began to work together. Taragorm's research also began to bear fruit, as he developed functional ways of manipulating time, research that would lead to spells like Timespace Jump and the Pyramid of Dimensional Travel. The Baron's monomaniacal obsession with his work continued even after his 'death' at the Battle of Londra but it was not until he was slain by Count Brass (ironically, an earlier incarnation of Count Brass time-shifted by Taragorm's own magic) that Taragorm's secret was revealed – the Master of the Palace of Time was a mutant; a genetic deviant.

Baron Taragorm (Master)
Characteristics: STR 11, CON 13, DEX 11, SIZ 14, INT 16, POW 15, CHA 10
Skills: Artistic Expression 40%, Courtesy 50%, Engineering 100%,Evaluate 70%, Influence 70%, Language (Ferret) 65%, Lore (World) 60%, Mechanism 120%, Perception 70%, Persistence 80%, Resilience 65%

Sorcery: Many spells, including Agony 70%, Boost 60%, Ghost Fence 90%, Haste 70%, Hinder 70%, Imbue Artefact 70%, Insight 50%, Madness 40%, Mutate 40%, Sorcerer's Focus 60%, Time Freeze 50%, Timespace Jump 40%, Deathsnatcher 50%, Pyramid of Dimension Travel 40%, Vault of Preservation 50%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	2/6
4-6	Left Leg	2/6
7-9	Abdomen	27
10-12	Chest	2/8
13-15	Right Arm	2/5
16-18	Left Arm	2/5
19-20	Head	7/6

Sorcerer's Robes, Beast-Mask: –10%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
None	—	—

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: Scientific Genius, Madness of Granbretan
Mutations: Twisted, Psychic

Elvereza Tozer

'Indeed, these are difficult times,' Tozer said, filling his goblet yet again. 'Remember your King Staleen*, Act IV, Scene II* – 'Wild days, wild riders and the stink of warfare across the world!'. *Aha, I was a visionary and I knew it not!' He was now evidently drunk.*

Hawkmoon stared hard at the weak-chinned drunkard, still finding it almost impossible to believe that this was the great playwright Tozer.

Tozer is the greatest living playwright in Granbretan; in an age when the cultural accomplishments of the Dark Empire have largely paled in favour of endless variations on a martial theme, the subtlety and wit of Tozer's plays shine like a beacon in an artistic dark age. He favours historical plays, reaching back to the days of legend before the Tragic Millennium for inspiration.

He was an actor in his youth and what began as training in stage-fighting turned into a lifelong love affair with duelling. Tozer is an accomplished swordsman, equalling even skilled warriors like Dorian Hawkmoon.

During the Division of the Spoils, Tozer fled the court at Londra; his most recent work, *Chirshil and Adulf*, was found to have undesirable parallels with intrigues then at the court. He escaped to the wastes of Yel, where he met the strange sorcerer Mygan of Llandar and from him stole a Crystal Ring. Tozer returned to Londra, hoping to bargain his knowledge of this Yelish sorcery to the Serpent Order in exchange for reinstatement in court. When asked to prove his wild claims about magic rings, he activated the crystal – and found himself in the alternate Kamarg where Hawkmoon had taken refuge. Tozer remained a guest of Count Brass until after the Battle of Londra.

Elvereza Tozer (Veteran)
Characteristics: STR 11, CON 9, DEX 16, SIZ 9, INT 16, POW 13, CHA 16
Skills: Acrobatics 50%, Athletics 30%, Artistic Expression 90%, Courtesy 70%, Dance 50%, Disguise 60%, Dodge 60%, Influence 70%, Perception 40%, Persistence 59%, Play Instrument 50%, Resilience 53%, Sing 50%, Sleight 80%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/4
4-6	Left Leg	0/4
7-9	Abdomen	0/5
10-12	Chest	0/6
13-15	Right Arm	0/3
16-18	Left Arm	0/3
19-20	Head	0/4

Basic Facemask: –2%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Marvellous Rapier (Penetrating, Swift, Keen)	80%	1D8+1 / 3

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +16, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: None

Mygan of Llandar

And then a shadow fell across them and they stared up into the face of a tall, old man with a great rugged face and a mane of white hair that helped his leonine appearance… Hawkmoon saw that there were crystal rings on his fingers – all but the little finger of his left hand, even the thumbs!
– The Sword of the Dawn

This ancient sorcerer dwells in many places and many times. In Hawkmoon's era, he lives in a cave overlooking the monster-infested ruins of the research city of Halapandur, where he first learned his craft and the magic of the rings but Mygan has also visited Halapandur at its height as well as worlds a thousand years in the future or past and even other realms. He knows much of fate and considers himself, if not a servant of the Runestaff, then certainly a true friend to that artefact's aims. He guided Hawkmoon and D'Averc on their quest for the Sword of the Dawn, sacrificing his own life in the process.

Mygan of Llander (Veteran)
Characteristics: STR 7, CON 10, DEX 11, SIZ 12, INT 16, POW 18, CHA 10
Skills: Craft (Gemcutting) 80%, Engineering 50%, Evaluate 60%, First Aid 60%, Lore (History) 80%, Lore (World) 80%, Mechanisms 60%, Perception 50%, Persistence 58%, Resilience 58%, Sleight 50%, Stealth 80%, Survival 50%

Spells: Blasting 40%, Boost 50%, Cast Back 60%, Crystal Rings of Mygan 60%, Darksight 50%, Dimensional Scan 60%, Ghost Fence 60%, Insight 50%, Mental Image 30%, Sorcerer's Presence 60%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Dagger	50%	1D4+1 / 4

Special Rules *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m
Legendary Abilities: None

Equipment

The buildings were *like something out of a Gothic movie, all weird shapes and sizes and the streets were full of people in the most bizarre costumes and armour… the colours were mostly dark and rich. Many people rode horses, while others were carried aboard big rail-travelling trams driven by steam and also shaped like various animals. It seemed that no human artefact should be allowed resemble itself!*
– The White Wolf's Son

Masks

Everybody – well, everybody who is anybody – wears a mask in Granbretan. The armoured Beast masks are the best known expression of the custom but only a fraction of the population of Granbretan are Beasts. There are other types and castes of mask. In general, the more expensive and elaborate a mask, the higher the status of the wearer.

At the bottom of the class structure, just above the slaves, serfs and criminals of the Maskless, are the Freemen and labourers who barely qualify as people in the eyes of the Beasts (although many Beasts come from this caste, they soon forget their families in favour of their brother Beasts). These labourers, clerks and other servants wear plain masks of wood, leather or metal, with only minimal adornment.

Next come the guilds, which comprised the once-great industrial backbone of Granbretan. As the war and the tribute of conquests replaced the island's native industry, the wealth and influence of the guilds faded, and they became increasingly desperate to hold onto a few faded tatters of their former prestige. Guild members wear masks reflecting the particular specialities of their Guilds. The goldsmiths wear golden masks, obviously; coopers wear a caricature of a drunken man with a bulbous red nose, fletchers wooden masks ringed with feathers, butchers ghastly pigs' heads drenched in painted blood, doctors white masks topped with a circular reflective disk, chemists hollow masks of glass inside which sloshes liquids of many colours and seething gasses to obscure the wearer's features. Every guild has its own complex system of heraldry and ranking to show relative positions within its hierarchies.

According to custom, the Beast Orders are next in the social hierarchy, below the nobility, although the two are almost identical – there are no high-ranking Beasts who are not nobles and very few nobles who are not Beasts. Still, etiquette dictates that the Beasts be discussed next. Most in Europe are familiar with the armoured helms of the Beast Orders, even if they see them through a haze of pain, or through sprays of blood, or as a gang of leering Beasts closing in to rape a victim or as the last sight before being buried alive in a mass grave. For the most part, these heavy masks are armour first and disguise second, although the Beasts often spend great amounts of money decorating their helms with gems and gilt. Many Beasts have a few other masks in addition to their battle-helms, made of lighter, more comfortable metal for wearing during day-to-day activities; it is also common for Beasts to have a ceremonial court mask that is an even more ornate and richer version of a battle-mask. There is a growing trend, led by Baron Meliadus, to wear one's battle-helm at all times, even to court, but not everyone has the endurance for this.

Finally, every noble mask is unique. If a noble is also a Beast, he normally wears a magnificent and ornate version of his Order's helm, although he is permitted to mix in various elements of personal heraldry. Adaz Promp, for example, is nicknamed the Goat of Roses as his family crest has three roses on it. His mask, therefore, is that of a goat with two thorny roses circling its neck and a third rose in the centre of his forehead.

Some nobles, especially those who are not scions of one Beast Order or another, wear personalised masks that are unique to them. Some of these masks, like Flana of Kanbery's heron or Pra Flenn's dragon, are of animals not represented by an Order. Others, like Taragorm's famous clock mask, or Shenagar Trott's perverted mask of his own face, are more abstract. It has become a sport among many nobles to make stranger and stranger masks; everything from swarms of living insects on a mask of crystallised honey-sugar to a mask of eyes torn from

Masks as Disguises

'We might even slay a couple of Granbretanians and use their masks as disguises. One disadvantage they have is that their faces cannot be recognised as those of friend or foe. If it were not for the secret languages of the various Orders, we could travel safely enough if tricked out in beast-masks and armour.'
– The Mad God's Amulet

Adventurers in the Dark Empire will no doubt end up stealing or forging masks and using them as disguises. This strategy is not quite as clever as it seems, as Granbretanians are very sensitive to clues such as body language and voice intonation to make up for the lack of facial expression. Still, the right mask gives a +50% bonus to Disguise tests when pretending to be a member of a group, such as a Beast Order and a +25% bonus when pretending to be a specific individual.

the corpses of defeated enemies has been worn to court, although King-Emperor Huon is known to be displeased by some of the more outré and unpleasant displays.

Fleshmasks

Granbretanian spies use fleshmasks when infiltrating the courts and armies of Europe. A true man of Granbretan hates to show his naked face, even to an inferior European but an obviously masked man would be useless as a spy. The surgeons of the Pelican order have learned how to flay the skin, muscles and fat of a human face so as to preserve its shape and features. Captured foes are sometimes given over to the Pelican so their faces can be removed and preserved.

While it is possible for a flesh-mask wearer to pretend to be the original owner of the face, it is more common for the Pelicans to select fairly anonymous and forgettable faces to make masks that can fit into any foreign nation or social stratum.

Armours

Granbretanian armour is exquisite in artifice and construction but horrific in appearance. Even the armour that they consciously design to be beautiful has something hideous and cruel about it, as if the taint of the soul within tarnishes the beauty of the armour. The *Hawkmoon* rulebook lists three basic types of Granbretanian armour (light, standard and heavy) to be used by their foot troops. There are other types of armour, though, in use by the legions of the Dark Empire.

Armour of the Cat is reinforced black leather armour coated with special chemicals to muffle sound.

Armour of the Mantis is especially ornate and bejewelled. It possesses the Bastion effect.

Armour of the Salamander is treated to resist the effects of heat and flame. It gains +2 AP against any fire-based attacks.

Masks	AP	ENC	Locations	Cost	Total Skill Penalty
Common Facemask	0	0	Head	5 SP	–2%
Basic Guildmask	1	1	Head	20 SP	–2%
Ornate Guildmask	1	1	Head	100 SP	–2%
Basic Beastmask	7	1	Head	2,000 SP	–5%
Ornate Beastmask	7	1	Head	5,000 SP	–5%
Custom Noble's Mask	1	1	Head	10,000 SP	–5%
Fleshmask	0	1	Head	1,000 SP	–2%

Sorcerer's Robes are heavily reinforced with layers of treated cloth and grids of wire. Not only are the robes tougher than normal clothing, they can protect against accidents in the laboratory.

Marvellous armour is worn by rich nobles and commanders who can afford such grand and expensive

Armour	AP	ENC	Locations	Cost	Total Skill Penalty
Armour of the Cat	3	1	All	2000 SP	–8%
Armour of the Mantis	7	12	All	50,000 SP	–42%
Armour of the Salamander	7	12	All	40,000 SP	–42%
Sorcerer's Robes	2	1	All except Head	500 SP	–5%
Marvellous Light Armour	6	1	All	25,000 SP	–28%
Marvellous Standard Armour	7	5	All	65,000 SP	–35%
Marvellous Heavy Armour	8	12	All	65,000 SP	–42%

items. Marvellous Light Armour is chainmail with the Bulwark, Light and Nimble qualities. Marvellous Standard Armour is also Bulwark, Light and Nimble, while Marvellous Heavy Armour has two Bulwark upgrades and the Bastion upgrade.

Granbretanian Armour? We're Rich!

It may seem that fighting the forces of the Dark Empire is a quick way to get rich. Their armour is worth twice or even five or ten times as much as common armour. So, ambush some Pigs, kill them, strip them and sell the armour, right?

There are several flaws in this plan. Firstly, Granbretanian armour costs as much as it does because it is rarely available for sale. The armour is constructed by Order smiths and is issued to the Beasts, not sold to them. Anyone wearing Granbretanian armour must either be a warrior of the appropriate Order – or a criminal. Those found in illegal possession of Dark Empire armour are punished by being placed inside another suit of plate mail, which is then heated in a furnace until it is red hot.

Secondly, every suit of Granbretanian armour is fitted for its wearer. Characters can hunt for Granbretanian warriors who are close to their size but especially small or big characters may have trouble finding armour to fit.

Thirdly, selling the armour is unlikely to fetch anything close to its real value; just owning the armour can be a death sentence. There are always bandits and soldiers outside the reach of the Dark Empire who will buy such fine gear but on average the suits fetch no more than 25% of their actual value when sold.

However, all but the humblest armour has at least two jewels in the eye-sockets of the Beastmask and the wealthy Orders such as the Mantis or Goat wear richly decorated armour. Looting the jewels from fallen foes is a time-honoured tradition, although of course battle damage makes the wealth obtained rather random.

Order	Random Gem Values
Poor Orders (Pig, Ant, Mole, Hound, Fox and so on)	1D6 x 100 Silver
Average Orders	2D6 x 100 Silver
Wealthy Orders (Serpent, Stag, Goat, Mantis, Wolf and so on)	4D6 x 100 Silver

Wonders of Science

Breathing Mask

This elephantine mask of leather and brass filters out toxins and poisonous gases from the air. More powerful forms of this mask, wrought with sorcery and ancient technology, were proof against all poisons but this simpler design just blocks the worst effects of smoke and other gases. A character wearing a Breathing Mask gets a +20% bonus to Resilience tests to resist gas-based attacks.

A Beast-Mask can be fitted with a Breathing Mask. This adds 300 Silver to the cost of the Beast-Mask.

Gas Bulb

A gas bulb is a method for spraying a poisonous gas or airborne disease. The bulb mechanism can be pressed to a keyhole or any other small aperture; squeezing the bulb releases the toxin. Each gas bulb contains enough vapour to poison a Medium-sized building.

A gas bulb can be used as a rather clumsy weapon, firing a squirt of gas at a foe. On a successful attack, the victim is engulfed in a poisonous cloud of half the gas's normal Potency. On a critical attack, the gas attack releases the poison or disease's full Potency.

Glowlamp
These small fluorescent globes glow brightly when first activated, a harsh actinic glare that hurts the eyes. After a few years, though, the globe dims to a murky half-light and can endure for many years in this state. The Order of the Serpent produced many millions of these globes centuries ago and all of Granbretan is lit by their flickering, fading glow.

Spyglass
This clever contraption of lenses and gears allows its user to see great distances. It magnifies up to 20 times and also allows ranges to be precisely calculated – a great boon when using artillery pieces and siege engines. A spyglass gives a +10% bonus to Artillery skill tests for sighting or calibrating a siege weapon.

A Beast-Mask can be fitted with a Spyglass. This adds 300 Silver to the cost of the Beast-Mask.

Stiltwalker
Because of their bizarre construction, stiltwalkers share qualities of both creature and vehicle.

Hull: 8
Structure Points: See Below
Structural Integrity: 30
Crew: 1 driver
Speed: 8 metres
Weapons: Two Mounted Flame-Lances or Stomp
Skill: Drive –40%
Cost: 500,000 Silver

Characteristics: STR 30, CON 20, DEX Operator –10, SIZ 50

Stiltwalker Hit Locations

From Below: D20	Ranged or Above: D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-6	1-3	Left Leg	8/16
7-12	4-6	Right Leg	8/16
13-16	7-9	Lower Torso	8/17
17	10-15	Upper Torso	8/18
18	16-17	Left Flame-Lance Housing	8/15
19	18-19	Right Flame-Lance Housing	8/15
20	20	Cockpit	8/16

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage/AP*
Stomp	Drive –40%	2D10+2D8/8
Flame-Lance	Flame-Lance%	3D12

Special Rules
Combat Actions: Based on Operator's DEX–10
Strike Rank: Based on Operator's INT + DEX–10
Movement: 8m

The thunderous tread of the stiltwalker is rarely heard on battlefields, as even great Granbretan can only afford a handful of these powerful war machines. A stiltwalker is a two-legged siege engine, a tank on legs that stalks across the war-torn fields of Europe like a colossus. Every stiltwalker is heavily armed with potent flame-lances but their true might is in their ability to smash through or step over fortifications. Even the strongest castles are little impediment to a well-piloted walker.

Some spies insist that distant Muskovia has a legion of these war machines, the only ones outside the Dark Empire. Other rumours insist that such machines are common in Asiacommunista.

Poisoner's Gloves
Poisoner's gloves are a cunning creation of the Beasts. These gloves look like ordinary gloves but they have two unique properties that make them very useful to the would-be assassin. Firstly, the gloves are extremely resilient, protecting the wearer from accidentally pricking his finger. Secondly, the lining of the glove conceals a needle that can be used to inject a poison, while the fingertips are made of an absorbent padding that easily picks up liquid or dusty poisons.

Using poisoner's gloves gives a +10% bonus to using poisons.

Venomous Weapon (Quality)
Weapon Effect, Minimum Craftsmanship: Greater, Unique
The weapon effect of Venomous can be added to any piercing or bladed weapon. The weapon is modified to include a reservoir of poison that is injected into the victim whenever the weapon cuts flesh.

Poisons & Plagues

The Dark Empire has cultivated plagues and brewed poisons to use as weapons. They would prefer to conquer Europe by force of arms alone, to enslave the lesser nations instead of wiping them out – but war demands sacrifices of honour and civility. Those who resist the Empire's relentless wave of conquest shall be destroyed by any means necessary.

There are those in the Empire, though, who argue that the Granbretanian people are innately superior and that there is no point in even bothering to enslave all the mongrel and inferior races of Europe. They say that the endless vitality of Granbretan can fill all the spaces of the world so the next step should be a final solution, annihilating all life in Europe in a second death wind, worse even than the Tragic Millennium.

Plagues

Anthrax

Type: Airborne
Delay: 6D6 Hours
Potency: 90
Full Effect: 2 points of damage to the chest; –2 penalty to CON.
The black pock-marks of anthrax are sometimes seen on the skin of sheep-shearers and other animal handlers, for the disease is found in certain animals. The sorcerers of Granbretan have transformed anthrax into a weapon that can be spread from flying ornithopters, blackening and cracking the lungs of its victims. Anthrax cannot spread from person to person.

Bubonic Plague

Type: Infection
Delay: 1D6 Days
Potency: 75
Full Effect: 1 point of damage to all locations; –1 penalty to all Characteristics other than SIZ; –5% to all skills

The black death is an especially virulent disease, swift to leap from one victim to another.

Blessing of the Carnivore God

Type: Airborne
Delay: 2D6 hours
Potency: 65
Full Effect: –2 to INT and POW, +1 to STR

A victim of this plague becomes insatiably hungry, desiring fresh meat above all other things. He becomes more and more desperate. He must make a Persistence check each hour; if this check is failed, then he attacks anyone around him, hungrily devouring their flesh. The victim suffers a cumulative –10% penalty to his Persistence check every hour. This penalty is reset 0 when the victim's ghastly hunger is sated.

Infectious Dysentery

Type: Contamination
Delay: 1D6 hours
Potency: 60
Full Effect: 1 point of damage to the Abdomen; –1 penalty to CON

Normal dysentery is a common problem in Tragic Europe; some scholars believe it is born from tainted water but sensible people know that little invisible devils poke victims in the bottom with pitchforks. This form of infectious dysentery can be spread by the sweat of victims – if they handle food or touch water, the disease spreads.

Melting Sickness

Type: Touch
Delay: 2D4 hours
Potency: 75
Full Effect: –1 hit point to infected location

The melting sickness causes flesh to blacken and rot and eventually fall away. The disease begins where the victim touched the plagued object or character, usually the arms but can spread quickly.

Poisons

Burning Madness

Type: Inhaled
Delay: 2D6 rounds
Potency: 65
Full Effect: –6 to INT for 2D6 minutes, hallucinations, second Resilience roll or suffer 2D4 points of damage to the head
Duration: 2D6 minutes

The fearful Burning Madness poison drives its victims insane. Those afflicted by the venom run wild for a few minutes, seeing hideous monsters and other dangers everywhere they look. Soon, the heat from their exertions boils their brains and they fall over dead.

Duellist's Delight
Type: Smeared
Delay: 1D2 rounds
Potency: 50
Full Effect: 1 hit point damage to location struck, –3 to DEX and STR, –6 to Strike Rank, –20% to all DEX-based skills
Duration: 2D6 rounds

This is a quick-acting poison that temporarily numbs the limbs of the victim. It is commonly used by duellists – not only does its paralysing and slowing effects hinder a foe in a duel but the poison is swiftly metabolised by the victim. Its effects wear off almost instantly, which means that it is impossible for a doctor to prove poison was used in the duel. The victim stumbles, his guard wavers – and it is over.

Green Death
Type: Inhaled
Delay: 1D4 rounds.
Potency: 50
Full Effect: 1D4 points of damage to the chest, per round
Duration: Until dispersed

The green death is one of the deadliest weapons of Granbretan, a roiling cloud of toxic vapours that seethes across the battlefield, killing everything in its path. The weapon is dangerous even to its users – a single dropped barrel could result in a poison cloud engulfing a Granbretanian camp – so it is deployed only against the most resilient and troublesome foes.

A character caught in a Green Death cloud must make a Resilience roll every round to avoid taking the damage from the poison.

The Hand of Friendship
Type: Ingested or injected
Delay: 2D4 rounds
Potency: 70
Full Effect: Victim becomes more susceptible; –50% penalty to Persistence tests
Duration: 2D6 minutes

The Hand of Friendship is a poison used by spies and negotiators. It makes its victims more pliable and more suggestible. It does not greatly affect their behaviour otherwise, making it difficult to spot. The Hand of Friendship also makes victims more amiable to seduction.

The King's Evil
Type: Smeared or Injected
Delay: 1 minute
Potency: 80
Full Effect: 1D6 damage to all locations; –4 to CON
Duration: 2D6 minutes

This rare poison looks like golden honey. It occupies a ceremonial role in Granbretanian society, as it is used to execute traitors of the Crown. The onset of the effects of the King's Evil is always exactly one minute but the victim knows he has been poisoned by the feeling of a rising heat in all his veins. Victims are expected to use this period to confess their crimes and repent, for there is no escape from the venom's lethal effects.

Malice
Type: Smeared
Delay: None
Potency: 40
Full Effect: 1D4 damage to location struck; –2 to DEX and STR
Duration: 2D10 minutes

Malice is used by assassins such as the Order of the Cat. The poison is extremely quick-acting and quite damaging, making it ideal for use in combat.

Serpent Venom
Type: Smeared or ingested
Delay: 2D4 rounds
Potency: 100
Full Effect: 4D4 damage to abdomen (ingested) or 2D4 damage to location hit (smeared)
Duration: Instant

Serpent Venom is a creation of Baron Kalan of Vitall. The substance is a virulent green and contains many of the same elements as the Green Death gas he also created. Creating Serpent Venom is exceedingly expensive, although Kalan's apprentices are working on creating a hybrid snake that will produce the alchemical poison naturally. Many thousands of slaves have been sacrificed to testing this process.

Scientific Sorcery

Granbretan, according to its boasts, has the mightiest sorcerers in all the world. The Order of the Serpent are the masters of what they term 'scientific sorcery,' although 'industrial sorcery' might be a more appropriate description. Elsewhere in the world, the secrets of magic and technology are hoarded, passed down only from master to apprentice or in cryptic coded grimoires. A man might be permitted to learn sorcery only after he has first learned wisdom. By contrast, in Granbretan, sorcery is taught by rote in schools, drummed into the 'little snakes' from a young age. The intent is not to teach wisdom, which is a phantom in the eyes of most Dark Empire folk, but to teach power.

Many of these spells are Artefact spells, used to build terrible machines.

Blasting

Casting Time 10 Minutes, Instant, Resist (Dodge), Touch, Requires Trappings, Trigger

This spell creates a potent explosive compound that can be triggered by the sorcerer. The blast deals 1D6 damage per point of Magnitude and has a blast radius in metres equal to half the Magnitude. A successful Dodge test halves the damage from any character caught in the blast. The explosive created by this spell varies in appearance from sorcerer to sorcerer; some conjure sparkling gemstones of frozen fire, others make vile brown-green slimes that are warm to the touch.

Blood Heat

Casting Time 3 CA, Touch, Requires Trappings

The spell of Blood Heat is used by sorcerers to inspire courage and battle-fury in their minions. For the duration of the spell, the target gains a +10% bonus to all combat attacks, a +2 bonus to Strike Rank and +1 temporary Hit Point to all locations and his damage bonus increases to the next highest level. The target becomes much angrier and most passionate, filled with aggression and energy. If there are no foes to kill, the targets of this spell often turn to rape and vandalism to exhaust their unnatural vitality. The target suffers a –20% penalty to all skill tests other than Athletics, Resilience and combat attacks.

Bloodline Rejuvenation

Casting Time 6 Hours, Instant, Touch, Requires Laboratory, Consumes Victims

A few of the Lords of Granbretan have prolonged their lives for decades or centuries by means of this spell. While the sorcery is available to every noble with the wealth or influence to demand the Serpents or Pelicans perform the rite, the spell requires direct descendants of the target as fuel; it rips those victims into pieces and filters them, finding the matching parts to the aging cells of the beneficiary to rejuvenate him. Mechanically, any Characteristic losses due to aging or disease are removed, as long as the appropriate score of the victim is equal to or higher than that of the rejuvenated score. For example, Adaz Promp has a Constitution of 16 but he catches a pox on the continent and his score is reduced to 12. Fortunately, he has a strapping young grandson with a Constitution score of 17, so he can use this spell to restore his lost health. If the grandson's Constitution is only 15, though, he is not a suitable donor, as 15 is lower than Promp's rejuvenated score of 16.

The Magnitude of the spell is equal to the age in decades, minus five, to a minimum of one.

Command Vapours

Casting Time 30 Minutes, Range POW x 200 metres, Requires Trappings, Trigger

This spell is essentially a specialised and more limited version of the Animate (Gas) spell (see *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game*) but has a much greater range. By means of this spell, the sorcerer cannot shape the

vapours he controls but can direct their movements even against the wind. The vapours move at a rate equal to the Magnitude in metres per round. The spell does not give total control over vapours – the sorcerer cannot, for example, move the oxygen away from a foe to suffocate him or empty the air out of a room in an instant but he can move a cloud of poison gas towards a foe, against the wind.

Dampening

Casting Time 6 CA, Requires Trappings

The Dampening spell projects an energy-dampening field around the caster. Lights grow dim, fires are banked or smothered, sounds are quietened and so forth. For each point of Magnitude invested, the spell has the following effects:

- All Sorcery tests suffer a 2 x Magnitude% penalty
- All damage from fire and other energy attacks, including Flame-Lances, is reduced by an amount equal to the Magnitude
- Stealth tests gain a bonus equal to 2 x Magnitude%
- Perception tests suffer a penalty equal to 2 x Magnitude
- Light sources are diminished; their radius of illumination is reduced by a number of metres equal to half the Magnitude

Darksight

Casting Time 5 CA, Touch, Requires Trappings

This spell gives the caster the Darksight ability, allowing him to see in the dark for a number of days equal to the spell's Magnitude.

Dimensional Scan

Casting Time 1 Hour, Requires Laboratory

By means of this spell, the sorcerer can scan neighbouring dimensions and alternate timelines. When the spell is cast, the sorcerer conjures an image of a random alternate dimension. He may then keep making Dimensional Scan tests to 'tune' the spell, moving from one dimension to another in search of a desired condition. If the caster fails a skill test, then he tunes into a random dimension; if he botches, the spell ends. Dimensional Scan is normally used as preparation for dimensional travel so the sorcerer knows where he is going.

Some dimensions are barred against scrying or are especially distant, requiring a higher-Magnitude Dimensional Scan spell to scan them.

Fleshwarping

Casting Time 1 Hour per point of Magnitude, Permanent, Resist (Resilience), Touch, Requires Laboratory

A more focussed form of transformation than the Mutate spell, Fleshwarping allows the sorcerer to physically alter the body of a victim. He may increase the target's STR, DEX, CON, INT, WIS or POW by an amount equal to the Magnitude of the spell but at the cost of one and a half times as many points, which are permanently deducted from other scores. For example, a Magnitude 5 Fleshwarping could permanently increase a character's Strength by 6 by decreasing his Int by 4 and his Dex by 5. The spell also inflicts damage to all locations equal to the spell's Magnitude.



Gas Cloud
Casting Time 1 Minute, Instant, Requires Trappings, Trigger

Gas Cloud creates a thick cloud of gas that blocks sight. The gas cloud is spherical and has a radius equal to the Magnitude of the spell squared. This spell is normally used in combination with another spell, such as Acid, Poison, Plague or Madness, as the cloud can be used to transmit the effects of these and certain other spells.

Guide Machine
Casting Time 3 CA, Range POW x 10 Metres, Requires Trappings

This spell can only be cast on an artefact that the sorcerer built. When cast, it allows the sorcerer to control the machine by the power of his mind alone. Effectively, the sorcerer can operate the device remotely as if he was standing next to it.

Icy Touch
Casting Time 1 CA, Requires Trappings

This spell surrounds the caster's hand in a nimbus of intense cold. The caster is unharmed by the cold but anyone he touches takes damage equal to the half the Magnitude of the spell, rounded down. Icy Touch can also be used to freeze liquids.

Madness
Casting Time 3 CA, Resist (Persistence)

The spell of Madness causes its victims to suffer from horrible and confusing hallucinations. Unlike most spells, a Resist test must be made every round. A successful test allows the character to ignore the hallucinations for one round; a critical success frees the character from the effects of the spell. If the character fails, he sees horrible hallucinations and suffers a Skill Penalty equal to 20% x Magnitude of the spell; on a critical failure, the character either attacks an ally or flees in terror.

Mental Image
Casting Time 1 CA, Instant, Self Only

This spell allows the caster to take a mental picture of a scene. When cast, the character gains a perfect memory of his surroundings in that instant and can go back in his mind at his leisure to examine the memory from every possible angle.

Riddle of the Cells
Casting Time 1 Hour, Instant, Touch, Requires Workbench, Consumes Blood Sample

By means of this spell, the caster can learn many secrets from even a droplet of blood. He can learn the gender, health, nationality, family line and so forth of his target. If the target is a mutant, then this fact is also detected. This spell can be used to test parentage and familial relationships. The sample can also be used as an arcane link for homing in with scrying spells like Visual Probe.

Shadowshape
Casting Time 1 Minute, Self Only, Requires Trappings

When Shadowshape is cast, the sorcerer is transformed into an immaterial shadow. He counts as a spirit for the purposes of other sorcerous attacks (see Psychic Projection). He cannot pass through solid objects but has no mass and so can move through the tiniest crack, passing underneath doors or through keyholes. He cannot attack, touch objects, speak or cast spells.

Skywriting
Casting Time 3 CA, Range POW x kilometres, Requires Trappings

This spell allows the character to write messages in the sky overhead. These messages can be seen for many miles and have a maximum length in characters equal to 30 x Magnitude.

Timefreeze
Casting Time 3 CA, Resist (POW x 5), Requires Trappings

When Timefreeze is cast, it locks one person out of time. The target is frozen, immobile and invulnerable for the duration of the spell. From the target's perspective, he stops for an instant and the world changes around him. The time-field is an unstable one so a new Resist attempt may be made at the start of each round to break free of the spell. Timefreeze can also be used on objects, or even explosions, by using an area-effect variation of the spell.

Timefreeze is a new spell, created by Taragorm's sorcerers in the Palace of Time, although no doubt the ancients had their own versions of the science.

Timespace Jump

Casting Time 6 Hours, Instant, Requires Major Laboratory, Trigger

Timespace Jump enables the sorcerer to travel in time and space through the dimensions. The spell must be calibrated before it is cast, normally using a Dimensional Scan incantation. See the Multiverse on page 63 for more details on such travel.

Voice of Doom

Casting Time 1 CA, Range Self

For the duration of this spell, the sorcerer speaks with a tremendous booming voice that echoes across even a clamorous battlefield. The caster can be heard clearly up to Magnitude kilometres away.

Artefact Spells

Barrier Globe

Casting Time 1 Month + 1 Week per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Workbench, Consumes 1,000 Silver + 400 per point of Magnitude Silver

The barrier globe is a sphere of crystal and metal approximately the size of a man's head. When activated, it projects a spherical force shield of radius equal to the sorcerer's POW in metres around itself. This shield has only 1 hit point but armour equal to the Magnitude of the artefact x 5. The barrier globe can run for up to 10 minutes before its power reserves are exhausted; it recharges one minute of use per hour.

Clock of Dimensional Resonance

Casting Time 2 Months + 1 Week per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 20,000 Silver + 7,000 per point of Magnitude

This device was constructed by Taragorm at the behest of Baron Meliadus. It is a device that attacks across dimensions. Once constructed, the device must be 'aimed' using the Dimensional Scan spell. Then it can be used to attack a region in another world. Each round, the operator of the Clock of Dimensional Resonance may make a skill test. If successful, any crystal-based dimensional travel devices (the Crystal Rings of Mygan, the Pyramid of Dimensional Travel and so forth) permanently lose 1 point of Magnitude. If reduced to 0 Magnitude, the crystal device is destroyed. If the skill test fails, the clock loses its attunement and must be re-aimed using another Dimensional Scan spell.

Deathsnatcher

Casting Time 1 Year, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 1,000,000 Silver

The Deathsnatcher device was constructed by Taragorm and Kalan in their alternate Granbretan. It reached across time and space to their original world and took Lords of Granbretan like Meliadus and Huon at the moment of their deaths. The instant before the target of the Deathsnatcher dies, he is transported to another, parallel dimension. That one moment is drawn out into months or years of life.

The Deathsnatcher consists of a glowing circle of white light in the midst of a horrific armature of black metal and crackling energy nodes, like a hell-forged machine for summoning demons.

Having one's destiny perverted in this manner is psychologically damaging. The preserved target loses 1D6 points of POW, CHA and INT immediately and loses another point from each Characteristic each month until they are reduced to half their original values. The preserved character cannot gain or spend Fate Points. If slain, the character's body vanishes and returns to his original timeline.

The operator of the Deathsnatcher must make a skill test to pluck a target out of the timestream. He may retry many times but each time he tries, the target's INT, POW and CHA are reduced by 1 point per attempt if he is finally snatched.

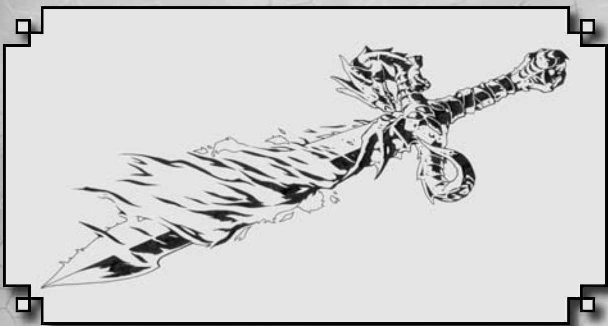
For example, Taragorm is attempting to abduct his brother-in-law Meliadus in the instant before the Baron is slain by Hawkmoon. Taragorm has a skill of 45% in operating the Deathsnatcher. He makes three attempts and fails on the first two. When Meliadus appears in the alternate dimension, his INT, CHA and POW are reduced by 1D6+2 immediately and will continue to drop each month until reduced to half their original values.

The Deathsnatcher device can be operated using the Timejump spell skill.

Fire Sword

Casting Time 2 Weeks + 1 Week per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Workbench, Weapon, Consumes 400 Silver + 400 per point of Magnitude Silver

By anointing a blade or other combat weapon with certain magical oils, runes, wires and other sorcerous components, the sorcerer can transform it into a flaming weapon. The spell adds 1 point of fire damage per point of Magnitude to a successful attack.



Machine of the Black Jewel

Casting Time 2 Weeks, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 1,000 Silver

The infamous machine of the Black Jewel was invented in the far east but came to Granbretan in a grimoire. The machine is a multi-coloured spiderweb of wires and filaments. When activated, it spins a black jewel that embeds itself in the skull of a victim. The machine also feeds a single point of Life Force to the gem.

When the gem has 1 point of Life Force in it, the operator of the Machine may make a Machine of the Black Jewel skill test to see through the gem. The machine displays whatever the gem can see in a mirror attached to the spiderweb.

The operator may also make a skill test to transmit more power into the gem, at the rate of 1 point per round. If the gem has more than 1 point of Life in it, it begins to consume the brain and soul of its victim. The victim must make a Persistence test and a Resilience test each round. If the Persistence test is failed, the victim permanently loses one point of POW. If the Resilience test is failed, the victim takes 1 point of damage to the head, ignoring armour and any damage-reduction effects. Furthermore, the victim suffers a –20% penalty to all skill tests for every point of Life in the gemstone. If no Life is fed into the gem in a particular round, it loses 1 point of Life Force to a minimum of one.

The effects of the Machine can be blocked by spells like Jamming and a second Machine of the Black Jewel can be used to drain a gem of Life. A Lifeless gem can be reactivated but the sorcerer who tries to breathe Life into the gem has his first roll penalised by an amount equal to the skill of the other sorcerer. For example, Malagigi builds a Machine of the Black jewel and drains the last point of Life from Hawkmoon's gem. Later, Baron Kalan tries to reactivate the gemstone and must make a Machine of the Black Jewel check at a penalty equal to Malagigi's skill total.

Mentality Machine

Casting Time 3 Months + 1 Month per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Major Laboratory, Consumes 50,000 Silver + 1,000 per point of Magnitude Silver

The Mentality Machine is a huge artefact, consisting of a great metal bell filled with a soft, yielding substance. It sends its fine filaments into the brain of its victim and permits its operator to manipulate the mind of the victim. With a successful test, the operator can:

- Learn the exact value of any one Characteristic or skill possessed by the victim
- Evoke any emotion in the victim
- Create a precise simulation of a situation and learn how the victim would react

The Games Master should make the Mentality Machine tests for the operator so the player does not know if he was successful or not.

Pyramid of Dimensional Travel

Casting Time 1 Year + 3 Months per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 2,00,000 Silver + 50,000 per point of Magnitude Silver

The Pyramid of Dimensional Travel is perhaps the most advanced creation of Granbretanian science-sorcery. It uses the Timespace Jump spell as its base and the caster may use his skill in that spell when operating the machine. The Pyramid can move through the dimensions at will and can also mimic the effects of the Deathsnatcher artefact or Dimensional Scan spell.

The pyramid is a dimensionally transcendent artefact, so its size is entirely variable. It is normally only about the size of a man but can be expanded to encompass a vast area or shrunk to the size of a dust-mote. It 'moves' by translating itself from one point in space-time to another; from the perspective of an observer, the pyramid seems to float but it is actually stationary and moves only relative to the universe.

The pyramid may be attacked but it is technically indestructible, as it is composed of bent gravity, spun light and metal and plastic that have been lifted into higher dimensions; however, any damage to the pyramid disrupts its internal systems and the operator suffers a penalty to his operation tests equal to the twice the damage inflicted in a given round.

A botched operation test sends the pyramid spinning off through random dimensions, where it may be lost for all time.

Stiltwalker

Casting Time 6 Months + 1 Month per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 50,000 Silver + 15,000 per point of Magnitude

This spell allows the sorcerer to construct a stiltwalker (see page 55). A Magnitude 1 spell produces the basic stiltwalker; each extra point of Magnitude allows the sorcerer to either increase the machine's Armour by 2, its Movement by 1 or its Hit Points by 5. It gives its operator a +10% to Driving tests or increases any one of its Characteristics by 10.

Regulator Device

Casting Time 1 Hour, Artefact, Requires Workbench, Consumes 100 Silver

Regulators are ugly frames of iron and strangely warm rubber that are bolted to rebellious slaves in the Dark Empire. The Regulator paralyses the higher mind, turning its wearer into a zombie-like automaton that has the wit to obey simple orders but nothing more. A character may make a Persistence test when the regulator is first attached or when the character is in a situation where he really desires to act freely, such as when a loved one's life is threatened. If the Persistence test is failed, the effects of the regulator are broken. The Persistence test is penalised by 30% x the Magnitude of the spell.

A character wearing an active regulator has his INT and POW halved and will obey any command given to him.

Watchful Eyes Network

Casting Time 1 Month per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 200 x Magnitude squared Silver

Watchful Eye Networks have been in use in Granbretan for many centuries. The networks consist of many small artificial eyeballs made of glass and copper, all connected to a central display. The eyes observe everything that passes within their field of view and transmit it back to the central machine. The Magnitude of the spell varies depending on how large an area is covered by the network.

Magnitude
1 - Single Room
2 - House
3 - Large House
4 - Mansion or Factory
5 - Castle
6 - Vast palace
7 - Neighbourhood
8 - District or town
9 - Small City
10 - Large City

The Multiverse

There are many worlds, many realities. The cosmos is a froth of possibilities. Realities merge and diverge ceaselessly and 'reality' is actually a very ephemeral thing. With sufficient sorcery or science, it is possible to travel between worlds. In the *Hawkmoon* series, Hawkmoon is brought to an alternate Granbretan by the science of Baron Kalan and Duke Taragorm and travels through a magical portal to the realm of Garathorm. Later, he battles extradimensional foes and sails the seas of Fate in the company of other incarnations of the Eternal Champion. Characters in the *Hawkmoon* roleplaying game may find themselves brought to other worlds or other times in a similar fashion and can even cross over with characters from other games in this series.

Each 'world' is self-contained but there can be portals between them – such as the gateway between Tragic Europe and Garathorm. It is also possible to travel

between parallel versions of the same world with a spell, such as the one that brought Hawkmoon to the alternate Granbretan. On rarer occasions, called 'Conjunctions,' different worlds come so close that it is possible to travel between them. During a Conjunction, for example, between Tragic Europe and the Young Kingdoms of Elric, it is possible to travel from one world to another, totally different one. The greater the difference between two worlds, the rarer the Conjunction.

The terrible Conjunction of the Million Spheres occurs at the end of great cycles of the Multiverse, when all worlds and time touch as one.

Travelling the Dimensions

The *Timespace Jump* or the *Crystal Rings of Mygan* or one of the other spells or effects allow a character to move between realities.

Travelling in Time: When a character travels in time, he ends up in an alternate version of the world he left. For example, if a character goes back in time and kills Huillam D'Averc before the Frenchman meets Hawkmoon, the character is in a world where Hawkmoon never met D'Averc. He has not changed history; he is in another world that is similar to his original one but follows a different history.

However, it is possible to change history. If two realities are similar enough, they will converge and merge. Some people will remember history slightly differently but small changes are possible. In short, Player Characters will never 'break' a campaign's history by travelling in time – either they will end up in a parallel world or time will mostly correct itself. Hawkmoon, for example, is able to change who dies at the Battle of Londra, changing Count Brass' fate for that of Yisselda but the Battle is still won and the Dark Empire still destroyed. The fate of a single person can be changed.

Alternate Worlds: Travelling to parallel worlds – different versions of Tragic Europe, for example – is relatively easy as such things go. Travelling to more distant worlds is possible only during a Conjunction.

The Time Winds: When a character travels to another world or other time, he leaves where he 'should' be. A tension is created in reality, which will snap the character back to his original place when the spell ends. For example, when the crystal engine that transports the Kamarg to an alternate time is smashed by Taragorm's machine, the Kamarg and Castle Brass return to their original place. If a character is transported by an artefact, the tension snaps back when the artefact is destroyed. If the character is transported by a spell, the tension snaps back when the sorcerer who cast the spell is slain.

When this tension is resolved, strange winds blow from everywhere around the character. In 1D6 rounds, he will return from whence he came.

One complication occurs when a single artefact or sorcerer is responsible for multiple people being 'out of place'. This creates a knot of tensions, and the destruction of such a knot can have chaotic side effects. Situations such as this can break causality in a very dangerous way – the timeline can be changed in such an event or an unexpected Conjunction can occur.

Fated Characters: Characters with a Total Fate of 50 or more are significant and will be drawn back together even in different realities and timelines. They may also find themselves transported involuntarily between dimensions by the random whims of fate. Characters with a Total Fate of 100 or more are so attuned to one of the great cosmic powers such as Law or Chaos that they can be assured of having adventures in other realities and may even travel between realities themselves during Conjunctions by spending Fate Points (10 Fate Points to move to an alternate version of the same world, 20 Points to move to another world entirely).

Moonbeam Roads and Other Paths: There are hidden connections between worlds. The portal from Europe to Garathorm is but one of a multitude. A door can be a threshold between two different realities or between different times. Such roads are normally accessible only to characters who can spend the Fate Points to activate them and they must be discovered through adventuring.

Creatures and Foes

Granbretan is a land of contrasts. In the cities are the wealthiest of Beasts and the most desperate of slaves; the greatest cities in the world overlook a wilderness given over to strange monsters.

Slave

A girl-slave entered, her naked body rouged all over and fell on her knees to receive her instructions. All the Baron's slaves were female; he allowed no men into his tower for fear of treachery.
– The Jewel in the Skull

This is one of the unfortunate slaves of the Dark Empire. Few wear anything more than rags – Baron Meliadus, for example, is attended by an army of female slaves. Slaves in the Dark Empire have their spirits broken; those who try to resist are subjected to torture or the black science of the Regulator Device (see page 63).
Characteristics: STR 10, CON 10, DEX 13, SIZ 11, INT 11, POW 7, CHA 11
Skills: Athletics 50%, Craft 50%, Driving 30%, Dodge 40%, Language (native) 70%, Lore (plant) 16%, Lore (animal) 16%, Language (Granbretan) 25%, Perception 30%, Persistence 56%, Resilience 51%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Unarmed	30%	1D3

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m

Servant

This is a more important servant, such as a cook, butler, farrier or other skilled individual. The servant wears a mask, however humble and is a citizen of Granbretan.
Characteristics: STR 11, CON 12, DEX 13, SIZ 11, INT 11, POW 13, CHA 8
Skills: Craft 50%, Courtesy 38%, Evaluate 31%, Influence 38%, Lore (World) 21%, Persistence 61%, Resilience 70%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Basic Facemask: –2%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Dagger	60%	1D4 / 4

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m

Courtier

There are more sycophants, bureaucrats, rumour-mongers, parasites and petitioners at King Huon's court than anywhere else on earth, although many of them exist only to provide fodder for the Bloodline Rejuvenation spell. Few of these courtiers have any real influence – the true power in the court lies with the Beast Orders.
Characteristics: STR 9, CON 13, DEX 13, SIZ 12, INT 13, POW 10, CHA 13
Skills: Dance 23%, Courtesy 43%, Dodge 30%, Influence 48%, Lore (World) 28%, Persistence 63%, Perception 33%, Riding 38%, Sleight 18%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	1/5

Custom Noble's Mask: –5%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Greater Rapier (Penetrating)	55%	1D8 / 3

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m

Jailer

A jailer is a thuggish turn-key from the skull-masked Jailer's Guild.

Characteristics: STR 15, CON 14, DEX 10, SIZ 16, INT 8, POW 7, CHA 7

Skills: Athletics 20%, Evaluate 18%, Influence 27%, Lore (World) 18%, Mechanisms 40%, Persistence 54%, Perception 40%, Resilience 61%, Streetwise 34%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	2/7
10-12	Chest	2/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	1/6

Leather Hauberk, Basic Guildmask: –6%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Club	45%	1D6+1D4 / 2

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +9, *Damage Modifier:* +1D4, *Movement:* 4m

Boar Warrior

Characteristics: STR 16, CON 14, DEX 12, SIZ 15, INT 10, POW 13, CHA 10

Skills: Artillery 10%, Athletics 43%, Dodge 37%, Language (Boar) 60%, Lore (Animal) 20%, Lore (Plant) 20%, Perception 30%, Persistence 53%, Resilience 78%, Riding 55%, Survival 30%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	8/6
4-6	Left Leg	8/6
7-9	Abdomen	8/7
10-12	Chest	8/8
13-15	Right Arm	8/5
16-18	Left Arm	8/5
19-20	Head	8/6

Heavy Granbretanian Armour: –42%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Glaive	65%	1D10+1D4 / 2

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +11, *Damage Modifier:* +1D4, *Movement:* 4m

Crow Pilot

Below the head, in the small cockpit, sat the pilot, dressed in the bird-mask of his Order.
– The Jewel in the Skull

Characteristics: STR 11, CON 10, DEX 15, SIZ 8, INT 13, POW 12, CHA 10

Skills: Acrobatics 45%, Evaluate 23%, Influence 30%, Language (Crow) 63%, Lore (World) 23%, Mechanisms 33%, Perception 65%, Persistence 62%, Pilot Ornithopter 55%, Resilience 62%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	3/4
4-6	Left Leg	3/4
7-9	Abdomen	3/5
10-12	Chest	3/6
13-15	Right Arm	3/3
16-18	Left Arm	3/3
19-20	Head	3/4

Light Granbretanian Armour: –8%

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage / AP
Dagger	81%	1D4 / 4

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +14, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Fox Warden

Fox guards patrol the countryside, hunting down barbarians and brigands.

Characteristics: STR 10, CON 12, DEX 10, SIZ 12, INT 10, POW 11, CHA 7

Skills: Athletics 45%, Dodge 20%, Influence 37%, Language (Fox) 60%, Lore (Animal) 20%, Lore (Plant) 20%, Lore (world) 40%, Persistence 58%, Perception 61%, Resilience 53%, Riding 61%, Stealth 38%, Tracking 30%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	3/5
4-6	Left Leg	3/5
7-9	Abdomen	3/6
10-12	Chest	3/7
13-15	Right Arm	3/4
16-18	Left Arm	3/4
19-20	Head	3/5

Light Granbretanian Armour: –8%

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage / AP
Sword	55%	1D8 / 4

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +10, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m

Hound Guard

The Order of the Hound is the mailed fist of the Pax Granbretania across the Dark Empire.

Characteristics: STR 10, CON 12, DEX 10, SIZ 12, INT 10, POW 11, CHA 7

Skills: Evaluate 20%, Influence 27%, Language (Hound) 60%, Lore (World) 30%, Perception 31%, Persistence 58%, Resilience 63%, Riding 31%, Streetwise 38%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	6/5
4-6	Left Leg	6/5
7-9	Abdomen	6/6
10-12	Chest	6/7
13-15	Right Arm	6/4
16-18	Left Arm	6/4
19-20	Head	6/5

Standard Granbretanian Armour: –35%

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage / AP
Sword	75%	1D8 / 4
Target Shield	50%	1D6 / 8

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +10, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m

Pig Soldier

Oladahn died unseen by his comrades, lonely and without dignity, hacked to pieces by a dozen war-axes wielded by Pig infantry.
– The Runestaff

Characteristics: STR 15, CON 10, DEX 10, SIZ 14, INT 8, POW 8, CHA 6

Skills: Driving 38%, Evaluate 18%, First Aid 48%, Influence 26%, Language (Pig) 58%, Lore (military tactics) 38%, Lore (World) 18%, Persistence 54%, Resilience 68%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	6/5
4-6	Left Leg	6/5
7-9	Abdomen	6/6
10-12	Chest	6/7
13-15	Right Arm	6/4
16-18	Left Arm	6/4
19-20	Head	6/5

Standard Granbretanian Armour: –35%

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage / AP
Greataxe	70%	2D6+2+1D2 / 3

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +9, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Wolf Warrior

A little later, Meliadus left his palace on horseback. He rode at the head of twenty men. Twenty hand-picked men whom he could trust to follow him anywhere – even to Yel.
– The Sword of the Dawn

Characteristics: STR 14, CON 12, DEX 13, SIZ 12, INT 13, POW 10, CHA 10
Skills: Athletics 47% Courtesy 40%, Dodge 16%, Influence 20%, Language (Wolf) 63%, Lore (military tactics) 50%, Lore (World) 23%, Perception 33%, Persistence 60%, Resilience 72%, Riding 68%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	6/5
4-6	Left Leg	6/5
7-9	Abdomen	6/6
10-12	Chest	6/7
13-15	Right Arm	6/4
16-18	Left Arm	6/4
19-20	Head	6/5

Standard Granbretanian Armour: –35%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Sword	87%	1D8 / 3
Target Shield	68%	1D6 / 8

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Wasp Duellist

Warriors of the Wasp Order wear brightly-coloured tabards and enamelled armour that resembles chitin.
Characteristics: STR 10, CON 11, DEX 17, SIZ 8, INT, 15, POW 16, CHA 8
Skills: Acrobatics 57%, Athletics 47%, Courtesy 38%, Dodge 64%, Influence 58%, Language (Wasp) 65%, Lore (World) 35%, Perception 41%, Persistence 75%, Riding 48%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	3/4
4-6	Left Leg	3/4
7-9	Abdomen	3/5
10-12	Chest	3/6
13-15	Right Arm	3/3
16-18	Left Arm	3/3
19-20	Head	3/4

Light Granbretanian Armour: –8%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Sword	106%	1D8 / 3

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +16, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m

Mantis Guard

These were garbed in the masks and armour of the Order of the Mantis, the Order to which King Huon himself belonged. Their elaborate insect masks were covered in jewels, with antennae of platinum wire and eyes faceted with a score or more of different gemstones. The men had long, thin legs and arms and slender bodies encased in insect-like plate armour of black, gold and green. When they spoke their secret language to each other, it was the rustle and click of insect voices.
– The Jewel in the Skull

Characteristics: STR 15, CON 15, DEX 15, SIZ 15, INT 15, POW 15, CHA 15
Skills: Courtesy 65%, Dodge 5%, Influence 55%, Language (Mantis) 65%, Lore (military tactics) 30%, Lore (heraldry) 30%, Lore (World) 35%, Perception 69%, Persistence 90%, Resilience 80%, Riding 65%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	7/6
4-6	Left Leg	7/6
7-9	Abdomen	7/7
10-12	Chest	7/8
13-15	Right Arm	7/5
16-18	Left Arm	7/5
19-20	Head	7/6

Mantis Armour: –42%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Halberd	80%	1D8+1+1D2 / 3
Flame-Lance	80%	2D8 / 2

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +15, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

D-Beasts

Also known as Dire Beasts, these are enlarged and more ferocious forms of natural animals. The various Beast Orders have bred dire versions of many of their totem beasts. Vicious dire wolves patrol the grounds of the Wolf Temple and the torturers of Granbretan prize their beloved dire rats, who can gnaw through bone.

Dire Horse

These are massive draft horses, red-eyed and ill-tempered, standing up to twenty-five hands high. Most are too big to ride, but they can drag artillery weapons through the mud of European battlefields. The horses need meat in their diets; they sometimes break loose and trample stable-hands to death so they can eat the blood-soaked grass.

Characteristics

STR	4D6+24	(38)
CON	3D6+12	(23)
DEX	2D6+3	(10)
SIZ	2D6+24	(31)
INT	4	(4)
POW	3D6	(10)
CHA	3	(3)

Horse Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Hind Leg	2/11
3–4	Left Hind Leg	2/11
5–7	Hindquarters	2/12
8–10	Forequarters	2/13
11–13	Right Front Leg	2/10
14–16	Left Front Leg	2/10
17–20	Head	2/11

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*
Kick	80%	4D6

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Strike Rank:	+8
Movement:	6m
Skills:	Athletics 120%, Resilience 80%, Survival 40%
Typical Armour:	Hide (AP 2, no Skill Penalty)

Dire Wolf

Dire Wolves are slavering, ever-hungry and alarmingly intelligent. Packs of these wolves were released into the wilderness of Scandia, where they have thrived.

Characteristics

STR	4D6+6	(19)
CON	4D6+6	(19)
DEX	3D6+3	(13)
SIZ	3D6+6	(16)
INT	7	(7)
POW	3D6	(10)
CHA	5	(5)

Wolf Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Hind Leg	2/7
3–4	Left Hind Leg	2/7
5–7	Hindquarters	2/8
8–10	Forequarters	2/9
11–13	Right Front Leg	2/6
14–16	Left Front Leg	2/6
17–20	Head	2/7

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*
Bite	80%	1D8+1D4
Claw	40%	1D6+1D4

Special Rules

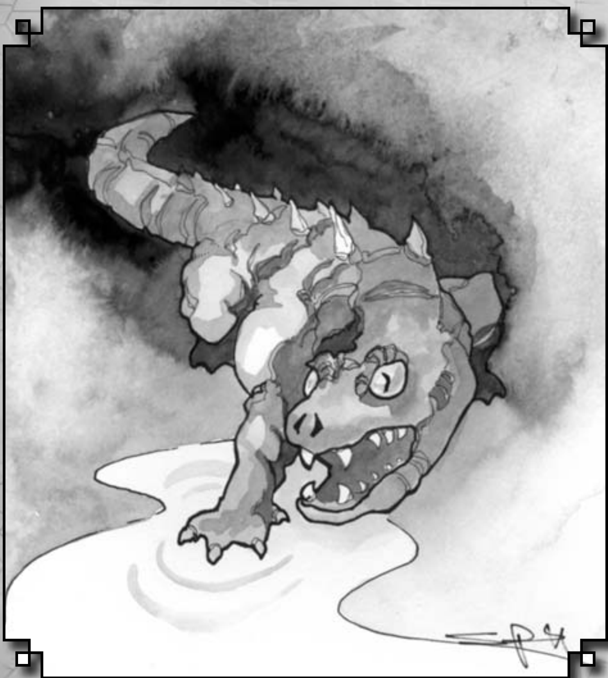
Combat Actions:	3
Strike Rank:	+10
Movement:	5m
Traits:	Night Sight
Skills:	Athletics 80%, Dodge 55%, Resilience 80%, Perception 60%, Stealth 75%, Survival 40%, Tracking 80%
Typical Armour:	Hide (AP 2, no Skill Penalty)

Tosher-Beast

There are things living in the slimy depths of Londra, in the lightless sewers where no human has dared walk in generations. The run-off of a thousand alchemical laboratories and pestilent factories congeals here, floating in a vile scum atop the stagnant water, turning everything living down there – rats, certainly, and legend speaks of alligators and even unfortunates who had taken refuge in the ancient red-brick tunnels – into these monsters. Whenever it rains heavily on the city – and it rains a lot in Londra – the water levels rise and the toshers come closer to the surface to feast.

Characteristics

STR	10D6+19	(64)
CON	8D6+12	(50)
DEX	2D6	(7)
SIZ	10D6+19	(64)
INT	3	(3)
POW	3D6	(11)
CHA	3	(3)



Tosher-Beast Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Tail	7/23
4	Right Hind Leg	7/23
5	Left Hind Leg	7/23
6-9	Hindquarters	7/24
10-14	Forequarters	7/25
15	Right Front Leg	7/23
16	Left Front Leg	7/23
17-20	Head/Neck	7/24

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage*
Bite	80%	1D8+3D12

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 2
Strike Rank: +5
Movement: 4m, 6m in water
Skills: Athletics 90%, Perception 50%, Resilience 120%, Stealth 30%
Typical Armour: Thick Hide (AP 7, no Skill Penalty)

Yel-Hound

Yel-Hounds are mutant canines, the descendants of wild dogs. Their saliva contains some strange poison, which is exceedingly damaging when it touches flesh. It also glows quite brightly in the darkness, making the mutant beasts seem like some demonic horror out of nightmare. Packs of yel-hounds roam the hills and ruined cities of the west. The creatures cannot be tamed – they seem to bear an instinctive hatred for all humans.

Characteristics

STR	3D6+3	(14)
CON	3D6	(11)
DEX	2D6+6	(13)
SIZ	2D6+3	(10)
INT	5	(5)
POW	1D6+6	(9)
CHA	5	(5)

Yel-Hound Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-2	Right Hind Leg	1/5
3-4	Left Hind Leg	1/5
5-7	Hindquarters	1/6
8-10	Forequarters	1/7
11-13	Right Front Leg	1/4
14-16	Left Front Leg	1/4
17-20	Head	1/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage*
Bite	60%	1D6+poison

Yel-Hound Drool

Type: Smeared
Delay: Immediate
Potency: 70
Full Effect: Double the actual damage inflicted after armour has been applied; –2 to DEX
Duration: 1D10 minutes

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3
Strike Rank: +7
Movement: 6m
Traits: Night Sight
Skills: Athletics 60%, Dodge 50%, Resilience 80%, Perception 75%, Stealth 65%, Survival 60%, Tracking 75%

Glimmerwitches

The Glimmerwitches haunt the west of Granbretan. They are considered by many to be nothing more than a folk myth, a reason why crops are blighted, why animals are lamed, why travellers go missing and why babies die in the crib, but those who live close to the wilderness know the truth of the tales. The Glimmerwitches glisten in the night like figures made of moonbeams and ice, drifting across the moors and whispering to each other in eldritch voices.

The one Serpent sage to have investigated these tales believes that the Glimmerwitches were once human and that they tried to transform themselves into spirits (like the Great Good Ones or the Wraith-Folk). Something went horribly wrong and the Glimmerwitches now need life energy to sustain themselves. The path of the Glimmerwitches can be easily traced, for plants wither and die where they walk. Plants, though, have only very little life force – animals are a far richer bounty and humans are richest of all.

Glimmerwitches are spirits and can only be damaged by sorcerous effects and weapons. They are also vulnerable to fire. They use their INT scores in place of DEX, CHA for STR and POW for CON.

Characteristics

STR	0	(0)
CON	0	(0)
DEX	0	(0)
SIZ	2D6+6	(13)
INT	2D6+6	(13)
POW	3D6	(10)
CHA	3D6	(10)

Glimmerwitch Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	0/5
4–6	Left Leg	0/5
7–9	Abdomen	0/6
10–12	Chest	0/7
13–15	Right Arm	0/4
16–18	Left Arm	0/4
19–20	Head	0/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*
Unarmed	50%	Life Energy Drain

The touch of a glimmerwitch inflicts 1D6 points of damage and bypasses armour entirely. The glimmerwitch can heal one point of damage whenever it makes a successful attack, no matter how much energy it drains.

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3
Strike Rank: +13
Movement: 4m
Traits: Night Sight
Skills: Dodge 40%, Persistence 60%, Tracking 50%

MASS COMBAT

Europe was a war-torn continent even before the Dark Empire's bloody invasion. Hawkmoon himself is involved in any number of wars, from the desperate defence of the Kamarg to the climactic battle of Londra. This chapter offers a quick and simple system for resolving mass combat situations.

The level of detail used in mass battles is variable. At its most abstract, an army is composed of only one to three units – infantry, cavalry and missile troops. Depending on circumstances, the Games Master can go into more detail on specific smaller units – obviously, if the characters are in command of a group of knights, they will have more interest in the tactics used by their unit than in the fortunes of the army's cavalry as a whole.

Units

Firstly, determine the type of the unit: **Infantry, Cavalry** or **Missile Troops**. Any fast-moving unit counts as cavalry, from horse-mounted knights to long-legged mutants. It is possible for some units, like horse archers, to count as two different types of unit.

For special units, like artillery, vehicles, ornithopters or stiltwalkers, see Special Units below.

Every unit has a value, called Combat Strength, which represents its ability in battle. This single value encompasses the unit's equipment, training, morale and capacity to fight. Combat Strength can be a negative value; a negative-strength unit will do poorly in battle but it is still better than no unit. Combat Strength is calculated as follows:

Base Ability Scores

For infantry or cavalry, take the average troop's STR and CON values, then add the two values together. Cavalry units may add +10 to this value.

For missile troops, take the average troop's DEX and CON values, then add the two values together. For troops that are cavalry/missile or infantry/missile, add their DEX and STR together, divide by 2, and then add their CON score for infantry troops, or 10+CON for cavalry.

Mixed Units

The CS of a unit is determined by the dominant type of warrior in the unit. Putting a single plate-armoured knight in command of a gang of peasants armed with billhooks does not magically upgrade the peasants from no armour to plate armour. However, in cases where a sizeable proportion of a unit possesses a particular quality, then assign a proportional bonus or penalty (rounded down). For example, a unit composed of 2/3 trained troops (+0 CS) and 1/3 green troops (–5CS) would have its CS reduced by one (one third of the –5 CS for the green troops, rounded down.) A unit of 1/3 trained troops and 2/3 green troops would have its CS reduced by 3 (two-thirds of the –5 CS for the green troops, rounded down).

Training

Training measures both the troop's combat skill and their ability to fight side by side. Troops can be Conscripts, Green, Trained, Exceptional, Elite or Legendary.

Conscripts include slaves, peasant levies, rioting mobs and so forth. They have no training or discipline and no weapon skills. Conscripts subtract 15 from the unit's CS.

Green troops are recently formed units who have been shown how to hold a sword but have no combat experience. Troops composed of warriors with some skill in using a weapon but who are not trained soldiers, are considered Green. A ranking of Green subtracts 10 from the unit's CS.

Trained troops are professional guards or soldiers who know how to handle a weapon and fight as a unit but are unexceptional. Most military units are considered trained. A ranking of Trained does not affect the unit's CS.

Exceptional troops are veteran fighters who have seen several battles or who are composed of especially skilled and determined fighters. Exceptional units add +10 to their CS.

Elite units are the best of the best, made up of the most skilled warriors in an army. Few warriors qualify for this category, as reaching elite ranking requires both incredible skill and the experience gained in many battles. Elite units add +20 to their CS.

Finally, Legendary units are almost unheard of. They are fighting forces whose deeds are so great they will swiftly pass into the realm of myth, warriors who champion cosmic causes like Law and Chaos. The six heroes who set out from Castle Brass – Hawkmoon, Oladahn of the Bulgar Mountains, D'Averc, Bowgentle, Count Brass and his daughter Yisselda – formed a legendary unit. Such champions add +30 to their CS.

Commander

The leader of a unit has an effect on its combat strength. If a unit's commander has the Heroic Aura Legendary Ability, add +10 to the unit's CS. If he has Lore (Military Tactics) of at least 30% or CHA 15 or more, add +5 to the unit's CS (+10 for both).

Poor or foolish leaders can subtract from a unit's CS.

Equipment

Both armour and weapons improve a unit's chances in battle. Calculate the average armour points for a typical soldier in the unit and add this to the unit's CS. Subtract 5 for poor weapons; add +5 for two-handed weapons.

A few weapons give the unit special traits. Note if the unit has Shields, Two-Handed Weapons, Lances, Flame-Lances or Polearms.

The Defenders of Koln Battle The Dark Empire, Part I

Dorian Hawkmoon, the young Duke, has rallied the broken army of his homeland in a desperate defence against Granbretan. His forces consist of the remainder of the Ducal Guard, a few knights and a mob of peasants and craftsmen who are willing to fight against the Dark Empire.

Opposing him are the elite Wolf knights and Pig infantry from Granbretan.

Here is how the initial Combat Strengths of these units is calculated:

	Ducal Guard	Knights	Peasant Mob	Pigs	Wolves
Base Ability (STR+CON)	26	30	21	25	26
Type	Infantry	Cavalry (+10)	Infantry	Infantry	Cavalry (+10)
Training	Trained (+0)	Exceptional (+10)	Green (–10)	Trained (+10)	Elite (+20)
Equipment	Armour: +5	Armour: +6 Lance: +5	Armour: +0	Armour: +6 Two-Handed Axe: +5	Armour: +6
Morale	Average (+0)	Good (+5)	Wavering (–5)	Fanatic (+5)	Fanatic (+5)
Commander	+5	+20	+0	+10	+20
Total	36	86	10	51	87
Starting Number of Troops	80	20	400	300	50

Missile troops have a range that depends on their equipment. Short bows, slings, crossbows and other such weapons are Close range. Long-bows, flame-lances and artillery weapons are Long range.

Morale

A unit's willingness to fight can drive its members to greater acts of heroism – or cause them to quit the field in terror if battle goes against them. Morale is affected by a unit's commander and by their circumstances and the course of the war, as well as supplies. Hunger, thirst or sickness can defeat an army as fast as any foe.

Miserable troops want to die. Given half a chance, they will desert or mutiny. They cannot be relied on in battle. Miserable troops subtract 10 from their CS.

Wavering troops have suffered defeats and hardships and question the wisdom of their commanders and their chance of victory. Having Wavering morale subtracts 5 from a unit's CS.

Average morale means the troops are grumbling and complaining and half-convinced they will die on the morrow – the normal state for troops at war. Average morale does not affect a unit's CS.

Good morale means the troops are well-fed, rested and confident of victory. It adds +5 to their CS.

Excellent morale indicates that the troops are committed to their cause or that they are sure victory and glory are within their grasp. Excellent morale adds +10 to a unit's CS.

Finally, some units have Fanatic morale, a willingness to ignore all pain and suffering and injury in pursuit of their cause. Fanatic morale only adds +5 to the unit's CS but unlike other morale rankings, Fanatic morale never changes.

Unit Size

Finally, note how many soldiers are in a unit. The amount of damage inflicted by the unit and the number of casualties it can sustain are obviously dependant on its numbers.

Terrain & Conditions

A wise general considers the battlefield and the hour of battle carefully, as terrain, weather and other such conditions can affect a unit's fighting ability.

High Ground, such as hills:	Missile +5, Infantry –5, Cavalry –10
Forests and Thick Cover:	Missile –10, Cavalry –10
Natural Barrier, such as a River:	–10 to any units crossing river
Defensive Structure:	+10 Missile, +10 Infantry
Open Field:	Cavalry +10
Wet or Muddy Ground:	Cavalry –10
High wind, rain:	Missile –10 to –20
Night:	Missile –10, Cavalry –10, Infantry –5

Range

There are four 'range bands' in a battle, arranged around the centre of the battlefield. A unit can be:

Distant: Effectively off the battlefield. Reserves and camps are normally distant.

Long: Only missile weapons with Long range can be used.

Close: Close-range missile weapons can be used and units can charge.

Melee: The shortest of ranges – the length of your weapon's blade from your foe's heart.

Battle

A battle consists of a number of phases.

1. Orders
2. Combat
3. Heroic Actions
4. Resolution
5. Morale Tests

After these phases are complete, if one side has not surrendered or broken, return to phase one again.

Orders

An army's commander may give one order to each unit in his army and will normally issue one order each to his cavalry, missile and infantry troops. Both commanders must make Lore (Military Tactics) tests; the winner realises what one of his opponent's orders is and may change one of his orders in response.

Any order in italics can be used to move from Close range into Melee range.

The winners of the Lore (Military Tactics) test goes first and resolves one of his orders; the sides then alternate until all orders have been resolved.

The available orders are:

Advance: The unit moves one range category towards the foe.

Attack: The unit engages a foe, advancing from Close to Melee range (unless already at Melee range). This is the 'default' order in battle and does not affect the CS of any unit. Only units in range may be attacked (Long or Close for missile troops, Melee for cavalry or infantry).

Concentrate Fire (Missile Only): The missile troops fire at a particular enemy, inflicting damage. Resolve this missile damage immediately. At Long range, reduce the unit's effective CS by –20. This attack cannot be used as Distant or Melee range.

Brace for Charge: The unit prepares itself to withstand a charge. +10 CS versus *Charge* only, +10 CS if equipped with Polearms.

Charge: The unit charges on another unit within Close range, moving into combat. Attackers get +10 CS this round when making this attack.

Defensive Line: The unit arranges itself to maximise its defences. Reduce the combat results by two steps for both winner and loser.

Encircle: The unit tries to sweep around the flanks of another unit. +10 CS if the unit has more troops than its foe.

Flank Attack: The unit tries to flank the enemy. Cavalry units get a +10 CS versus infantry or missile units; all units get +10 CS if the enemy is already engaged.

Give Ground: The unit falls back while staying engaged. +20 CS versus *Encircle* or *Hit and Run*. Two Give Ground orders in a row move the units one range band back.

Hit and Run (Cavalry only): The unit makes its attack then falls back to Close range. The unit automatically disengages at the end of the round.

Hold Ground: The unit holds its position, no matter what. It gets a +25% bonus to the morale test at the end of the round.

Reform (Broken units only): The unit reorganises after breaking. The –100 CS penalty is removed. If the unit's Morale is less than average, they will not reform.

Retreat: The unit falls back one range band. If engaged, it suffers a –10 CS penalty this round.

Slaughter Them: The unit suffers a –20 CS penalty but if its final CS total is higher than its opponents, it inflicts three times as many casualties as normal.

Slow Advance: Two Slow Advance orders in a row allow a unit to close one range band towards a foe. While using Slow Advance, a unit does not suffer any penalties from terrain.

Shield Wall (Infantry or Missile troops with Shields only): The damage sustained by the unit is reduced by two steps.

Quick Advance: The unit moves two range bands towards the enemy. They suffer –20 to CS this round.

Heroic Actions

Player Characters in a battle will encounter foe after foe, a cascade of whirling swords and flying arrows. Sometimes a character gets a chance to distinguish himself in battle. Each round, choose one or more of the following Heroic Actions and offer the opportunity to perform them to the Player Character combatants. On average, there are 1D3 such chances per round of battle, so not every character will have a chance each round.

The Defenders of Koln Battle The Dark Empire, Part II

	Ducal Guard	Knights	Peasant Mob	Pigs	Wolves
Morale	Average (+0)	Good (+5)	Wavering (–5)	Fanatic (+5)	Fanatic (+5)
Combat Strength	36	86	10	51	87
Starting Number of Troops	80	20	400	100	50

The battle takes place on an open field, favouring neither side. Hawkmoon has a Lore (Military Tactics) of 40%; Meliadus has a Lore (Military Tactics) of 120%. The two armies begin by moving closer to each other. When battle is joined, the initial orders given are:

	Ducal Guard	Knights	Peasant Mob	Pigs	Wolves
Order	Charge	Charge	Give Ground	Charge	Charge
Target	Pigs	Pigs	—	Ducal Guard	Peasant Mob

Hawkmoon believes that his foe will try to sweep away the unreliable peasants by charging them with the Wolves so he has the peasants pull back. Meliadus sees this tactic (he wins the opposed Lore test) and changes the order so the Wolves are now Flanking Hawkmoon's Ducal Guard instead.

The Pig Order is resolved first. The Pigs charge into the Ducal Guard, getting a +10 bonus to their CS from charging.

The Ducal Guard also charges and gets the same bonus.

The Knights also charge the Pigs.

The Wolves flank the Knights.

The peasants watch in confusion as the wolf-helmed Dark Empire warriors thunder towards them, then wheel away and charge the knights in the flank.

The effective CS totals for the units after resolving orders are:

	Ducal Guard	Knights	Peasant Mob	Pigs	Wolves
Combat Strength	36	86	10	51	87
Order	Charge	Charge	Give Ground	Charge	Flank
Target	Pigs	Pigs	—	Ducal Guard	Ducal Guard
CS Bonus	+10	+10	—	+10	+10 vs Infantry, +10 already engaged
Effective CS	46	96	10	61	107

Attack Artillery: A break in the battle lines exposes the crew of one of the enemy's cannons or other siege engines to attack. If the character can slay the soldiers manning the engine, he can stop the weapon from being used again.

Behind Enemy Lines: The character finds himself and a handful of other soldiers (1D20% of the unit) on the wrong side of their foes. The character can choose to lead these men back to their fellows or can form an independent unit of the same type as the original that is at the rear of the enemy forces. This unit can immediately make a Flank order attack on the enemy.

Capture a Commander: The character comes face to face with an enemy officer or general. If defeated, the unit loses the CS bonus from their commander (generally +5 to +20) and the character's unit gets a +5 CS bonus this round. If a commander is taken alive, he can be ransomed.

Capture the Standard: The character comes close to the enemy standard, which is guarded by 1D3 warriors in addition to a standard bearer. If the standard is captured, the enemy unit's CS is reduced by 10.

Duel: The character comes upon a rival on the battlefield and the flow of battle around them forms a natural arena. The two may fight for 2D6 rounds before the press of combat carries them apart again. If the character defeats the foe, his unit gets a +10 CS bonus; if he is slain or knocked unconscious, the unit gets a –10 CS penalty this round.

Fallen Friend: One of the character's allies – possibly even another Player Character – is wounded and falls to the ground. He will be trampled, bleed to death or be stabbed by a passing foe unless the character rescues him.

Fallen Foe: The character comes across a wounded or dying enemy. If the character heals him or gets him to safety, he could perhaps ransom him or even win his loyalty.

Heroic Effort: The character has a chance to turn the tide of battle. He is pitted against 1D4 foes at once but for each one he defeats, his unit gets a +5 CS bonus this round. If the character is slain, his unit gets a –10 CS penalty this round.

Hold the Standard: The standard bearer of the character's unit is slain. The character can choose to sweep it up but he will be attacked by 1D3 foes immediately. If the standard falls, the unit suffers a –15 CS penalty.

My Kingdom for a Horse: The character encounters a mounted enemy knight. If the character can defeat this foe and capture the horse, his unit gets a +5 CS bonus and can choose to count as cavalry for the next round.

Precise Shot: A flash of sunlight reflecting off a helm draws the character's attention. An enemy commander is within sight but not within reach. The character can make one shot with a missile weapon at the enemy commander. If he hits, the enemy unit suffers a –5 CS penalty. If he slays the commander, the unit also loses the CS bonus from the commander, if any.

Rally Troops: A group of fleeing and broken troops pass by the character. He may make an Oratory test or Influence test to rally the terrified troops. If successful, the unit reforms as if it has executed a Reform order.

Red Carnage: The character hurls himself into the thick of the fray. He may attack a series of foes. His unit gets a +1 CS bonus for the first foe he kills, a +2 CS bonus for the second, +3CS for the third and so forth up to a maximum of six foes.

Save Commander: The unit's commander is attacked by a powerful foe or is in the path of a flying arrow, cannon-ball or flame-lance beam. The character can choose to interpose himself and save his commander's life, taking the brunt of the attack himself. If he fails to do so, the commander is injured or slain and the unit loses any bonuses from the commander.

Tactical Brilliance: The character sees an opening in the enemy's defences and can take advantage of it by leading his unit. The character may change the order being executed by his unit for another order.

Take Command: The character seizes leadership of the unit after the commander is injured, slain or proves himself weak or foolish.

The Message Must Go Through: A stray arrow kills a messenger; a gust of wind jostles a flag; a heliograph mirror is occluded by smoke. However it happens, the result is the same: the commander of the character's unit

gets the wrong message and the unit executes the wrong order. The character sees this error and must get the correct order to the commander immediately.

Vile Sorcery: The enemy force includes a sorcerer or scientific weapon of some sort, which is about to be used on the character's unit. Unless the character stops this attack, his unit suffers a –3D6 CS penalty this round.

Resolution

After determining the effect of orders and heroic actions, it is time to determine the results of the clash of armies. Resolution happens in the same sequence of units as orders were resolved. Both units make a percentile roll against their current Combat Strength; if successful, add +20 to the unit's CS for the rest of this round.

Damage from missile units is resolved before damage from combat attacks. Obviously, combat attacks can only damage a missile unit if they are in Melee range.

Finally, consider the difference in numbers between the two units:

Unit outnumbers foe	CS Modifier
Slightly	+5
By half again	+10
Twice size of foe	+15
Three to one or more	+20

Next, subtract the higher CS from the lower. It is this difference in CS scores that determines the damage inflicted. Multiply the value below by the number of troops in the *smaller* unit.

Difference in CS	Inflicts
–100 or more	None
–90	x1/20 (0.05)
–80	x1/20 (0.05)
–70	x1/10 (0.1)
–60	x1/10 (0.1)
–50	x1/10 (0.1)
–40	x1/5 (0.2)
–30	x1/5 (0.2)
–20	x1/4 (0.25)
–10	x1/4 (0.25)
0	x1/3 (0.3)
+1	x1/3 (0.3)
+20	x1/3 (0.3)
+30	x1/2 (0.5)
+40	x1/2 (0.5)
+50	x1/2 (0.5)
+60	x3/4 (0.75)
+70	x3/4 (0.75)
+80	x1
+90	x2
+100	x3

The Defenders of Koln Battle The Dark Empire, Part III

At the start of the battle, numbers for the units were:

	Ducal Guard	Knights	Peasant Mob	Pigs	Wolves
Starting Number of Troops	80	20	400	100	50
Effective CS	46	96	10	61	107

There are three conflicts to resolve:
Pigs (CS 61) versus Ducal Guard (CS 46)
Pigs (CS 61) versus Knights (CS 96)
Wolves (CS 107) versus Ducal Guard (CS 46)

Pigs versus Ducal Guard

Both units make a percentile CS test – the Pigs succeed and the Guards fail. The Pigs get a +20 CS bonus. The Pigs also outnumber the guard, giving them a further +5 CS for a total of CS 86 versus the Guard's 46.

The difference in CS between Pigs and Ducal Guard is 40 – a huge difference. This means that the Pigs have solidly defeated their foe, and probably killed a great many of them. To work out how many have died, we take the value of 40 and check on the table above *twice*. The first time we check, we take the positive version, the second time we take the negative version. The first is for casualties *suffered* by the smaller unit, the second for casualties *inflicted* by the smaller unit.

So, first we check casualties inflicted *on* the guards. Checking +40 gives a result of ½, so half the guards are slain. 80 x ½ = 40 so 40 casualties are inflicted on the guards.

Checking for casualties inflicted *by* the guard involves taking the negative value, –40, on the table to get a result of 1/5 x the number of guards. 1/5 of 80 is 16, so 16 Pigs are killed by the Guard.

Pigs versus Knights

Both units make a percentile CS test – the Pigs fail but the Knights succeed. The knights get a +20 CS bonus. The Pigs also outnumber the knights by three to one, giving them a +20 CS, for a total of CS 81 versus the knights' 116.

The difference in CS between Pigs and Knights is 35 in the knight's favour. Checking +35 gives a result of ½, so the knights inflict one casualty for every two knights, or 10 casualties on the Pigs. Checking –35 gives a result of 1/5, so one in five knights is slain, working out at 4 knights.

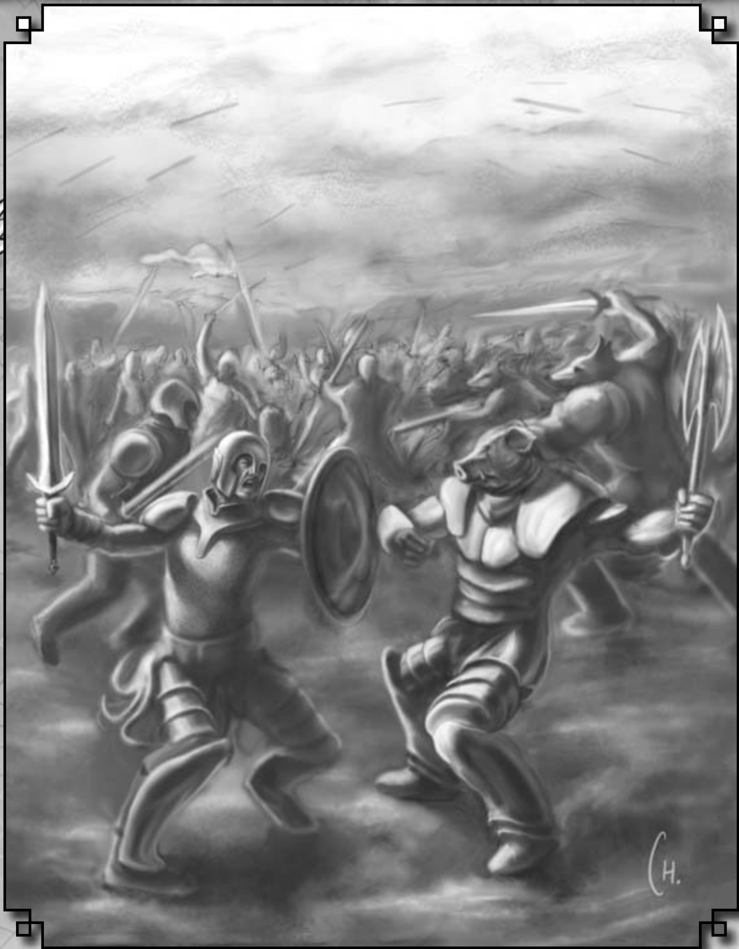
Wolves versus Ducal Guard

There are 40 guards left, with a CS of 46. The Wolves make their test but so do the guards, cancelling the bonus out. The Wolves slightly outnumber the guards, getting a +5 bonus. The final scores are 66 versus 112 – a difference of 66 in the Wolves' favour.

+66 means that three-quarters of the surviving guard are wiped out.
–66 means that the guard inflict four casualties on the Wolves.

The guards inflict a whole four casualties on the Wolves, while the Wolves inflict 30 casualties on the guards.

	Ducal Guard	Knights	Peasant Mob	Pigs	Wolves
Number of Troops	80–40–30=10	20–4=16	400	100–16-10=74	50–4=46



Special Units and Events

Artillery

Each artillery piece can fire one per battle round. A successful Artillery test is required to target an enemy unit; the damage inflicted varies depending on the artillery weapon. A catapult hurling a rock into a unit will only crush a handful of men; a flame-cannon can sear a whole army into ash.

Ornithopters

Orthnitopters can bomb or strafe troops. A flame-lance strafing run will hit 3D6 troops on average. Armies can fire back at ornithopters if they are equipped with longbows or flame-lances. The missile unit must make a percentile test against its CS to hit; on a critical hit, the ornithopter is damaged or destroyed.

Stiltwalkers

Stiltwalkers destroy 4D6 troops per round of battle; they can be engaged by infantry or cavalry but the attackers must make a critical CS test to destroy the machine.

Sieges

A siege works the same way as a battle but casualties for both sides are reduced by a number of steps depending on the type of fortification:

Fortification	CS Modifier	Attacker's Casualties Reduced	Defender's Casualties Reduced
Wooden walls or earth banks	+10	—	One step
Small tower, low walls	+20	One step	Two steps
Small castle	+30	One step	Three steps
Large castle	+40	Two steps	Four steps
Mighty Fortress	+50	Two steps	Five steps

Morale

A battle is not won by bloodshed and strength alone. A man's nerve and sinew count for much as well. A unit must make a Morale test when it loses a round of battle or when it loses 10%, 25% or 50% of its starting strength.

The base chance for success depends on the unit's starting morale:
Miserable: 25%
Poor: 50%
Average: 75%
Good: 100%
Excellent: 125%

If the morale test is successful, the unit's morale is reduced by one step. If the morale test fails, the unit's morale is reduced by one step and it breaks and flees. It keeps making retreat actions and suffers a –100 reduction to its CS.

The Course of the War

When they returned *to Castle Brass that night, Bowgentle spoke to the count. 'Now do you realise that Granbretan is insane – a cancer that will infect history and will set it on a course that will not only lead to the destruction of the entire human race but will ultimately result in the destruction of every intelligent or potentially intelligent creature in the universe?'*

Count Brass smiled. 'You are exaggerating, Bowgentle. How could you know so much?'

'Because it is my calling to understand the forces that go to work to make up what we call destiny. I tell you again, Count Brass, the Dark Empire will infect the universe unless it is checked on this planet – and preferably, on this continent.'
– The Jewel in the Skull

Not small are the dreams of Granbretan. From their little island, the lords of the Dark Empire plot to conquer the world. Europe is a foregone conclusion; there is no nation, nor even an alliance of nations, who can hope to withstand the assault of the Dark Empire. Arabia poses more of a challenge but that is due more to its great distance and harsher climate than any opposing force. Within a generation, say the scholars of war, all lands from Eire to Persia will bow to the Throne-Globe. Then the Dark Empire will strike out towards the unknown, towards fabled Asiacommunista, towards Amarekh where gods yet live and then onto the stars themselves.

Theirs is a simple creed: never be hindered by any emotion, by any weakness, by any moral qualm or belief in the pursuit of pleasure and sensation and the best of sensations is the thrill of victory and conquest.

For all their madness – and it is madness, a rapacious, insatiable hunger that is born of hate and chaos – the Lords of Granbretan are courageous and cunning. They have a genius for building empires and their plans for conquest are not foolish dreams. They have bizarre weapons of sorcery and their plans of conquest do not rely on fickle science but on very real and dependable things, on horse and foot soldier, on fire and steel.

The Hand of Friendship

'I believe in the ultimate sanity of our cause – that the unification of the world is of maximum importance, that personal ambitions, no matter how noble, must be sacrificed to the larger principles.'
– Shenegar Trott, as quoted in The Runestaff

If a foe can be defeated without the use of arms, then the Granbretanians will gladly forego the thrill of conquest. There are always places to spend the lives of soldiers, so they do not fight needless battles. If some foreign noble wishes to acknowledge the power of Granbretan, he is welcomed with open arms into the Empire. There are many, many benefits to joining with the Beasts. Take some provincial count in France. If he were to yield to the Empire, he would be showered in gold; he would spare his people the horrors of conquest and his armies would be strengthened with the sorcery of the Dark Empire.

Some have tried to work against the Empire from the inside, yielding to Granbretan out of necessity but still opposing the Dark Empire in their hearts. Such people are fools. As soon as a land joins the Empire, the Hounds and Foxes and Jackals swarm in, bringing Huon's law to this latest extension of his domain. Those with the courage to oppose Granbretan are identified and killed; the population are cowed with demonstrations of Imperial justice. The children of the nobility are sent to the Beast schools to be indoctrinated in the ways of Empire. Skilled craftsmen and hardy workers are sent to Granbretan for 'retraining' and the local armies are also 'reorganised' under Beast officers who ensure that the local forces are so divided that they could never hope to rebel. Granbretan has assimilation down to a science.

Granbretan's spies are everywhere. Often, assassins are sent to remove a troublesome noble and replace him with a pliable relative. Other spies bring down enemy domains by subterfuge, with poisoned wells or cunning lies. The

worst of the agents of Granbretan pretend to be enemies of the Dark Empire and can even prove their hatred by killing hundreds of Beasts. Huon considers such sacrifices a small price to pay – one man who resists is more of a threat to the Empire than the deaths of thousands, for resistance breeds further resistance.

Another weapon in the Hand of Friendship is gold. Many a lord has proved willing to whore out his family's ancestral lands and his own personal honour if the price is good enough and Granbretan's coffers brim with the stolen gold of a hundred cities. This gold is seen not so much as a bribe paid but as an investment. When more troublesome lands are conquered, Granbretan can always return to those it bribed and take the money back.

Many courtiers hope that much of Europe can be conquered with gold and subterfuge rather than force of arms. The flaw in their plan is that they are mad and Europe is at least half-sane. The Granbretanians do not realise just how disturbing they are and how they inspire hatred and mistrust in others. Men of discernment like Bowgentle or Hawkmoon can tell just how foul the Empire is and how yielding to it can never be the right thing to do.



The Beasts Unleashed

'If Count Brass had not refused to aid us that day, you would all be honoured allies of the Dark Empire of Granbretan. But because you resisted us – you will be punished. You thought your weapons and your towers and the stoic bravery of your men were enough to stand against the might of Granbretan. Not enough, Dorian Hawkmoon, not enough! See – my *army, raised by me to command* my *vengeance! See, Hawkmoon and know what a fool you and the rest were! Tremble, Hawkmoon – and you, too, Yisselda – tremble as your fellows are trembling now within their towers, for they know those towers must fall, they know the Kamarg will be ashes and mud before tomorrow's sunset. I will destroy the Kamarg if it means sacrificing my entire army!'*
– The Mad God's Amulet

When words fail, swords speak. Granbretan conquers by delivering overwhelming force against every target. The actual quality of their fighting men is almost secondary to their sheer organisation. A continental army, for example, must be slowly mustered at some local castle. Every knight in the army has his own feudal obligations and ties, sometimes binding him to several lords. Peasant troops are often ill-trained and ill-equipped. If an army needs to move, then it moves with horrible slowness. Baggage trains get lost, supplies get misplaced, there is no formal accounting for equipment or men; things seem to happen more by accident than by design. Smaller units within the larger army may act with more coherence but the simple truth is that the armies of Tragic Europe are ungainly and slow, organised along medieval principles.

By contrast, the men of Granbretan may ride horses and fight with swords but their organisation and discipline would be the envy of a 20th century army. Every man knows his place and purpose. There are still confusions and mistakes but for the most part the army acts like a great and terrible machine. A Granbretanian army moves far faster than its European counterpart and with much more certainty. Camps are made or torn down in minutes; the contents of every wagon are recorded by quartermasters and clerks. The middle classes of the Dark Empire have a great love for bureaucracy – one wag dubbed it the 'Empire of Iron and Paper' – but such discipline pays dividends in battle. This discipline extends to Granbretan's naval arm. All shipping is co-ordinated through Londra, so an army can be assured of

transport overseas. The conquest of Europe requires a level of planning and co-ordination not seen in the world in a thousand years.

Consider, then, a force of ten thousand European troops against only four thousand Granbretanians. If the Europeans were allowed to muster and meet the Dark Empire with full strength, then perhaps those four thousand Granbretanians could be defeated. However, the Granbretanian armies can organise and move so swiftly that they can catch the European forces before they muster. Instead of fighting one battle of ten thousand against four thousand, they fight ten battles of one thousand against four thousand. Spies and saboteurs move ahead of the main army, delaying the enemy from gathering his strength or whispering in his ear that there is no need to fear. During the conquest of France, for example, Granbretan emissaries were hard at work in Germania, claiming that the war would be over soon and that the Dark Empire had no interest in pushing further east. When they invaded Germania, those same agents went east again and spoke words of peace and friendship to the lords of the eastern kingdoms.

The navy is the second great weapon of Granbretan. They have so many ships, including armoured ironclads, that they can deliver troops to anywhere on the coast of Europe within days, from Bothnia to Kyrus. The sea also carries the great mountains of supplies needed by an army on the march.

Thirdly, Granbretan has the ornithopter, the only flying machine in common use in the current age of the world. These aerial vehicles labour under many restrictions – their range is limited, they are hard to pilot, they cannot be flown at night, they must be refuelled regularly and they have a niggling tendency to explode violently – but they rule the skies and he who rules the skies can rule the ground below. Ornithopters scout ahead of the advancing armies, spotting hidden troops and traps from the air. They can drop bombs or shoot flame-lances from the sky and few castle walls were built with the intent of keeping flying enemies out.

Fourthly, Granbretan has sorcery at its disposal. In other lands, sorcerers are mistrusted, lonely figures who lurk in towers and dungeons and conduct bizarre experiments. No other land has so embraced sorcery as Granbretan and no other land has as many weapons and devices as do the forces of the Dark Empire. Walls can be brought down with blasting power or fire-cannons; men can be slain by poisoned winds, rivers forded by spells of ice and mountains brought down in great landslides by destructive charms. Sorcery can turn even a hopeless battle.

Fifthly, the courage and skill of the ordinary soldiers of Granbretan cannot be dismissed. They are equipped with the finest of armour and weapons, they are trained to kill and they have an undeniable twisted heroism that lets them snatch victory from defeat. They do not fear death as other men do.

The Rape of Europe

There were no children in the streets of the Crystal City. Those who had not been slaughtered by Granbretan had been imprisoned by the conquerors to ensure the good behaviour of the citizens who remained alive…

All who lived had become beggars, whatever their former station, save those women who had become whores to the Empire's soldiery or those men who had sworn grovelling allegiance to the King-Emperor.
– The Jewel in the Skull

After a region is conquered, there follows a period of chaotic looting, rape and pillage, as all the bloodlust and fury of the Beasts spill over into atrocities. The Beasts are permitted to take their pick of the women and the treasure. The Jackals follow on the heels of the fighting Orders, stripping the conquered domain of its best workers, its sorcery and its wealth and sending it all back to Granbretan. The Dark Empire is as skilled at exploiting its conquests as it is at conquering them in the first place and this stripping of assets and taking of slaves can be done in weeks.

When the armies move on, law-givers from the Orders of the Fox and Hound arrive to discipline the province. A lord – either a promoted Granbretanian noble or a local pawn – is appointed as ruler and the Pax Granbretannica is given to the populace. Anyone identified as a potential dissident, troublemaker, criminal or enemy of the crown is crucified; in many places, up to one in ten people are slain in this fashion.

Any defiance is punished harshly. Sometimes, survivors of the old order try to fight back against the Dark Empire, rallying the people or striking from the shadows. Always, such rebellions are met with overwhelming force – the

Dark Empire's chief weapon is despair, so they cannot tolerate *any* sign that their power is not invincible. If they cannot find the rebels, they attack the civilians; if the civilians rise up, they kill them all. It is better to wipe out a whole province with poison gas than to let the flames of hope burn for even an instant.

The First Year of War in Europe

The War in Europe formally began in the spring of the 76th year of the Bear and concluded two years later in the 81st year of the Raven, which was also proclaimed the 1st year of the Mantis (the Mantis signifying a glorious new order) by King-Emperor Huon. The battle of Londra was fought four years later, in the summer of the 66th year of the Lamb.

The conquests of Granbretan began several years before that, however.

Scandia

The mountains of Scandia are rich in metals and other useful resources and the Empire's miners long coveted them. The Scandians were loosely united under the Queen of the Kalmar Union but barbarian reavers from the western coastlines had attacked several European ports, giving the northern country a poor reputation and alienating its few allies. The isolated nation was ripe for conquest.

Ships from the Order of the Shark crossed the Norwegian Sea by night and established a beachhead in the uninhabited wormwoods. Flame-lancers cut a vast landing field out of the forest and a swarm of ornithopters were assembled there. When the invasion flight was ready, hundreds of ornithopters took off and flew into the very heart of Stockholm, where they imprisoned the queen. At the same time, the Shark fleet sailed into the Gulf of Bothnia and arrived in time to reinforce the flyer's hold on the city. The capital and government were both conquered in a matter of hours; seizing control of the rest of Scandia would take only a few weeks. It was a dramatic and total validation of the new Granbretanian philosophy of lightning warfare.

The conquest of Scandia put an end to the raids on European ports and trade vessels, leading many to agree with Granbretanian propaganda that the unification of the continent under Londra was desirable.

Normandia (March, Year One of the War)

Normandia had been in the thrall of the Dark Empire for centuries, bound to Londra by ties of trade and politics, but this was not enough for the lords of Granbretan. The ruler of Normandia, Jewelard, was trying to wriggle out of the bonds tying him to the Throne Globe. Granbretanian agents made contact with Jewelard's cousin, Ziminon, who coveted Jewelard's throne. With the aid of the Dark Empire, Jewelard was overthrown and an army of Beasts swarmed into the domain.

Jewelard's daughter, Adrienne, fled to the town of Alencon in the south of Normandia with the few loyal guards of her father's court. She mounted a desperate and utterly futile battle against the Dark Empire – which led directly to the conquest of all Europe. By order of Baron Meliadus of Kroiden, commander of the Granbretanian peacekeeper force sent into Normandia, Dark Empire troops crossed the border into Parye, ostensibly to hunt down supporters of Adrienne's rebellion. The war had begun.

Meliadus' western army was mainly Wolves and Horses, a fast-moving strike force backed up by flights of ornithopters. They cut across northern France like a bloody sword.

Hollandia and the Belgic States

(March-May, Year One of the War)

At the same time as Meliadus's troops marched on Parye, an invasion force swept in from the sea into Hollandia, while another army crossed from Scandia into Dahnmark. Caught in a sudden pincer, Hollandia's army crumpled in mere days.

The Belgic States took longer to conquer and were the first real resistance encountered by the Dark Empire. However, each domain fought independently and divided they fell. Ornithopters and Serpent sorcery made a mockery of the once-mighty fortresses of Belgium. Liege held out against the invading army for almost a month, as it had long prepared for such a conflict and had flame-lancers and ballistae ready to defend against ornithopters.

Of course, the Dark Empire had long prepared for this conflict too. Weasel agents had been in place in Liege for years and they sabotaged Liege's defences.

A Road of Skulls

The road to Lyon was a bleak road, lined with gibbets and wooden crosses on which hung men and women, young and old, girls and boys and even, perhaps as an insane jest, domestic pets such as cats, dogs and tame rabbits. Whole families rotted there; entire households, from the youngest baby to the oldest servant, were nailed in attitudes of agony to the crosses.
– The Jewel in the Skull

The passage of the Empire through Europe is marked by a road of skulls and crucifixes. Granbretan takes few prisoners – any man who takes up arms against its legions forfeits his life, one way or another. An officer can order a man spared, if his skills or strength warrant it, but the vast majority of Granbretan's defeated foes are crucified or otherwise executed. Beaten soldiers are but a fraction of the unfortunates who mark the line of the Empire's conquests – the perverse Beasts delight in inventing new tortures and new reasons to use those tortures. A woman who resists rape might be split open from the groin up; a child who steals a crust of bread from a military camp would have his stomach filled with pebbles until it burst. The lusts for combat that drive the Beast quickly turn into other, twisted desires when the battle is done.

Yet even in the midst of this utter depravity and horror, there is another darkness. If the Beasts were just mad ravagers, that would be bad enough but even in the depths of their rampages, they leave enough alive to serve the needs of Empire. Nine-tenths of a village might be razed to the ground but the last tenth will contain the smithy and the mill or whatever the Dark Empire needs. Wreaking chaos and horror has become so practised and engrained in the souls of the Beasts that they act with terrible purpose even in random slaughter.

The Summer of Blood
(May-June, Year One of the War)

Even as Jackals picked the bones of fallen Liege, the Hounds were moving into Germania. Their spearhead – a huge wedge of Boar and Bear assault troops – was aimed squarely at the prize of Berlin. Meanwhile, Meliadus and his wolves raced east across northern France. The burgomasters of Parye prepared for a siege but the western army parted like water and flowed around the Ile de France and instead fell upon the armies of Burgundy. The Duke of Burgundy himself rode out to meet the Wolves in battle and Baron Meliadus gave his foe full honours. The two generals fought and the Duke managed to unhorse the Grand Constable of the Wolves. Meliadus sprang up and made a mighty leap, knocking the Duke from his steed and the two wrestled in the mud until Meliadus tore his foe's throat out with the steel fangs of his mask's muzzle. Burgundy's knights were a match for the Dark Empire's but the dukedom's forces were heavily outnumbered and warlike Burgundy had few allies to call upon for aid. Still, the war promised to be glorious – until plague struck Dijon. Meliadus discovered that ornithopters from the Order of the Fly, commanded by Jerek Nankanseen himself, had landed behind enemy lines and in a daring raid had hurled disease-capsules into the heart of the city. Baron Meliadus was forced to share his triumph over Burgundy with the Flies, which rankled deeply with him.

Meanwhile, Vultures and Falcons cut a swathe of blood through Aquitaine and Shenegar Trott took the fabled city of Lyon using a combination of guile (a diversionary raid drew off the defenders of the city) and sorcery (a weapon especially forged by Count Taragorm countered the rumoured sorcery of the rules of that land).

The Espanyian War

(April-October, Year One of the War)

Espanyia was a danger to the Empire. That warm land was rich and powerful, with a strong king commanding a strong army – and worse, a powerful navy. King-Emperor Huon, it is said, prayed to Aral Vilsn and Chirshil for nine days and nights before beginning his campaign against Espanyia, to ward off a counter-attacking armada. The war on Espanyia was fought mainly by the Order of the Shark, who engaged and destroyed the Espanyian navy in a series of engagements. They then sailed south, claiming Gibraltar for Granbretan once more, before reaching the docks of Catalonia where they offloaded a cargo of weapons and warriors – mostly Pigs, with a few Tigers as shock troops – as gifts for the King of that land. Emissaries from Granbretan had been whispering to him for months, telling him that the Dark Empire would support a war against Espanyia.

As soon as Catalonia attacked, the knights of Aragon were sent south to battle them. A second Granbretanian force, carried by the ships of the Eel, landed on the north coast of Espanyia and marched south, heading for the capital under flags of truce, just as assassins slew King Manuel of Espanyia. In confusion at these many simultaneous calamities, the court failed to marshal the armies of the kingdom and the invading force was able to reach Mahdrid without encountering significant opposition. They then put everyone in the city to death.

In the south, the Granbretanian forces allied with the Catalonians retreated, leaving their pawns to face the onslaught of the knights of Aragon alone. The Catalonians suffered heavy losses and fled back to their own homeland – which they found to be already occupied by the traitorous Granbretanian armies.

A series of smaller wars followed as the Granbretanians conquered the remaining Espanyian provinces. Soon, the Tigers were ready to cross the mountains into southern France.

The Talons Close On Germania

(July-September, Year One of the War)

The Wolf army, reinforced by the knights of the Stag and Fly air support, crossed from the ruins of Burgundy into the Germanian province of Köln, where the young duke put up a spirited resistance. For this defiance, the people of the peaceful land were tortured and slaughtered. Dorian Hawkmoon would later be captured and sent to Granbretan.

On the eastern side of Köln, the two Granbretanian armies – the Wolf army that had started at Normandia five months earlier and the Hound-led force that crossed from the Dark Empire bases in Scandia – met and joined to battle the forces of Berlin. Meliadus knew the young Prince of Berlin and knew how to taunt the man. He feigned a retreat and the hot-blooded Lobkowitz fell for the ruse. The Stag cavalry were able to charge the Germanian infantry in the rear, scattering them. Lobkowitz was captured and sentenced to death. On the first of October, four ornithopters flew low over the roofs of Berlin, carrying a man between them. Four chains ran from the man's arms and legs to the ornithopters that bore him. At a signal, the four machines flew in different directions, and bits of the quartered Lobkowitz rained down on his city.

His remains were followed with a rain of fire from Granbretanian artillery that laid waste to much of the city.

The Rape of the South

(July-October, Year One of the War)

By now, the Granbretanians were far ahead of their timetable for conquest. They had planned the conquest of Europe to take up to twenty years but they had destroyed half the continent in only half a war's campaigning. The various Granbretanian armies now competed against each other to conquer yet more of the continent. The first fruits of this new contest were seen in France. The Falcons and Vultures crossed the Silver Bridge and attacked Aquitaine. Then, they and the Tigers crossing from Espanyia wrought havoc in Provence, Marshais and the borders of the Kamarg, although they dared not try their strength against Count Brass's watchtowers.

Once Marshais was theirs, they crossed by ship to Italia and began a bloody campaign of unreasoned slaughter there. Roma and the Red Church suffered especially harshly, as the Tigers considered the Red Church's god to be an offence to the Feared Four of Granbretan.

The First Siege of the Kamarg

As the campaigning season began to come to an end and travel in Europe became more difficult, Meliadus

launched an attack on the last outpost of resistance in Western Europe. Many of the generals and warlords of Granbretan flew or rode to the marshy land to witness the destruction of the legendary Count Brass, so while the Granbretanian army that attacked the Kamarg that day was not the largest in Europe, it had perhaps the greatest concentration of champions yet assembled. Therefore, it was especially shameful to the Dark Empire that the heroes of the Kamarg defeated the champions of Granbretan. The Vulture was slain, Mygel Holst was gravely wounded and thousands of troops were blasted by the science-weapons of the watchtowers. It was a disaster that soured all the victories of the past year.

The Winter of Discontent

The kingdoms of Eastern Europe posed little military challenge to the Empire but the supply lines from Granbretan were being stretched dangerously thin. The process of transforming industrial cities like Mirienburg and Nurnberg into supply bases for the eastern Empire began as soon as the cities were conquered. The Empire also had to put down rebellions in France, Hollandia and Germania; in each case, all the rebels, anyone who supported them, all their relatives and friends and a random cross-section of the population were brutally executed to show that Londra would brook no dissent in her new subject territories.

All of Europe groaned and cowered. In the as-yet unconquered east, the kings and barons rallied their forces and tried to prepare themselves for a war with Granbretan, or else decided that defeat was inevitable and began plotting with the Dark Empire on how best to betray their neighbours. Muskovia closed its borders to the flood of refugees; fighting continued in Espanyia and Italia as the Empire crushed the last foes in those unhappy nations.

The Island of Sicilia counted itself lucky to be spared the attack of the feral Tigers and cruel Vultures and its lord was confident of being able to resist the Dark Empire for some time. Sicilia had a fine navy and her coasts were well-protected against invasion. What Sicilia did not reckon on was the power of the Empire's ornithopters, which dropped an unbeatable army of Boar warriors right in the heart of the isle.

For all their victories, the hearts of the lords of Granbretan were heavy. The victories had been too easy, too quick – except for the Kamarg, which was an incomprehensible defeat. They took their frustrations out on the conquered nations of Europe.

The Second Year

While Dorian Hawkmoon flew east on his flamingo, the Dark Empire was moving too. Even before the spring thaw opened the mountain passes of Switzer and Osterland again, the black-sailed ships were sailing east into the ports of Arabia. Spies and advance forces connected with agents overseas. In this phase of the war, the Empire would work far more with local forces and mercenaries. It was easy for Granbretan to concentrate its forces on a single city in Germania or France but with its armies spread from Muskovia to Greece, the battlefront had grown too large for their previous tactics to be used. Therefore, the new Granbretanian stratagem was to send small units of elite troops ahead of the main army. These elite troops would get involved in one local war or another, allying with local malcontents and aiding them in their wars. For example, in Hamadan, Baron Meliadus' Wolves helped Queen Frawbra's malicious brother Nahak take the throne. Nahak provided the rank and file of the fighting forces there, reinforced and guided by Dark Empire warriors and sorcery.

Osterland

Osterland's destruction had a special purpose – to convince the kings of the other eastern kingdoms that resistance to the Dark Empire was utterly useless. Therefore, when they struck at Osterland, the force commanded by Shenegar Trott used the deadliest and most horrible weapons available. The armies of Osterland were wiped out, not in battle, but by poison gas dropped from ornithopters. The entire population of the peaceful city of Vien were forced to murder each other or be executed, then the whole place was blasted to rubble. A few were allowed to escape, just so they could carry news of the Empire's wrath to the other kingdoms.

The Eastern Kingdoms

Carpathia's king surrendered to Granbretan; the Emperor of Romania attempted to do the same but King-Emperor Huon had long been irritated by the Romanians' claim to imperial status. He sent a brigade of Mantis warriors to exhume all the bones of the past emperors of that land out of their marble tombs, then had the imperial family burnt alive in a pyre made from the remains of their ancestors.

The other kingdoms tried to fight back but were so divided by internal strife and Dark Empire sabotage that they had no hope of resistance. By the summer, Granbretan controlled all of Europe from the Silver Bridge to the mouth of the Danube.

Muskovia

In a council before the war began, both Meliadus and Shenegar Trott agreed that the mysterious realm of Muskovia would be the great challenge in Europe. No spy had managed to discover what weapons or science the Muscovians possessed; no agent had managed to convince any lord of the east to betray his king. The conquest of Muskovia, then, would come through blood and fire, not cunning. Huon obsessively studied the ancient histories of past wars with the land of the Bear, the wars of Adulf and Napoleen and Jorge and each account agreed that if the war lasted until the winter, the invading army would lose.

On the first day of summer, then, the King-Emperor issued a proclamation to his generals, ordering them to take Muscovy by the end of the autumn or forfeit their masks. The largest army assembled in Europe in a thousand years marshalled in Berlin. Many generals competed for the overall command but the prize was won by the young Duke of Lakasdeh, Pra Flenn. It was whispered that Flenn was allowed to take the command only because more experienced generals like Trott or Meliadus feared that Muskovia could be a poisoned chalice. The defeat at the Kamarg was a minor setback but it was still a blight on the Granbretanians' plans of conquest. A bigger defeat in the snows of the east would be far more costly. The Kamarg was safely besieged and could pose no threat to the conquered lands. A Muscovian counter-attack could result in half of Europe falling to the enemy.

If any of these thoughts crossed the mind of the brave young duke, his worries were hidden behind his dragon-mask as he set off at the head of his army.

As Huon commanded, the flag of the Dark Empire was raised over a burning Muscovy within the year. Pra Flenn rode into the city a conqueror – but it cost the Empire nearly five million soldiers. Sorcery had battled sorcerer, knight rode out against knight. The Muscovians had no flying machines but the howling Cyberian winds grounded the Granbretanian ornithopters for weeks at a time. Whole Orders like the Stag had been wiped out to a man and it was said that a man could walk from Krakhov to Muscovy without placing one foot on the ground if he stepped on frozen Pig corpses instead.

Greece

The conquest of Greece was almost an afterthought. Dark Empire ships and men were moving east anyway, pouring down from the Bulgar Mountains or sailing east to Istanbul. The armies of Greece were smashed aside and the cities conquered. Places like Athena were pretenders to Londra's claim of being the oldest and greatest city in the world; their very existence could not be tolerated.

The War in the East

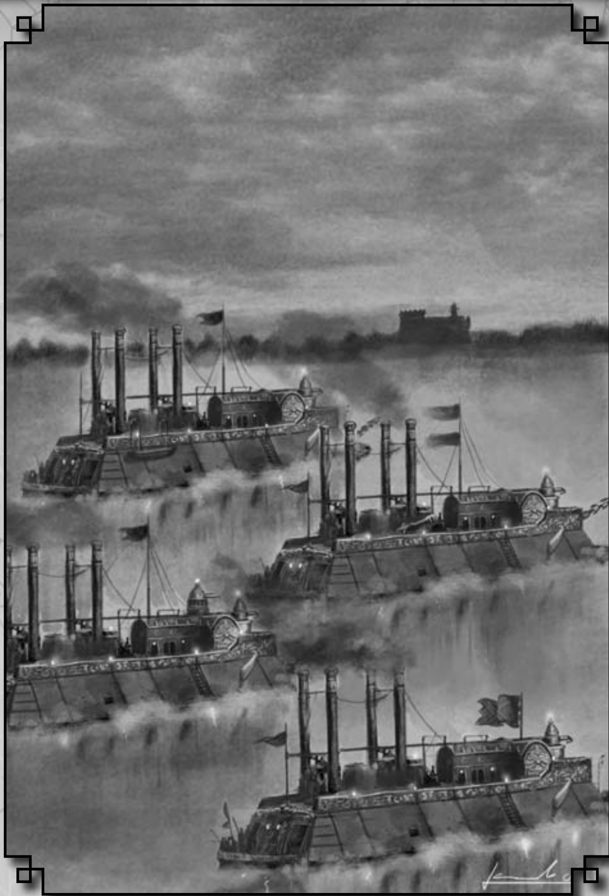
Istanbul was conquered with gold – the corrupt caliph was willing to trade his kingdom for a mountain of coins. With that bulwark transformed in a single stroke into a base for the Dark Empire, Wolves and Boars were able to pour into Turkia, exposing it as a paper tiger. The much-vaunted legions of Janissaries proved no match for battle-hardened Beasts.

Again, the Empire found that its chief problem was logistics – the ships from Granbretan groaned beneath the weight of their cargoes, military camps sprang up in every field and scrubland and every high place that had stone and a few basic resources was transformed into an ornithopter nest. By the winter of the second year, the Empire's conquest had stalled. The supply lines were too long and even the most savage Tiger cannot live on human flesh forever. Furthermore, the Empire had conquered beyond the limits of its knowledge. A new Order, the Order of the Scorpion, was established to scout the lands east of Persia and Ukrania and bring back news of the Empire's next foes. King-Emperor Huon decreed a period of retrenchment and consolidation, colloquially referred to as the Division of the Spoils. The Pax Granbretan was imposed on all of Europe and whole nations were divided up into baronies and dukedoms for victorious Beast lords.

Even the niggling trouble in the Kamarg ended when the besieging army was reinforced by troops returning from the east. This added firepower destroyed Count Brass's watchtowers and levelled the town of Aigues-Mortes. Tales that spoke of Castle Brass and the town vanishing into thin air were dismissed as treasonous sedition and those who spoke them had their tongues torn out.

Conquests Beyond

The conquest of Europe was intended to take twenty years; the East, another ten. The immortal King-Emperor expected to wait half a century before his armies attacked fabled Asiacommunista. The Madness of Granbretan exceeded even the twisted dreams of its king, though, and both Europe and the East fell within five years. Even after taking five years to re-arm and consolidate his conquests, the King-Emperor expected his armies to march into the Far East within twenty years.



Afric

All the world will fall under the sway of Granbretan, inevitably, but they may choose to leave Afric until last. The dark continent is said to contain a great number of warlike and proud peoples and the war for Afric would take all of Granbretan's armies. With the armies occupied in the conquest of Afric, some other foe like Asiacommunista or Ultima Thule could attack undefended Europe. However, if the Empire sent its forces abroad to conquer other lands, the isolationist and divided Afric kings would be unlikely to unite to take advantage of the Empire's vulnerability.

Ultima Thule

Even the existence of Ultima Thule is debated. There are rumours of a land beyond the north wind, a realm of ice and hard light in the uttermost north. The fey folk of Bothnia are said to be related to the kings of Ultima Thule. This could be dismissed as mere foolishness if it were not for the occasional piece of evidence suggesting some truth to these tales: the strange men of Athesh, for example, or pieces of black jewellery brought back by traders or strange lights in the sky. The Shark have sent ships north, searching for this land of ice but none have returned.

Asiacommunista

Asiacommunista is a mystery even to the greatest scholars. Legend insists that the Runestaff is found there, atop the highest mountain of the Highmelias and guarded by carnivorous apes of prodigious size. Two ambassadors from Asiacommunista visited Londra but it was later discovered that these were actually Hawkmoon and D'Averc in disguise. Many of their lies, though, were based on material they took from a book in Bowgentle's library. That book, *The Dreaming Dawn Lands*, claim that Asiacommunista is ruled by a President-Emperor and that the people there are all half-machine. The Hordes of the Sun include ferocious dragon-hounds and flying kites made of paper that is harder than steel.

Amarekh

According to the few surviving records from the Tragic Millennium, Amarekh was virtually untouched by the wars and the people there are as gods. That may be true in places – certainly, the holy city of Dnark was the domain of beings who had transcended mortality, if indeed any of them ever were human – but when Hawkmoon and D'Averc visited the city of Nawleen and the land of the Kampps, they found that the folk of Amarekh were strange but no more divine than any in Europe.

Amarekh did not even figure into the Empire's plans of conquest, as the sea to the west was believed to be virtually impassable but Baron Kalan developed a new form of propulsion for sailing ships. The ironclads of Granbretan can cross the sea in a matter of days, opening up the potential of conquering the west as well as the east.

The Heavens & Beyond

Before the Tragic Millennium, humans went to the stars. There are no doubt colonies and worlds out there, settled by those who fled earth before the wars. These people, too, will be conquered. The whole universe exists to serve the pleasures of the lords of Granbretan. The experiments of Duke Taragorm, of course, offer an alluring short-cut. His crystal devices, when perfected, will permit travel between dimensions. Alexander the Great wept because he had no more lands to conquer but an infinite number of times and dimensions means an infinite number of worlds to conquer. The bloodshed need never end…

Characters & The War

Whoever, whatever and wherever the Player Characters are, they cannot escape the wars of Granbretan. The Dark Empire seeks to consume the world, so the characters will have to choose how they deal with it. Do they surrender to the Empire, giving up their honour and humanity and accepting slavery or the ways of the Beast? Do they hide, trying to find some refuge where the Empire will never find them? Do they just try to survive the storm as Europe burns? Do they seek out allies and weapons and relics to use against the invaders? Do they take up arms and fight?

Whatever they do, the eldritch influence of the Runestaff will enfold them, moving them towards a critical confrontation with the Lords of Granbretan.

The Dark Empire provides a never-ending supply of foes and antagonists for Player Characters, from sword-fodder to major adversaries and evil sorcerers. Always, the Granbretanians should be cruel and callous; they have a nobility, but it is a mere façade, concealing a hideous and bestial nature. They are never foolish or easy to beat – even the lowest-ranking Pig footsoldier shares in the terrible Madness of Granbretan.

While a Dark Empire patrol or scouting party makes for a great fight scene and can be thrown into the game whenever a random fight would be appropriate, the Granbretanian schemes for conquest are generally much more involved and complex and can be the basis for a whole adventure or campaign.

The Hand of Friendship

If the Granbretanians can destroy a foe with gold, they will do so. Granbretanian diplomats and ambassadors might visit a region, spreading propaganda and lies. Such ambassadors speak of the benefits of joining the Empire, of a united and peaceful Europe and they spread golden bribes around prodigiously. Characters might be approached by such smiling villains or have to uncover the ambassador's perfidy to convince the local ruler not to ally with Granbretan.

Divide and Conquer

The Granbretanians make an alliance with some local villain, like a treacherous noble or a bandit king,

Gloriana Come Again - The Reign of Queen Flana

Following the Battle of Londra, Flana of Kanbery became Queen-Empress and immediately set about demolishing the Dark Empire. Her armies were recalled, the Beast Orders were dissolved. She banned the wearing of masks. Londra was largely abandoned as the Queen-Empress moved the capital to Kanbery. The Madness faded and most of the people of Granbretan became enthusiastic supporters of the Queen-Empress, as if they had woken from a dream of blood and conquest.

Almost all of the Lords of Granbretan – Meliadus, Holst, Flenn, Trott and many more – were slain in Meliadus' revolt against Huon or in the Battle that followed. Kalan and Taragorm escaped to an alternate universe and a few other Grand Constables survived. Some of these were executed for their crimes; others repented and were permitted to redeem themselves through acts of charity and heroism. A few tried to resurrect the Dark Empire by force of arms and battle against Flana's rule. Londra became the base for these resurgent cults.

promising him aid and support if he will overthrow the true rulers of the region. This approach works especially well if the characters have a pre-existing enmity with the Dark Empire pawn. For example, the characters are the knights of some local lord; they uncover a plot by the lord's brother to murder him and have the villain exiled. Later in the campaign, the brother shows up again, accompanied by Dark Empire forces…

The Double Agent

The Dark Empire delights in lies and treachery. An agent might pretend to be an enemy of the Dark Empire, drawing those who also oppose Granbretan together so they can be defeated. Imagine how the *Hawkmoon* tale would have unfolded if Bowgentle had been secretly working for Baron Kalan all along. Players remember and resent being betrayed more than anything else – have some villain win their confidence, then turn on them.

The Empire is also adept at turning fallen foes into weapons – using techniques like blackmail, brainwashing or the Machine of the Black Jewel.

Evil Advisors

A variation on the Divide and Conquer and Hand of Friendship scenarios, Evil Advisors from Granbretan can make interesting villains as they do not pose a physical threat to the characters. A seemingly beneficial ally such as a healer or sorcerer who wears a Beast Mask can tie Player Characters up in knots. What if the only person who can save a poisoned character is a member of the Pelican Order? Or what if a Granbretanian sorcerer arrives to ward off a disastrous famine? What happens if the characters owe Granbretan a debt?

The Disguised Foe

Another favoured tactic of the Dark Empire is to use deceit and play two sides against each other. An agent of the Dark Empire might stir up the barbarian tribes in the wilderness, or a sorcerer might raise an army of zombies and pit them against the Player Characters' home. Just when the characters are hardest pressed, Granbretanian 'allies' arrive to help the characters 'defeat' the foe they created.

Overwhelming Odds

If subtlety fails, the Dark Empire uses overwhelming force. Meliadus threw a million men into the second battle to conquer the Kamarg and that sort of overkill is not uncommon for the Empire. Pitting the characters against an overwhelming army will force them to come up with imaginative tactics instead of just fighting the bad guys directly. Hawkmoon, for instance, uses hit-and-run attacks and destroys the enemy supply lines instead of meeting the Granbretanians before he is ready.

Dark Science

The weird weapons and evil spells of the Order of the Serpent are wonderful plot devices. The characters can be faced with some new and terrible threat created by Kalan's experiments. Mutant monsters, ghosts from the past (such as the alternate Granbretan and resurrected heroes and villains in *Count Brass*), summoned demons, artificial plagues… dark science lets the Games Master threaten the players in unexpected and disturbing ways, while also giving them a way to defeat the threat by finding and killing the sorcerer.

Death from Above

The ornithopters are a unique weapon in the Dark Empire arsenal, a weapon the armies of Europe have no defence against. How will the characters deal with this threat? Imagine a campaign where the characters find their own flying machines or steal a flight of ornithopters and fight as mercenary fliers across Europe. Who will rule the skies?

The Pax Granbretan

The villainy of Granbretan does not end when the battle is won. The cruel peace of the Empire is founded on torture, execution and slavery. Characters in conquered lands will soon find themselves forced to be outlaws, fighting against the occupying forces, not knowing who to trust or how best to battle the enemy without putting innocents at risk.

Searching For Relics

Scientific talismans and powerful relics from the Tragic Millennium and the elder days of Earth are sought both by the Empire and its foes. Indeed, the *Hawkmoon* series is partially a series of quests undertaken by Hawkmoon to recover the three weapons he will need to defeat the Dark Empire – the Red Amulet, the Sword of the Dawn and the Runestaff itself. Characters who go searching for ancient weapons will find themselves opposed by Serpents and Ferrets, as well as by strange spirits, ancient defence mechanisms, cryptic puzzles and trap-filled research cities.

Hunters of Granbretan



INTRODUCTION

Risidious looked back *over his shoulder, panting and out of breath, seeing the expanse of the Silver Bridge slowly being swallowed by the churning morning fog. It should buy him just enough time to find a buyer for these… these… tragically wonderful items. Maybe he would actually make it this time.*

Then he heard them again… wings of metal and wood. Clockwork cranking and electric engines humming, growing closer in the gloom. Ornithopters. The flying menaces had not given up the chase since he left the west isle and they were getting better at tracking him.

So tired…

He couldn't run much farther and they would be able to see him soon. The fever was getting thicker and his legs were like rubber vines beneath him.

He had to find someone to take them. He cursed his weakness for not being able to do it himself and even more so for having to pass this responsibility onto someone else…

In the Multiverse of the *Eternal Champion*, the collection of all possible universes, dimensions and time streams, destiny itself is dominated by the conflict between Law and Chaos. When these metaphysical forces clash, a mirrored soul – the Eternal Champion – is often found in the midst of the conflict. Whoever fills this role serves as the champion and the very essence of Humanity for that dimension – although he is not necessarily a man and not destined to be human. The Eternal Champion's purpose is to force the conflict back towards a state of Equilibrium, but he often ends up serving Law or Chaos (willingly or not), or even trying to deny the destiny laid out before him.

The Multiverse is as vast as the imagination, with no laid boundaries beyond the knowledge that another universe lies behind your own. There are thousands upon thousands of worlds and time streams; one never knows just how many devils, heroes, magics and horrors beyond comprehension one might find within them. While it is true that Dorian Hawkmoon was made into the Eternal Champion of his era and his world, even he sees only a frayed thread of the tapestry of fate.

The Dark Empire of Granbretan is engaged in the conquest of Europe. King-Emperor Huon and his lackeys have manipulated the Eternal Champion into crossing the Silver Bridge into Europe bearing a black jewel in his skull that serves as both spy and leash. The lord-nobles wait with bated breath for the endgame of the King-Emperor, when they will have iron-fisted control all of Europe as they have created on their own island.

In this scenario the players will find themselves in the wake of a great man, caught between their own survivals and possibly stopping a great tragedy. *Hunters of Granbretan* is a scenario for moderately experienced characters playing *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game*.

In this adventure…

Dorian Hawkmoon, Duke of Köln, has recently passed over the Silver Bridge into Europe on his long journey to Persia as part of his forced mission from the King-Emperor. The black-market city of Karlye barely even knew he had come and gone. Shortly after his passing, another adventurer from Granbretan follows. This man, a refugee from the Order of the Bull, carries with him a very special sword and gauntlet that he claims must never fall into the hands of his former captors. Knowing that anything can be bought or sold in the streets of Karlye, he was hoping to break up the two pieces of the artefact, selling them separately in an effort to keep the Order of the Bull from getting their hands on them. This was not to be, however. Destiny, it seems, had a different plan.

Wounded, poisoned and exhausted the man dies, leaving the artefacts in the hands of the Player Characters. Now they are the ones that are being hunted – unless they can find someone foolish enough to take the mighty weapon off their hands so they can avoid capture and torture by the Order of the Bull. Everywhere the Player Characters go they will find that Karlye is a dangerous and deadly place when it wants to be and the powerful magic at work in the artefacts does little to help them in staying unnoticed.

The Player Characters will have more than a few chances to cross blades with the Order of the Bull or make deals with some of the least trustworthy of Karlye's undercity; they will have to survive in situations that would have seemed unreal to them before their fated meeting with a wounded man in a dark alley.

By the end of the scenario, if the Player Characters have managed to avoid capture, torture and painful execution by the Order of the Bull, they will have one last duty – to wield the Sword Magistrate for as long as they can, or find a place to hide it from the hunters of Granbretan. Whatever they choose to do, the Multiverse will respond appropriately.

Good deeds rarely go unnoticed… by both sides of Equilibrium.

Getting Ready to Play

Hunters of Granbretan is a scenario that gives players a chance to possess a true piece of the Multiverse, if they want to take on all the baggage that comes with it. Unlike most roleplaying adventures, where the answer to any problem is strong morals and stronger blades, the problems facing the Player Characters in Karlye are likely to be difficult (but not impossible!) to solve in such a way. They might require the players and their characters to take different approaches to their situation. The decision to hide rather than fight should be a wise one and wanton battle is likely to cause more ill than good.

We have tried to create an atmosphere of dark shadows and overwhelming odds, but one filled with many opportunities for adventure. Sometimes the players may wish to talk or bribe their way out of an ugly situation, where they simply *cannot* avoid some conflicts. Depending on their views of Granbretan and its lord-nobles, the biggest threat in this scenario may not be a cutthroat or beast but the idea of standing against such an endless and powerful foe. The soldiers sent to Karlye can be fought or killed blade and bludgeon, but the Empire's evil cannot be destroyed by a simple sword or arrow.

A copy of *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game*, a notepad, pencils and a full set of dice (at least one of each of the following; D20, D12, D10, D8, D6 and D4) will be needed to play *Hunters of Granbretan*.

Hunters of Granbretan combines several aspects of the roleplaying game into one continuous stream of plotline complete with many situations and problems that the Player Characters will need a diverse set of skill specialities to overcome or bypass successfully. A party of adventurers that is completely focused on one facet of game play may have some trouble with these instances, while a more varied group might do better as it progresses.

This scenario is designed for four to six Player Characters that qualify for the 'Seasoned' profile level as described on page 18 of *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game*, though it can be easily adjusted or adapted to accommodate groups of higher or lower experience or attendance. Should Games Masters have fewer players they can easily use their own judgment to lighten the severity of some encounters while strengthening those for a larger group.

Important Information before Starting

The following sections explain a few very important things about the setting surrounding the scenario.

Dorian Hawkmoon

When the Eternal Champion came through Karlye, he had just crossed the Silver Bridge from the heart of Granbretan. His passing out of the Dark Empire created enough turmoil amongst the lord-nobles and their beast-masked armies for Risidious to steal the Sword Magistrate and come across the Bridge as well. Although it had nothing to do with him directly, as with so many other facets of the Multiverse – Hawkmoon himself opened the door for this scenario to take place.

Karlye

This town's most visible feature is that it is dominated by the European end of the great Silver Bridge arcing from the shores of Granbretan over the sea to France. Karlye is thick with inns, stocksmen, horse-sellers and many other trades who target the endless stream of traffic from the Bridge. Karlye quickly transformed into one of the major trade centres of Europe, for this is the last effective European stop for any caravan train bringing booty from the Dark Empire's conquests. Before it is carried onto Granbretanian soil, where the guards are far stricter about contraband, it can be unloaded here. Karlye therefore is the best place to buy and sell treasures claimed from all of Europe and Arabia. Slaves, art, liquor and weapons

all for sale in the many market squares and black market hovels. Although sometimes seen as scandal, many lesser nobles of Granbretan make regular trips to the city to buy goods cheaper than they can at home.

Karlye is also a major sky-port for the ornithopters of Granbretan, making the cloudy sky above an interesting sight with the flying contraptions buzzing back and forth like the bees around a hive.

Risidious Fairhaven

Once a citizen of the dark lands of the western isle, Risidious was little more than a caretaker of an antiquity vault – one of the few roles left in Granbretan's darker communities that have not been twisted and warped to be filled by bio-scientific creations instead of a common man. When the buzz of a secret assault on Count Brass and the Kamarg began to circulate through the gossip chain amongst the beast-masked guards, Risidious knew he had to take action.

Researching old pieces of antiquity in his spare time, when no guards were watching him, the artefact librarian came across a classified file attached to a large crate. Reading the file and opening the crate, he discovered the Sword Magistrate and the poetic description of what it did. Not knowing what exactly to do with this powerful artefact, he made the hasty decision to flee. Using the tumult that sprang up behind Hawkmoon wherever he went, Risidious made it across the Silver Bridge into Karlye before the owners of the blade found him. The Order of the Bull sent one of their best huntsmen and his personal soldiers to retrieve the sword.

The Sword Magistrate

This shining silver broadsword, when coupled with its bejewelled gauntlet, is a powerful weapon for the forces of Law and the natural order of things. Alone the blade and gauntlet are interesting and useful pieces of equipment, but when one grasps the other – wonderful and terrible things are possible.

Up until recently it was being stored in the antiquity vaults of the Order of the Bull and when they discovered that it was missing Baron Meliadus demanded that they retrieve it. Exactly why the baron fears the blade is not clear, but knowing the lengths that he is willing to go to in order to put it back under lock and key, it cannot be just a passing interest.

The Order of the Bull

The purple-garbed warriors of the Order of the Bull are some of the most stalwart and relentless of the King-Emperor's warriors. They are primarily the main strike force in siege warfare but can be used anywhere that a strong arm and a thick head come in useful. Although they ultimately answer to the King-Emperor, their Grand Constable is a hulking man named Saka Gerden. It is upon Gerden's bellowing command that the scientifically augmented and well-equipped soldiers of his Order fan out to crush the enemies of Granbretan.

Knowing what sort of feats the Sword Magistrate is capable of, Huon chastised Gerden for allowing it to be stolen out from under his brass-ringed nose and ordered him immediately to go and find it. Sightings of a hobbled old man with a mysterious bundle under his arm were brought to his attention through the spy network and Gerden turned to one of his best lieutenants – Duke Rafe Thenblade.

Rafe, small for a Granbretanian but as deadly as their largest soldiers, was a crafty tactician and a loyal member of the lord's own bloodline. Given a squadron of ornithopters and a unit of twenty Bull Order shocktroopers, Rafe was dispatched to Karlye to retrieve the Sword Magistrate and crucify any who dare stand in his way.

Each individual Bull Order shocktrooper is over two metres tall, half that wide at the chest and capable of snapping a normal man's neck like a chicken bone. They are merciless and unknowing of debate – they only obey their orders to the letter as given, even if it means walking into suicide to do it. Armed and armoured to dispatch entire ranks of rebellious enemies, Rafe's unit of twenty might not seem like many at first glance but they are enough to pacify an entire city.

As You Begin...

Remember that the *Eternal Champion* series is about the roles of Law and Chaos in the Multiverse and what part each soul chooses to take in the greater scheme of their facet of it. Whether an unwitting servant like Dorian Hawkmoon or a forced Hand of Destiny like Corum Jhaelen Irsei, the world is nothing more than a stage for Destiny to put on her never-ending masterpiece; the Player Characters can be little more than choral actors in the background – or they can strive to be the main billing.

A Dark Night in Karlye

'There can be *no mistakes,' Saka Gerden said through a cloud of thick tobacco smoke, 'the Baron says that these items are integral to the completion of his mission with the Kamarg. Do not fail me, or I will be swooned to sleep by your screams the day after.'*

'I will not fail,' Rafe Thenblade replied with a curt bow.

As Rafe left the antechamber he began to mentally calculate what he would need to find this old artificer, anyone he has had contact with and all the foolish French maggots that might get in the way. If the Baron wants these trinkets so badly, he will surely have a massive budget with the equipment officers. Surely he will not need it, but arriving at a colonial city – as he sees all of the conquered lands – with a small army is always good for the troop morale.

This should be the most entertaining assignment he'd had all year…

In this chapter, the Player Characters will get quickly and abruptly thrown into a situation that will even more rapidly become life or death. It will open a new world of interesting opportunities for them and open a door that they may never be able – or want – to close.

The beginning of this scenario takes place in the market-ridden streets of Karlye, at which point the characters are probably milling about in the shops and stands on a typical afternoon. Risidious has been wounded at the foot of the Silver Bridge by a Granbretanian scout and has gone into hiding until nightfall, while Rafe Thenblade and his unit are about to arrive in the city.

The weather is damp and the sky a dreary grey, but the markets are buzzing with the shouts and groans of hagglers and shop owners regardless. You know that it will probably rain later, as it generally does on days like today and you look up into the clouds as if to ask for a slight reprieve to the dampness of this autumn day.

The sky-traffic of ornithopters winging their way to and from the sky-port is particularly light today, except for a grouping of them headed this way from the west. It is a low-flying military formation, not the common traffic Karlye is used to.

The Player Characters might not immediately react to the incoming aircraft, but many of the surrounding civilians will. Shoppers will duck into taverns and inns, shopkeepers will drop their 'closed' shutters and most people that are just passing through pick up their pace and pass through a bit faster. Nobody is unaffected by a martial presence of the Granbretan in the city and even the toughest of Player Characters have to be aware of that.

The ornithopters should make a pass or two over the market the Player Characters are standing in, perhaps blaring out an electronically-augmented 'Enforced Curfew in effect! All pedestrians must seek shelter before nightfall!' message. This is mostly to help the Games Master accentuate the fact that there will be almost no one on the streets after dark and will help set the mood of the shady city.

As there is still two or so hours before nightfall, the Player Characters will have that much time to continue shopping or arrange for a place to stay. A nice hotel or inn/tavern is a good choice – especially with the slowly sinking sun reminding them about the curfew. If they openly decide to buck against curfew, a blunt run-in with a Bull Order shocktrooper who forces them indoors at sword point will hopefully be enough to put them in a position to continue the next scene. Otherwise, if they actually try to fight against the Granbretanian the scenario is likely going to be much harder for them, as they will soon be wanted for the murder of a Granbretanian servant.

The scene should end with the Player Characters moving inside a hotel or inn just as the darkness of night is settling on the city and the first droplets of rain are beginning to

fall, making the electric arc-lights of the city flicker and crackle when the water strikes them.

After Dark

The Player Characters have moved indoors at any number of public housing and eating establishments throughout the city, especially the Hotel Les Sternes or the Ar Men Le Triton and are likely now deep into their meals and listening to the staccato downpour outside against the shaded windows of the eatery. At some time during the meal, the following scene takes place.

'Monsieur?' the waiter asks as he leans forward, 'this message came for you. I asked the deliverer if it could wait until after dinner, but he did not answer. I believe it to be rather important.' He slips you a folded piece of paper and gives a slight bow before backing away briskly.

The piece of paper has five words written on it – MEET ALLEY IN TEN MINUTES. The handwriting is shaky and weak and a close inspection of the edge of the note will show a tiny droplet of dried blood soaked into the page. It is hopefully mysterious enough to pique the interest of the Player Characters, at least one of them, long enough to go and see what this note is all about.

In the few minutes between receiving the note and acting upon it, the Games Master should have the Player Characters take a Perception skill test. If any of them succeed, they should be told that the waiter that delivered the note can be seen putting his cloak on and heading out the side door into the street. If they ask what he looked like he was doing, a simple (+15%) Perception skill test will determine that he looked nervous and more than a little concerned toward their table when he left and even more so as he stepped out into the rain. This is surely to either raise all sorts of alarms in their heads, or make them believe that perhaps the waiter is the mysterious writer.

Ten minutes will pass rather quickly and hopefully the Player Characters (or some of them) have gone out into the alley as the note suggested. If they have not, the stand-in waiter will come after a while and express to the group that there is a man out in the alley waiting for them – and that he looks badly injured.



Whether they immediately went to the alley or if they needed further prodding, the following scene unfolds in the alley behind the hotel.

The canvas awning over the alley makes the sound of raindrops fall flat against your ears in contrast with the splatter of your feet in puddles as you walk into the dimly lit space behind the building. Almost immediately, before you can fully take in the surroundings, a voice coughs to you from the dark behind some empty crates.

'Is-is that you?' the voice stammers, 'I don't have much time.' An older man in ragged clothes, hunched over slightly, limps out into the glow of the nearest streetlight. He has a pale face and yellow, jaundiced rings under his eyes. He winces in pain, revealing to you a heavy burlap bag rolled around what might be a weapon of some sorts, 'Came here to sell it, but no time now. Here, take it… I cannot go on any longer… the Magistrate… it said you were the ones…'

He collapses to one knee, allowing a shining silver sword and bejewelled gauntlet to spill from the burlap into the

street with a clatter. You can also see that his right hand has been severed neatly halfway up the forearm. 'Not much time… they cannot have it… the Champion will… fall… leave Karlye… leave…'

Suddenly, a trio of crossbow bolts perforate the old man's chest and neck, sending him tumbling backwards.

'Stop!' a brutish grunt comes from the mouth of the alley, 'You are all under arrest!'

The old man is Risidious and he has suffered a Major Wound to the head *and* chest. He has already failed his first Resilience roll to stay conscious and will need to take additional Resilience rolls to remain living unless the Player Characters take the time to heal his wounds before he expires. This is, of course, unlikely – but some Player Characters will want to be heroic and save him.

The crossbow bolts were fired by three Karlye watchmen who were on specific orders to use lethal force when Risidious is found and who were informed as to the old man's whereabouts by the concerned waiter from the eatery. They would much rather reload their crossbows and deal with the Player Characters at range if they can, as they are not terribly good melee combatants, but will draw their rapiers if they must. The watchmen would not like to fight to the death if they can help it and will retreat if one or more of their number gets dealt Serious Wounds or worse. They will not however, surrender, unless left with no other option.

If the Player Characters choose to actually surrender and get arrested, the watchmen will wait until the Player Characters are disarmed before opening fire. Rafe informed the watch that anyone in contact with Risidious would need to be eliminated too. This sort of 'firing squad' style of arrest could be very deadly and Games Masters should try to give some kind of warning to the players, perhaps with a difficult (–20%) Perception check to see the 'glint of aggression in his eye' or something similar.

There is always the possibility that one of the Player Characters will choose to put on the gauntlet or pick up the sword (or both!) during the skirmish. The following is all of the information needed about the Sword Magistrate, its statistics, powers and drawbacks.

The Sword Magistrate (and the Hand of Fate)

This ancient relic called into being by the Runestaff in the age before the Tragic Millennium, this set of mystic artefacts has the power to enforce Equilibrium and lash back against the tides of Chaos in tumultuous times. They appear as a silver angelic broadsword with a golden hilt in the shape of a blind woman and a bejewelled gauntlet of bronze that looks almost draconic in construction. Used separately these items are mighty, but when wielded together the possibilities are as endless as the Multiverse itself.

Sword Magistrate

A beautifully forged broadsword made of mystical silver and gold, it is a fine weapon that can shear through armour and flesh with ease. It has an edge unlike any other and even the least of blows it lands can sever limbs.

Weapon	Skill	Damage Dice	STR/ DEX	ENC	AP/ HP
Sword Magistrate	1H Sword	2D8+1	10/7	1	10/—
	2H Sword	2D10	7/7		

- This item cannot be broken by mortal means
- Any hit from this weapon that is not Dodged or Parried results in it causing a Critical Hit

Hand of Fate

An interestingly crafted bronze gauntlet with sapphire talons and opal knuckles, it is so much more than a gorgeous piece of armour. *Nothing* in its grasp can be forcibly removed unless the wearer chooses to let go, or dies in the process.

Armour	AP	ENC	Location
Hand of Fate	10	—	Right Arm

Magistrate of Fate

When the two artefacts are combined by the same wielder – the sword wielded in the gauntleted hand – they transform into a powerful instrument of Law. In addition to the significant statistics found above, the combined items have a number of additional properties that will not be immediately apparent to the wielder until they come into play.



- The sword will ignore the AP of any source protecting a servant (willing or not) of Chaos.
- The wielder gains 5 extra Combat Reactions for the purposes of Parrying only.
- The gauntlet's opals will glow when in the presence of a willing servant of Chaos.
- The weapon cannot be truly released once wielded, unless by a Dark soul. It may still be sheathed but not dropped or given away.
- The gauntlet will automatically and painfully burn off the hand it is worn by should the wielder ever be judged Dark (as in committing evil acts).
- The wielder has a greater effect over the tides of fate, destiny and Equilibrium (Games Master discretion as to direct effects).

Especially if any of the Player Characters are using the artefacts, this battle should be over rather quickly – most likely with the city watchmen running or bleeding out in the gutter. If the Player Characters take the time to search them, each watchman has 3D10 copper pennies in a small purse, six crossbow bolts (minus any fired in the battle), a rapier stamped with the town's sigils and a hand-sketched picture of Risidious with the words 'WANTED: DEAD by Rafe Thenblade of the Order of the Bull'.

Should the Player Characters somehow manage to keep Risidious alive, he will explain that the sword is a powerful artefact that he is not strong enough to protect anymore and that it cannot fall into the hands of the Order of the Bull – who will surely use it for evil. If asked about his hand, he will say that he did what he had to in order to bring the weapon here. If asked what the weapon does, he will only say that it puts fate in your hands and knows good from evil. If asked *what* it is, he will produce a torn piece of paper from one of the antiquity tomes to recite a poem:

'*Keeper of laws,*
straight and shined.
Magistrate blade,
To heroes be led.
The Fated hand,
tapestry bound,
to all Dark a curse,
to the Champion proud.'

If Risidious cannot be saved, the page of paper will still be tucked in his front pocket and a quick (–10%) Perception test will see it poking out at a glance.

When the combat is over and it looks like the Player Characters might be heading back inside, if only to avoid further problems with breaking the Order of the Bull's curfew, the Player Characters should hear a ruckus from inside the building they are about to enter. If they rush in, they will be stopped by a kindly patriot who works in the kitchen, who tells them 'Get out! Go away! They are here… looking for you!' before shutting and locking the back door.

The Player Characters might want to try and peek in a side window to see what is going on, or eavesdrop…

'…am Rafe Thenblade of the Order of the Bull,' the athletically built man shouts from behind a wrought iron bull's head mask, 'where did the traitors go?' he shouts. Behind him are two hulking soldiers wielding thick-hafted polearms and wearing similar masks that are actually bolted to helmets.

Where there is Law...

In the Multiverse, Equilibrium never stacks the side in favour of Law or Chaos. This means that where Law has the Sword Magistrate and the Hand of Fate at its disposal, there is an equivalent set of artefacts for the forces of Chaos. These items are called the *Murderous Axe* and the *Conqueror's Fist*. They have equal abilities and powers to the artefacts represented in this scenario, save for wherever it says 'Chaos' insert the term 'Law' instead.

These dark items are in the treasury of Baron Meliadus – where they will remain buried under a pile of unused items until he is made aware of what he has at his fingertips.

'Out-out back, sir,' the waiter points toward the door you had exited from with a shaking hand, 'I sent for the watch… but that was quite a while ago.'

'I'll have the watch captain flogged for his tardiness,' Rafe said with a growl, 'let's have them then! I want that old man's head!' The soldiers of them move toward the door at Rafe's command and you suddenly realise that this situation just got worse.

If the Player Characters feel up for one hell of a fight, there are two shocktroopers about to walk out of the back door and into the alley. These bull-masked goliaths are *not* to be taken lightly and anyone who passes a Lore (World) skill check should know that this will be hard fought with likely casualties. Unless the Player Characters have something special up their sleeves – or a death wish – they should probably run into the back alleys and streets of Karlye to escape.

Rafe himself is too busy questioning the other patrons to come out back and if his shocktroopers do not return in a timely fashion with Risidious' body, he will eventually go and look for himself – but not until much later.

Running Through the Streets of Karlye After Dark

The Player Characters are now on the run from both the city watch and the soldiers of the Order of the Bull in a dark and rainy city that has been given a strict curfew, the breaking of which likely means a painful inquisition before an equally painful execution. Fate has placed the Player Characters in this situation and now they have a scant ten hours before sunrise – when the streets ought to be relatively safe again.

Games Masters can choose from or roll randomly on the following list of night time events to map out what the Player Characters will need to overcome in order to make it all the way to morning safely. Each of the following entries will state how much time (in hours) it will take up from the ten hours the Player Characters have until sunrise.

1D8	Event	Repeatable?[1]
1	Abandoned Shelter	No
2	Black Marketer	No
3	Street Gang Thugs	Yes
4	Good Samaritan	No
5	Anti-Granbretan Patriot	Yes
6	City Watch Patrol	Yes
7	Ornithopter Patrol	Yes
8	Shocktrooper	Yes

[1]If no, re-roll result after first time.

Abandoned Shelter

This event takes place when the Player Characters luck out and find an abandoned lean-to in the streets of Karlye.

You duck into a low awning between two darkened buildings just in time to avoid the peering eyes on a passing ornithopter and you are reasonably sure that no one saw you. You quickly look around to verify and you realise suddenly that the space that you have stumbled upon looks like it once served as a shelter for a vagrant or traveller.

It has been left to the rats, which scurry out from under a rotten straw mattress when you poke around. The wind

and rain still seep in from under the tattered awning, but a torn leather curtain looks as if it could serve as a tent flap of sorts to hide you from passers by. So long as you do not light a fire or lantern and limit your noise, it might be a safe hideout.

The Player Characters have found an excellent place to spend the night in the form of an old street urchin's lean-to. They could easily use it to spend the rest of the night in relative safety as long as they do not draw any additional attention to themselves.

In the hovel there are the following points of interest and what they have to offer the Player Characters who might investigate them.

- **Rotten Straw Mattress –** A dozen or more street rats (will likely scurry away), two copper pennies. A further Perception skill check will discover a loose street-stone that has three mouldy dinner rolls and a thin-bladed dagger in modest condition.

- **Badly Nailed-together Box –** A maggoty piece of pork, a single gold pundstarleen and a small jar of collected horseshoe nails (most are bent).

- **Torn Leather Curtain –** Seven badly bent brass rings (worth about 10 CP).

Over the course of the rest of the night, there is a chance that a random Karlye watch patrol might investigate the lean-to. This percentage chance goes up depending on what the Player Characters are doing and should be rolled every hour. These modifiers are cumulative.

The Player Characters…	% Chance of Watch Patrol[1]
…are just sleeping/on watch.	5%
…are currently searching the hovel.	+5%
…have lit a fire/torch/lantern.	+10%
…are talking or arguing above a whisper.	+5%
…have at least one Serious Wound amongst them (leading to groans, heavier breathing, and so on.).	+5%
…are performing any skill-related tasks that could make additional noise.	+10%

[1]Success on this roll immediately changes this event to the 'City Watch Patrol' event.

The Player Characters may be able to spend the whole night here if they wish, but this event ends after an hourly roll comes up with the City Watch Patrol.

Black Marketeer

This event takes place when a late night shipment of illegal goods leaves the door open to a black market storehouse, where the Player Characters might have a chance to duck into for cover.

The heavy wooden door to the storehouse creaks loudly as you close it behind you, leaving the dark streets and chilling rain behind for the dry warmth of the building. Just as your eyes are adjusting to the lack of streetlights, an oil lantern springs to life from the back of the storehouse – revealing a swarthy looking gent and two brutish companions holding large clubs in their meaty hands.

'Allo, folks,' the smaller man in the middle says with a sly grin, 'the name be Minister Tycen and you have ten seconds to tell me why you are in my main warehouse.'

The Player Characters could take a quick look at all the illegal and unmarked crates around the storehouse to know that this has to be some kind of black market hub, with Minister Tycen being the 'boss'. They have a couple of options: fight, flee or buy. Depending on what they choose to do will make the difference as to the rest of the scene.

If the Player Characters fight, they are in for quite a shock. The two thugs with clubs are Street Thugs (see page 119 for statistics and use the statistics for a common Karlye citizen for Minister Tycen) and three others are waiting in the background of the scene to join if things start to go badly. If the Player Characters defeat them *all*, including Tycen, they can spend the rest of the night here in peace – possibly sifting through the crates for certain items (see the 'buy' option below). If they lost, they are likely dead or badly injured enough to be left out in the street for the Granbretanians to find.

If the Player Characters flee, there is no conflict at all, but it takes no time off their countdown to sunrise.

If the Player Characters choose to offer to buy something from Minister Tycen, he will wave off his goons immediately and assume the role of salesperson. There is a 50% base chance that he has any given object (with

Games Master permission) found in *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game* equipment tables. Tycen, being a professional black marketer, has all listed prices doubled and haggles only on sales of over 1,000 silver pieces. One thing to remember when dealing with Tycen is that if someone says the word 'buy'… someone *will* be buying.

Buying from the black marketeer will take 1D3 hours off the remaining timer for the countdown to sunrise.

Street Gang Thugs

This event takes place when a small group of undercity thugs find the Player Characters on their 'turf' and plan on making an example out of them.

'Well, well,' a gruff voice grunts over the sound of a drawing blade, 'what do we 'ave here? A few little chickens to be plucked, eh?' The voice belongs to the rugged, unshaven lout that is walking out into the street along with his five cohorts. They are all armed with short blades and they do not look happy at all to see you…

These are perfect examples of the Karlye street criminals that run the undercity when the Granbretan nobility is not looking. The five thugs (Krale, Stith, Crain, Magger and Tookie) are members of the Foxing Jesters and are led by the local gang leader named Pracker (see page 121 for Street Thug statistics). They are really only looking for a few silvers to get them by, but if the Player Characters show any semblance of being well-armed or wealthy (like having a sword of silver or a bejewelled gauntlet!) they might just try their luck at the whole haul.

The Player Characters might be able to intimidate the thugs if they are exceptionally bold or brash – or if the mention that they are wanted by the Order of the Bull – the thugs might be frightened away. There is a fine line between frightening and threatening the thugs and if the Player Character crosses it Pracker might just as easily shout loudly for the watch before scattering to the four corners. If that occurs, this event should turn into 'City Watch Patrol'.

If the Player Characters somehow manage to befriend the thugs in any way, they might be allowed to hide out in the Foxing Jesters' hovel, which is a few blocks away. Everyone involved will need to make multiple Stealth skill checks to do so without attracting the attention of any Karlye patrols. If the Player Characters decide to stay with the Jesters, they will want to keep a good watch over themselves and their equipment during the rest of the night – as they are sleeping amidst a bunch of criminals!

The thugs have only 2D6 copper pennies on their persons and their daggers.

Dealing with the Street Gang Thugs could only take a few minutes if there is an immediate combat, but could take up to an hour if there was conversation and negotiations involved. If they manage to stay the night with the thugs, they can stay until morning.

Good Samaritan

This event takes place when a local Karlye citizen wants to do the right thing for the Player Characters, likely out of a mutual dislike for the nobility of Granbretan.

'Hey,' says a hushed whisper from a nearby building, 'over here! Get inside before they see you!' You look around to see where the voice is coming from, only to see that it came from a weathered old woman leaning out from her window. 'The Granbretanians are right around the corner!'

The old woman is named Grace Hollisson and her husband was part of the resistance against the Granbretan when their soldiers killed him and she has never forgiven them for it. She is a seamstress and a wonderful host and she has heard through the rumour mill that there is a group of people being hunted down by the Granbretan nobility – and has been watching out of her window ever since.

Now that she has an opportunity to help someone against her husband's murderers, she will open her doors for them no matter how grizzled or thuggish they might look. She will happily feed the Player Characters and do repairs to their clothing and other cloth items, which will require her to use her Craft (Seamstress) skill of 70%. She will also freely speak to them about her husband and the way that the Granbretan Empire stole him away from her and that she hopes that the universe will one day strike back at them.

The Player Characters could stay the whole night if they wish to, or they can stay long enough to believe that they have avoided the patrols, or they might not wish to endanger the old woman. This is a good opportunity for the Games Master to fill the characters in with all sorts

of interesting information about the history of the area and of the conquering of so much of Europe. It is also a good opportunity to instil a good distrust and dislike for Granbretan (if the Games Master wishes to do so).

The Player Characters can spend as long as much of their countdown as possible with the old woman, or as little – it is up to them.

Anti-Granbretan Patriot

This event takes place when a fellow fugitive from the forces of Granbretan notices the Player Characters and wants to help them – so they can help him.

'Pssst!' a voice whispers from the shadows, just loud enough to be heard over the fall of raindrops on the stones of the street, 'Over here!' You look around to see a cloaked man hiding behind a stack of crates and he is waving you over.

It could be a trick, or a trap, but he is breaking curfew, the same as you…

The man hiding behind the crates is named Albrent Foep (see page 121 for Street Thug statistics) and he is a convicted (and escaped) bandit from the roads to Germany. He is a stalwart patriot of France and refuses to bend his knee to Granbretanian rule, which is why he has been targeting their caravans. It was his plain bad luck that placed him in Karlye when the Order of the Bull arrived – and now he has found others that he thinks will be able to help him out.

Albrent claims to know a way in and out of the city through the old sewer system, but he does not think that he can do it by himself with the Order of the Bull around. He suggests that they team up for the hasty exit he plans on making, but that they will have to wait until the daytime – when the sewers will not be flooded with rainwater. He gives the Player Characters a hand-drawn map to an old aqueduct router that he will meet them at the next day's sundown.

What the characters will not know is that Albrent will be caught, tortured and executed some time during the day; leaving them with the exit map, but no guide.

If the Player Characters really want to use the sewers now they can try, but numerous Athletics checks for swimming and grabbing handholds will be required. When combined with the Sewer Monitors, such a trip might prove unhealthy to say the least.

The event should only take 1 hour.

City Watch Patrol

This event takes place when the Player Characters are discovered in some fashion by a pair of the Karlye city watchmen.

'Hey!' a loud shout erupts from the end of the street as two uniformed watchmen turn the corner to discover you, 'Halt! You are breaking curfew! Do not move!' They begin to run towards you, drawing their rapiers and you do not think they have any intentions of arresting you at all…

The two city watchmen (see page 119 for statistics) are loyal to Granbretan and would like nothing more than to bring the heads of a handful of curfew breakers to Rafe for some kind of promotion or commendation (not that he would likely give one to a French colonial), so they are here to fight the Player Characters. Fortunately for the Player Characters, they are trying to kill them for the glory – meaning that they will not call for assistance until one of the watchmen is killed or subdued. When this happens, there are 2D6 combat rounds before another two watchmen will arrive on the scene. If a '12' is rolled on this check however, there is a shocktrooper in close proximity instead of common soldiers and he will arrive in 1D3 rounds!

The Player Characters could try and fight, or they might rather flee. If they choose the latter option, they will likely need to make several Stealth checks against the Perception skills of their pursuers. If they manage to lose the patrol, they can immediately roll again to see what sort event they have just literally escaped directly into!

The Player Characters will not likely spend much time fighting or fleeing from the watch, but particularly long or exciting chases/conflicts might take up a single hour.

Ornithopter Patrol

This event takes place when the Player Characters are spotted by one of the electric-light ornithopters piloted by a Bull Order shocktrooper.

You turn the corner to avoid what sounded like heavy footfalls, possibly one of those brutal Granbretanians, only to be blinded by the electric-arc spotlight of a thrumming ornithopter hovering a few dozen paces above the street and directly over you. The combination of the rain and your own footfalls must have masked the sound of its mechanisms, but now you can hear it plainly as its pilot swivels its flame-lance toward you…

This event can really only go one of two ways – run or fight. Obviously fighting a flying foe will be exceedingly difficult for Player Characters who do not have spells or ranged weaponry, but the use of Athletics, Acrobatics and conveniently placed stacks of crates or awnings to get at the ornithopter with melee attacks might be difficult – but exciting and worth rewarding if attempted. One thing to remember is that if the ornithopter explodes (see page 123), it will assuredly bring 1D3 ornithopters, 1D6 Bull Order shocktrooper and 2D6 city watchmen to investigate the plume of fire that is visible to most of the city! See the final chapter of this book for statistics of the ornithopter and all relevant persons.

Running from the ornithopter is likely the better choice, as there are a number of places that it simply cannot go. Using alleys and tight spaces might force the pilot to land in order to continue his search for the Player Characters, which will give crafty players a chance to possibly sabotage the ornithopter, or possibly even steal it (if they happen to know how to pilot one). Stealth checks versus the pilot's Perception will be necessary, but Games Masters should add a bonus to the pilot if the Player Characters are somewhere it *can* fly, but a penalty if they are not.

If they manage to lose the patrol fully, they can immediately roll again to see what sort event they have just literally escaped directly into, adding +3 to the roll for the added attention that the ornithopter added to the chase!

The Player Characters will not likely spend much time fighting or fleeing from the ornithopter, but particularly long or exciting chases/conflicts could take up to a single hour.

Order of the Bull Shocktrooper

This event takes place when the Player Characters are discovered by one of the heavily armed and armoured shocktroopers, who is hell-bent on their destruction.

'In the name of Duke Rafe Thenblade of the Order of the Bull and the High King-Emperor,' a low voice rumbles out from a bank of rain-fog, 'you have been judged seditious and a traitor to the Granbretan Empire.'

The voice's owner steps out into the flicker of a streetlamp and your heart flutters slightly under its steely gaze. Towering over two metres in height and clad in the thick armour of a Granbretanian heavy infantryman, topped with an iron bull's head and wielding a long-hafted polearm, a Granbretanian shocktrooper was a match for entire units of resistance fighters in the war…

…and now one is snorting derisively and charging angrily in your direction.

The Player Characters have been found by a shocktrooper (see page 122 for statistics), who wants nothing more than to dispatch them bloodily, quickly and without too much of a struggle on their parts. Since it is likely four or five-to-one odds, they might want to try to fight it. Shocktroopers are tough combatants, but they carry a decent amount of equipment and armour that might be helpful loot if they manage to win.

Even so, it is only one enemy on foot. Although he moves faster, probably hits harder and can absorb more damage…the Player Characters might try to escape him. Using the shocktrooper's massive size and inflexible armour to their advantage by squeezing through cracks in walls or climbing quickly over fences might help, even if it means the Granbretanian is slowed by having to cut or smash the obstacle out of his way.

If they manage to lose the shocktrooper, they can immediately roll again to see what sort event they have just literally escaped directly into, with a +1 to the roll due to the likelihood that other Granbretanian forces are nearby!

Bloody Streets

'What?!?' Rafe shouted *at the city watchman bowed before him, the glint of first sunlight shining in from the window off the snout of his mask, 'Are you quite sure?'*

'Absolutely,' the fearful French officer replied, 'all of the arrests we made did not turn up the thieves you speak of. Are you sure they are even here at–' his voice was cut off by Rafe's mailed fist, which shot outward and smashed into the watchman's voice box painfully.

'Idiocy!' Rafe clamoured, drawing his humming blade and turning it downward in his hand, 'If you cannot do this one simple thing for your King-Emperor, then you shall at least cease to annoy his servant!' He plunged the blade downward into the choking man, twisting the blade with a brutal grunt. Turning to one of his honour guards, he growled. 'What we could not find under moonlight, a crushed and pathetic people will deliver to us in daylight or Karlye will never be clean of their spilled blood.'

'What is your command, milord?' the Granbretanian huffed in response, his voice deep and low.

'Find a carpenter and round up some examples,' Rafe said, 'then redecorate the market quarter.'

In this chapter the Player Characters discover that their continued presence in Karlye is making the city hell to live in. The Order of the Bull, having failed to capture the Player Characters over the course of the night, have now turned to punishing the local populace to try and get *them* to turn in the 'criminals'.

Waking Up to Screams and Sobs

The Player Characters have survived the night being hunted by Granbretanian forces through a number of different methods and are now happy to join the growing throngs of citizens leaving their homes and filling the streets. Well, they will be until they see what is happening on many street corners – or rather hear it.

It is a good morning. The end of the rain has pulled up a thin fog and it is not too warm to wear a cloak or coat. You join a growing stream of citizens filling your street, allowing their bodies to create anonymity for you, relieved that the night passed without your capture. As the throng moves forward toward the soon-to-be-opening market square, you cannot help but believe you are hearing someone shouting nearby.

The Player Characters may not want to check it out immediately, but as they move along through the streets they will begin to see and hear more and more scenes of the same horror. Eventually they will be forced to see what is going on all over the quarter and they should be read the following:

'This citizen,' the bull-masked soldier says as he points up at the naked, bloody and beaten man crucified in an 'X' to two thick planks, 'failed to do his civic duty when he came upon a group of thieves that have stolen an expensive sword and gauntlet from the Order of the Bull!'

'I-I-did not know!' the man stammers, blood trickling from his split lip and shattered gums before sobbing painfully.

'There are fifteen others that are believed to have come into contact with these thieves last night,' the Granbretanian shouts over the man's sobs, 'and there are fifteen other examples made this morning! By order of Duke Rafe Thenblade, you WILL shout for the watch and take up arms against these thieves if you see them, or you will be gracing your own post by the morrow's morn!'

The man dying on the post is actually Albrent Foep, who the Player Characters will recognise if they met up with him during the night's events in the last chapter. If they



did not, he is just another citizen that is suffering horribly on account of them having the sword. It is a horrible way to die and it sounds like it is happening all over the quarter by the echoing shouts and screams the Player Characters will be able to hear.

While some players may not be predisposed to care too much about the suffering of nameless Non-Player Characters, it might be worth taking note of their actions and attitudes for the purposes of Fate points, improvement rolls and the hand-burning judgment of the *Magistrate of Fate*.

If the Player Characters do recognise Albrent because they met up with him the night before, they will assuredly realise that he will not be able to join them at the aqueduct sewer access. They still should have the hand-drawn map and they could always use it themselves to escape the Order of the Bull, but they will not know that Albrent already gave the exit up during his early-morning capture/interrogation. He gave up this information even if they did not meet him, which sets up the events at the end of the chapter titled 'No Way Out'.

Three city watchmen and a single shocktrooper will be standing watch over each crucifixion, just in case someone tries to do something to release them or put them out of their misery. Over the course of the day a few of the victims will die from their wounds (Albrent being one of them, rather early in the morning too), no more than three will be killed from merciful crossbow-snipers and one will die trying to rip herself down.

The New Attitude of Karlye

With the horrifying scenes portrayed all over the market quarter, the citizens (and visitors!) of Karlye have been dealt a major blow to their overall morale and general dispositions. The Player Characters will either need to avoid any contact with other sentient life, or risk revealing themselves to someone who might well turn them in to end the bloody suffering of their city.

Anytime the Player Characters run into any citizen of Karlye that they have yet to meet and make an impression upon, the Games Master should roll on the following table to decide what kind of encounter it will begin as.

1D6[1]	Type of Citizen Encounter
1	Magnanimous
2	Useful
3	Helpful
4	Uncomfortable
5	Avoidance
6	Anger
7	Alarmed
8	Blind Rage

[1]Add +3 to the roll if the Sword Magistrate or Hand of Fate is visible, +1 if the Player Characters look worried or hesitant, but subtract –1 if the leading Player Character can beat the citizen in an immediate Influence vs. Persistence opposed skill test.

NOTE: All characters involved with this table use the 'Karlye Citizen' statistics found on page 109.

Magnanimous

'I know what you are going through, let me help you any way I can against those bastards.'

The citizen is one of the rare instances where the bloody scenes permeating the street corners did not cow or dismay, but rather embolden against the Granbretanians. This citizen will help in any he can, up to and including 'lending' equipment of up to 100 SP to the Player Characters, showing them good places to hide, feeding them, or even causing a minor distraction for them if they need it. The Games Master might want to come up with why this citizen is so brave, especially if the Player Characters ever want to come back to Karlye some day.

Useful

'There is something you should know…'

The citizen has some bit of information that he believes will be useful to the Player Characters and is not too afraid of the Granbretanians to give it to them. This could be something as small as 'the sewer entrance is that way' to 'there is a gap in the Granbretanian patrols by the Westchance Inn'. This information might mean more to some players than others as they make their plans and form their schemes, but more importantly it means that the citizen will not turn them in to the watch.

Helpful

'Let's see here, what can I do for ye?'

The citizen either does not know the Player Characters are wanted by the Order of the Bull, or he just does not care one way or the other. Whatever they wanted with the citizen is still obviously an option and there will be no chance that the citizen will turn them in to the watch unless the business goes awry *because* of them. If they disrupt the citizen for whatever reason, he will shift to Uncomfortable immediately.

Uncomfortable

'What? Oh yeah… sure… let's just get this over with.'

The citizen knows that something is not quite right with the situation he is in and wonders if the Player Characters are the reason that the city is being painted red with the blood of its own people. If the rumours about these 'bloodthirsty thieves' are true, the citizen believes he had better do what they want until he can safely call for the watch. Whatever the Player Characters were trying to do with the citizen can continue, but if the citizen can get away (back in a store room, sudden need for fresh air, etc.) he will do so – going and telling the city watch about their whereabouts.

Avoidance

'No, no… I'm sure you have the wrong person? No, I have no idea what you are talking about.'

The citizen has decided that the best way to make sure that they do not come into contact with the 'bloody-handed thieves' is by ignoring anyone they do not already know and likely some of the folk they do. It would take a successful Influence skill test against the Persistence of the citizen for the Player Character to successfully get their attention long enough to likely be brushed off. Unless relentlessly bothered, these citizens are not likely to call for the watch.

Anger

'It is because of you, or people like you, that I had to watch my neighbour get staked to a board this morning!'

The citizen recognises the Player Characters for foreign adventurers and blames them for the Granbretanians' bloody deeds. Whether or not he knows that the Player Characters *are* the reason is debateable, but they look the part enough that the citizen only needs a few moments to start pawing at them in search of the sword or gauntlet. If he manages to find either artefact, he will shift to Alarm immediately.

Alarmed

'By all the gods in all the heavens! It is you! Help! Help! It's them! The thieves!'

The citizen has seen either of the two artefacts, or truly believes that the suspicious behaviour of the Player Characters makes them the thieves. In a sense, he is not wrong. He will not take up arms against the 'dangerous criminals', but he will shout loudly for the city watch while trying to run toward the nearest group of Karlye citizens.

Blind Rage

'I watched my son beaten, pulled from our home and nailed to a street post… all because of you! Die!'

The citizen saw one of the artefacts and knows that the Player Characters are the reason why the Granbretanians are punishing the market quarter civilians and has a personal or emotional stake in at least one of the people chosen this morning. He has lost his grip on self-preservation and is ready to kill the closest Player Character to him. While this will not likely be a tough combat for Seasoned adventurers, battling a citizen in broad daylight on the streets of Karlye is a good way to earn the distrust of everyone watching and possibly summon city watchmen (75% chance).

City Watchmen Encounters

Throughout the day the Player Characters might run into random city watch members that may or may not recognise them for who they really are. Depending on how the Player Characters are trying to avoid detection, it will likely call for an Influence (to convince others they are not the 'thieves') or Stealth (to simply bypass them) check against the watchmen's Perception skills. City watchmen always travel in pairs and Games Masters should remember to take all appropriate tests *twice*, as one might succeed where the other failed.

Of course if a citizen calls or informs the watch because of their run-in or dealings with the Player Characters, there is not likely to be a need for a roll at all as the watch are drawn and ready to try and bring down the Granbretanians' enemies. While some city watchmen are bloodthirsty thugs in uniforms, many are just doing what they are told to avoid being nailed up to a street post on the following day. This might leave room for crafty Player Characters to negotiate their way out of a bad situation, but the watchmen receive a +20% to their rolls to resist such persuasion… their lives are worth too much to disobey the Granbretanian duke.

Shocktrooper Encounters (or lack thereof)

With the successful elusion of the shocktroopers by the Player Characters on the last evening, Rafe has decided that the culprits must be trying to leave the city. Shocktroopers are then deployed at every entrance or exit of the city. Rafe himself and his honour guard (two shocktroopers) might be seen moving about the city, but will end up in the sewer exit before the day is out to hopefully root out anyone leaving via Albrent's 'secret' route.

If the Player Characters try to exit the city using a road, street or alley they should be blocked by a duo of shocktroopers and a pair of city watchmen (all armed additionally with flame-lances while on blockade duty). This will likely steer the Player Characters back toward the inside of town, where they will eventually (through repeated run-ins with angry citizens) decide that they *have* to escape.

NO WAY OUT

'**But my wife** *and daughter are…' one citizen shouts, quickly drowned out by the next.*

'My fields cannot plough themselves!' the angry voice adds to the murmur of the swelling crowd.

'You cannot do this!' a young woman shrieks, momentarily raising her voice higher than the rest, allowing it to garner the attention of the large, bull-masked men blocking their way with massive flame-lances.

'Silence!' one of the troops bellows. 'Until the thieves are caught and Duke Thenblade satisfied, no one can leave by highway or byway.'

'Or what?' a bold young man grunts from the second row of citizens in the growing throng, 'You'll jail us all?'

'No, I'll spread your greasy ashes over my rose garden back in Milan.'

In the later part of the day, the Player Characters will have found themselves in repeated situations that will likely point them in the direction of leaving town. There are only so many places a group of adventurers can hide and the number of friendly citizens that would not turn them in will quickly dwindle. It will make things difficult on the Player Characters to stay in Karlye for too long and they will need to start looking for a way out of the city.

Should the Player Characters get stubborn and choose to hold their ground or die trying, there are a few points that Games Masters should make concerning such a choice:

- **Reinforcements –** Even if the Player Characters manage to kill off many of the Granbretanians (quite a feat!) more will arrive by ornithopter every morning to replace the fallen. Rafe Thenblade has a great deal of clout with Baron Meliadus and a near limitless supply chain.
- **Night Escapades –** Every night the Player Characters stay in Karlye, they risk capture. Every evening past the first is run the same way as the one detailed in 'A Dark Night in Karlye', except that there is a cumulative +1 modifier to all rolls on the table per evening past the first.
- **Weary Populace –** With the added crucifixions every morning, the Player Characters will be doing far more harm than good the longer they stay and fight the Granbretanians. There is a +1 cumulative per day modifier to the Citizen Reaction table in the 'Bloody Streets' chapter.
- **Escalation of Arms –** Every two days, when Rafe calls in reinforcements, he will request bigger and stronger arms for his soldiers to stack the odds in their favour. On day three, they trade in their polearms for flame-lances. Day five, the ornithopters are upgraded to Combat Ornithopters (see page 73 of *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game*) and finally on day seven the Granbretanians are given experimental shoulder-mounted flame-cannons. This upward slope of weaponry will make things even more difficult on Player Characters hell bent on fighting the Granbretanians here and now.
- **Civilian Spies –** After the third day, Rafe will have several of his loyalist men flown in to walk amongst the people. They will secretly report as to the whereabouts of anyone matching the descriptions of the Player Characters and Games Masters should have the Order of the Bull on their heels almost constantly.

While it is theoretically possible to stay and fight, the Player Characters will soon find themselves as pariahs amidst a city littered with crucified bodies and ultimately under martial law by a bloodthirsty madman and his bio-engineered soldiers. Some might see this as the best chance to make a statement against Granbretan – but most should see it is an uphill battle that is only resulting in the deaths of many innocent people.

Blocked Exits

The city of Karlye is not walled exactly, but its tightly-packed housing and industry leaves only a handful of effective exits to the public on the ground and one in the air. These exits are currently heavily guarded and blockaded, leaving the Player Characters to try and discover (if they have not already been told) the sewer access tunnel.

By Street, Alley or Walkway

This scene is reserved for when a Player Character chooses to try and leave Karlye via the normal means and should dutifully illustrate how tight the Order of the Bull have the city locked down.

At the end of the roadway there seems to be a group of people crowded around a small handful of soldiers – two hulking Granbretanians and two Karlye watchmen. The soldiers are waving dangerous flame-lances in the air as they motion the citizens back from the edge of the city and the Granbretanians occasionally bellow into the crowd with barely decipherable commands.

'Get back!' one will shout, 'Until the thieves are found, no one may leave Karlye!'

If the throng of angry citizens (and their likelihood to turn the Player Characters in) is not enough to make them turn back from the scene, an added scene of the Granbretanians striking down a particularly vocal civilian might pull on the Player Character's heartstrings and sensibilities enough to ward them away. Conversely it could also embolden them to attack the guards and try to 'save the citizens', but the chance that the mob will not just simply turn on the Player Characters alongside their oppressors is great. Roll one reaction on the citizen table in 'Bloody Streets', adding +4 to the roll, for the whole mob.

Should the Player Characters manage to somehow defeat the mob (if it attacked), the Granbretanians and the watchmen, they could effectively flee the city. They should be chased by a pair of ornithopters, which will try to direct them to where Rafe and his honour guard are waiting (see *Into the Light*, below).

By Ornithopter or Flamingo

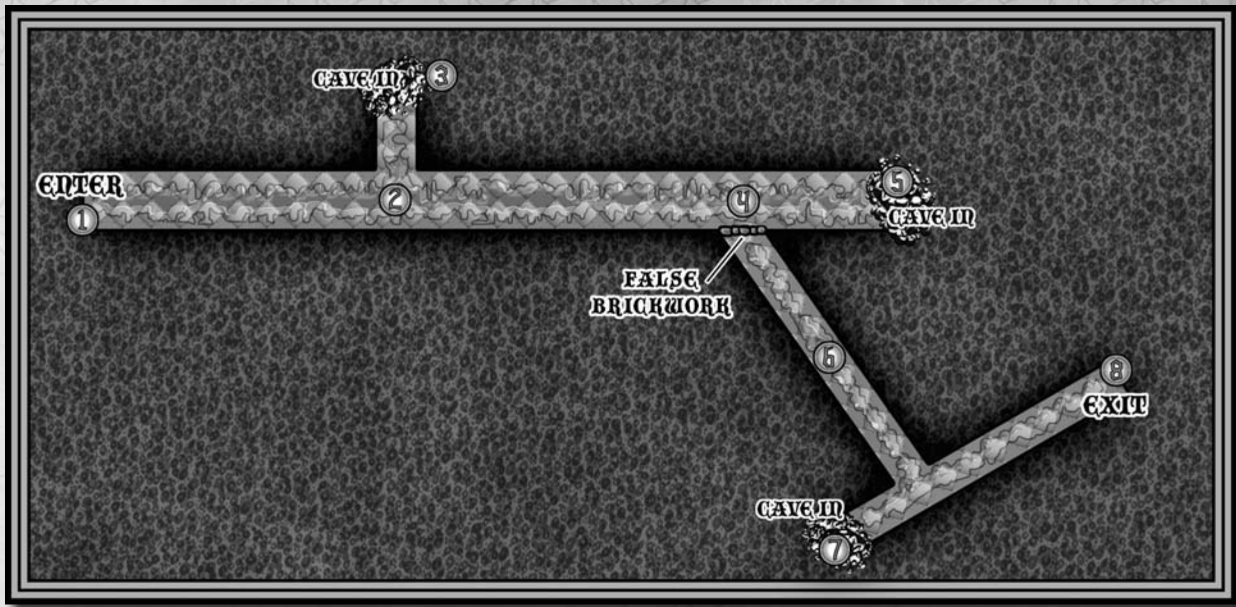
Trying to leave the city by flight is foolish to say the least and most likely a deadly option. There are no fewer than ten Order of the Bull ornithopters waiting or fuelling for launch at the sky-port, meaning that anyone taking to the sky is going to be quickly outnumbered and likely gunned down. For obvious reasons, trying to escape Karlye by means of flight is almost assuredly a disaster.

Some Player Characters might want to go ahead and give it a try, however. If they do, the Games Master can expect a very fast-paced and bloody battle on his hands shortly. An air squadron of Granbretanian combat pilots will do their best to force their enemy into a position where the wings of the squadron can simply take turns passing by them while launching salvo after salvo of flame-lance fire. Unless the Player Characters have some trick or special idea to gain victory over such overwhelming odds it is better if they stick to the ground.

The Aqueduct Sewer Access

If the Player Characters managed to run into Albrent in 'A Dark Night in Karlye', they likely already know about his 'secret' exit out of the city through the city's old sewer system. He had claimed that the rain would leave the tunnel too flooded to travel in until later the next day, which is when the Player Characters might decide to try their luck at getting out that way. What they do not know is that Albrent told Rafe about the tunnel when he was tortured and now the Granbretanian lurks in wait at its end for the Player Characters.

If the Player Characters did not get a chance to meet Albrent, they might need to make a few Lore (regional) skill checks or perhaps Influence skill tests against local civilians (that do not want to turn them in, of course!) to try and learn of the aqueduct access and the old sewer drainage tunnels. Alternately, if any of the Player Characters are currently in possession of the Sword and the Hand they may be urged by Destiny to find the sewer entrance as it will lead them to the next Fate-altering choice in their lives and that is how the Multiverse tends to work.



However they find the aqueduct access is up to them and the Games Master to decipher, but the following string of scenes are based on the eventual finding and entering of the sewer system in order to eventually escape Karlye and the hunters from Granbretan.

1) The Access Entrance

The street gives way to a large counterweight system confined in a wooden shed that once raised and lowered the access grate that bled off excess water from the aqueduct into the city sewer system. The idea was to basically keep the water from simply spilling into the street, but was later perceived as an utter waste of freshwater and was shut down. From where you are standing however, you can see that the grate was left rusted in the 'open' position, revealing what might be considered a makeshift doorway leading down…

The entrance of the sewer has enough room for a SIZ 20 individual to squeeze between the grate and the rusted track it sits in and there is a five-foot slope covered in algae and slime moulds leading down to the tunnel itself. It requires a slightly difficult (–10%) Athletics skill test to climb down without slipping, which only inflicts 1 point of damage to 1D3 random locations if a person slips and falls down the stone slope. Armour can protect this as normal, but will not keep the slipped character from getting covered in green grime. Otherwise it does nothing unforeseen to anyone covered in it.

The main sewer tunnel is roughly five metres in diameter, with several small recesses on the walls that once held candles for workers (but now is home to vermin). This tunnel itself has not been used as an actual sewer (for waste purposes) for several years and many of its side tributaries have been bricked up by the city to stop the dangerous aqueduct sewer monitors from swimming deeper into the city. There is still a great deal of water in the bottom of the oval-shaped tunnel from the rain runoff, but it is only a foot or so deep. While in the tunnel the Player Characters will have a –5% penalty to the Dodge, Athletics (except swimming and brute force) and Acrobatics skills because of unsure footing and water resistance to their movements.

It is understandably dark in the tunnel and lanterns or torches are probably going to be necessary. Since the sewer has not been used for waste in such a long time there are no natural gases present to burn or explode, so that it is not a worry. The flickering light of an open flame will glint eerily off slimy walls and time-polished stones to create shadows and imagery that may or may not really be there, which will penalise all Perception checks by –10% (unless the Player Character has something to

avoid this). It may also be interesting for Games Masters to call for the occasional Perception test from the party's lead traveller, revealing that they always 'thought they saw something' or 'saw something splash in the water ahead'. Of course this is just to add to the dark paranoia of the Player Characters until they are actually attacked by creatures in the sewer later!

2) The First Open Junction

A few hundred paces in the darkness, you come across not so much a fork in the tunnel but a side tributary whose bricked up entrance has been torn down to rubble. Behind it there is a thinner tunnel that you can hear a faint scraping sound… like metal on stone…

This is exactly what it sounds like, a side tunnel that was bricked up but was pulled down from this side to gain access to it. The ground is jagged, slick and uneven all around the entrance from the bricks that were pulled down into the water and eventually covered in slime. Everyone carelessly walking across them must pass an Athletics test to do so without falling backwards into the water; this causes no damage, but is embarrassing and potentially hazardous to certain items.

If someone thinks to check around in the fallen bricks, they can make a single Perception roll to come up with an old rusted crowbar and a rotten leather coin purse that has two grime-crusted silver euo coins in it.

If a Player Character thinks to shine a light down into the tributary tunnel, he can see a pair of large green, unblinking eyes shining back at him and the glint of metal nearby. This is the jewelled eyes of the mask at the end of the tunnel but the Player Characters cannot know that yet and might want to do some interesting and entertaining things in response.

The tunnel itself is only a metre or so in diameter and twice that in height, making it very difficult for more than one person to go down and investigate. This too should make things a little more fearsome for whoever gets chosen to walk down and investigate first…

3) Tributary Cave-In

The end of the smaller tunnel has been blocked by a massive cave-in, which looks manmade in design. Under it you can see that the glowing 'eyes' belong to the sockets of a metallic hawk mask, which is constantly rubbing a groove in a nearby stone because of the rock of the water beneath it. It is definitely Granbretanian and shows many weeks of wear and rust.

The cave-in was a trap set by the Karlye resistance to catch an Order of the Hawk noble – whose skeleton is still pinned under the rocks. Half of his body is still on this side of the cave-in and the masked-skull is held up by water and a misshapen stone beneath it. The gems in the mask are enchanted to grant Night Sight (see *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game*, page 93) and a +20% Perception bonus, but both must be worn to achieve the effect. On one of his skeletal hands the noble was wearing a golden signet ring of his bloodline and Order, which would likely fetch 100 gold pundstarleens in a contraband market. Otherwise, there is little here to investigate.

4) False Brickwork

You feel like you have been trudging through the water for a very long way when a very pungent odour strikes you. For being in a sewer you would expect such things, but it is not like that sort of smell, it is animal, like musk of sorts. It seems to be coming from a section of the tunnel wall that has been all bricked up. The tunnel continues forward, but the smell seems to come from here…

The smell is a dead skunk rat that the sewer monitors killed this morning, leaving it to soften and decay slightly in the water of their nest (see location 7) and the airflow from the tunnel exit is blowing it this way. The reason it can be smelled so readily here is the fact that the 'brickwork' on the wall is actually fake. It is just pieces of bricks adhered to a large piece of tin that can be set in the wall to cover up the tunnel leading out.

There are several tests that can be called for in this area, with which the Player Characters could learn a great deal of interesting information that will be helpful (or necessary) in the progression of the story.

- **Craft (Masonry)** – A character skilled in masonry or a similar Craft skill could make a skill test to see that the brickwork is obviously false due to poor craftsmanship and the drying marks on the mortar are *upside down*.

- **Lore (Karlye) –** Someone versed in the tales of this city may have heard that the original French Resistance used this tunnel to come and go unseen and was known for using secret passages to dissuade Granbretanian pursuers.

- **Lore (Animal) –** Any character that knows about animals will know the smell of skunk rat musk oils. They are not a subterranean creature, meaning that it was brought here by something else.

- **Perception (–25%) –** If a character is looking around for something out of the ordinary, they might be able to see that the flow of water is the opposite of the flow of air. Water flows toward and under the brickwork panel, but the stinking air seems to be coming from behind it.

It takes a very simple Athletics skill test for brute strength (+30%) to lift and remove the false brickwork panel, which will reveal the secondary tunnel leading to the exit. When the panel is removed however, every character in the immediate vicinity must pass a Resilience test immediately or be overcome with nausea and suffer a single level of Fatigue from the overwhelming rush of musk-ridden air.

5) A Very Dead End

The tunnel abruptly ends at a forced cave-in, water washing up against the fallen stone like waves upon the shore. There are several tons of rock and stone in front of you, making progress this way impossible.

The tunnel was purposefully closed off here to prevent too much runoff and the like from washing down into the river (where the sewer eventually ended that way), but that took place years ago. The way is thoroughly blocked by several metres of slime-sealed stone and would take a massive team to excavate it.

This scene is designed to make Player Characters that have yet to find the false panel (in location 4) think that the sewer might actually be some kind of dead-end, frustrate them and make for good inter-party arguments as to what next to do. If it looks like the group is getting *too* frustrated, the Games Master can always use the narrative powers of the Sword Magistrate to point them in the right direction. This should not come in the form of a simple 'the sword points' sort of message, the Multiverse rarely works so simply. Perhaps the character that scores the highest on a successful Perception skill check will notice a constant and particularly bright glint of light coming off the sword seems to be shining on the false bricks. It needs to seem more like accidental providence, rather than simple Games Master direction.

6) Sewer Monitors

As the tunnel tightens a bit the stink fades with the rush of fresh air from further down this way, you are suddenly aware that you are not alone; there is something in the water with you.

The tunnel is roughly two metres wide and tall, meaning that SIZ 16 or higher characters will have problems moving around but should not suffer a game mechanics penalty unless trying to do something that requires overhead room.

The 'something in the water' above is actually a patch of floating dead animals (skunk rats, dogs, cats and even two hatchling flamingos), that are being held in place by subtle currents made by the sewer monitors' nesting skills. The monitors can eat raw flesh, but the nutrients provided by the additional mould and insects that gather on waterlogged and rotten meat are essential to their diets. Player Characters with any recent wounds that do a great deal of searching around in the dead bodies have a 10% chance of getting a nasty infection of the same type as Sewer Rot (see their description on page 121).

The real danger in this tunnel is the family of four sewer monitors (see page 121) that recently laid a clutch of eggs in location 7 and are ready to protect them from any dangers – like a group of Player Characters stomping through their feeding stores! The sewer monitors will try to stealthily sneak up on the Player Characters through the water to bite at their legs first, but will quickly come to the surface once battle has begun (they cannot breathe underwater).

7) Monitors' Nest

In a large pile of collected rubble, rotten meat and droppings at the base of a tunnel cave-in is a round depression filled with mottled brown spheres and a few glints of metal…

This is the sewer monitors' nest. There are seventeen mottled brown eggs that have an AP of 0 and 2 hit points each and could easily fetch 10 silver euo on the open market as a delicacy, or 15 to an animal handler. The glints of metal in the nest are a few random shiny objects that the monitors must have eaten and passed because they could not digest them. There is a small silver ring with an inset pearl (25 GP), a silver loop earring (5 SP) and a strange-looking coin that will mystically always flip to its 'heads' side (500 SP).

From where the nest lies the Player Characters can also see daylight coming from the far end of the tunnel.

8) The Tunnel's End

You are just a few dozen paces from where the sewer tunnel spills out into a large and grassy field, currently swaying in the light breeze. You can see a long distance of tree-spotted countryside beyond and no sign of the city itself from your vantage point.

The Player Characters are walking into a trap. Rafe and his honour guard of two shocktroopers are waiting at either side of the tunnel exit. Although it means that a combat could begin as a surprise as soon as they step outside, there are a few signs that might make them wary enough to avoid the surprise of the ambush.

- If anyone is currently wearing the Hand of Fate and wielding the Sword Magistrate, the opal knuckles of the *Hand* will begin to glow brightly in warning that Rafe – a willing servant of the force of Chaos – is present. The closer they step toward the exit, the brighter it becomes.



- Someone with the Tracking skill can be called upon to make a slightly difficult (–10%) check to see that several sections of the grasses have been bent and broken in the last hour or so by heavy, booted footfalls.

Unless the Player Characters tell the Games Master in some way that they are expecting an ambush, or pass any of the above tests, the next scene will likely end as a surprise scenario – which could be *very* bad for the Player Characters.

At Last I Get to Kill You...

As the Player Characters exit the sewer tunnel, the Games Master will spring Rafe's ambush – even if it is not really an ambush. If the Player Characters are in fact surprised, the following dialogue should be read.

Light strikes your eyes warmly as you exit the tunnel, stepping down onto the muddy ground and wet gravel a metre below the tunnel's lip. Your feet splash when they hit the ground and you have to catch your footing in the gentle current of run off exiting with you.

Just as you turn to see how far you are from the city, you see a flash of metal in your peripheral…

'Get them!' a low and sinister voice shouts!

If the Player Characters manage to avoid being directly ambushed in some way, they should get a slightly different introduction.

You warily step out of the sewer tunnel, hopping down the metre or so the watery gravel and mud below with a quick spin to ready yourself for whatever waits. Your suspicions are confirmed, as three bull-masked men – two hulking and one wiry and athletic – wait with their weapons poised.

'And so your cowardly dance ends here,' the smaller bull-masked man growls, 'and Rafe Thenblade finally gets to kill you.' He draws an interesting-looking sword hilted with tubing and almost alien-looking devices and points it at you, 'Give me the Sword Magistrate *and your deaths will be quick. Fight us and you will only curse your families to the same excruciating demise we will give you here.'*

The fight between the Player Characters and the Granbretanians is likely to be a bloody one. The Bull Order honour guards are equipped well and Rafe (see page 120) is no pushover. The Honour Guard will fight to the death no matter what and Rafe will only surrender if his guards are dead and he is somehow disarmed completely. The Granbretanians will move from target to target if they incapacitate one, knowing that they will be able to later torture them to learn more about any further Resistance fighters in the area (which they may or may not know about).

The battle will either end with Rafe and his guards dead in the grass, the guards dead and Rafe captured, or the Player Characters dead or incapacitated. If the Granbretanians are killed out of hand, the Games Master can continue on with the next (and final) section of the scenario, but if Rafe is still alive when the battle is determined to be over, the following scene should be read aloud.

'Y-you do not know,' the Granbretanian stammers, 'what you have done. Baron Meliadus will send more soldiers after that weapon, you have only delayed the inevitable.' He laughs and it sounds exhausted and final. 'At least I will not live to know his anger or judgment…'

There is a popping sound from inside Rafe's mouth and his limbs almost instantly shock straight out and go rigid…

Rafe Thenblade would gladly kill himself using an alchemical pill hidden in his mouth than suffer the wrath of his superiors. The nobility of Granbretan is not immune to the torturous punishments of their rulers and Rafe knows that a quick death here is far more honourable than being crucified or vivisected by Meliadus' executioners back in Kroiden.

When Destiny Calls

'Yeah,' the filthy *traveller said with a nervous laugh while wringing out the muddy water from his pant legs, 'the sewer lets out a few hundred paces that a way. It's the only way I knew how to get out of that bedamned city. Unless that silver sword thing turns up, those Granbretanian monsters are going to paint the streets with Karlye's own!'*



'A silver sword you say?' the brawny stranger asked, 'Anything about a single bronze gauntlet?'

'Actually,' the traveller said with a worried quiver of his muck-stained brow, 'I think so.'

'Which way is this sewer?'

Minutes later, as the Orkneyman approached the area, he saw three Granbretanian soldiers – one obviously a noble – lurking in the grasses surrounding the black hole in the landscape. Knowing that he could not approach without engaging the trio, he simply chose to stay low and watch from afar. Secretly he hoped that he was wrong and this was all coincidence.

Unfortunately Orland Fank has not believed in coincidence in quite a while…

These are the final moments of the scenario for the Player Characters, where they are given the opportunity to meet a special personality in this piece of the Multiverse and given a very important choice. They have the way to walk away from the path seemingly set for them, even if it means ignoring the winds of fate. That is the real decision here – to let the Multiverse steer them as it seems to do with great souls, or take a stand with the free will of Man and possibly pass up Destiny's plans for them.

'Excellent work,' a calm and strong voice from out of nowhere half-laughed, 'that was hard fought and worth watching.' A large man with a great battleaxe across his back walks forward from seemingly out of nowhere, as

he sees the tension in your muscles, he raises his hands palms-up to show he means no harm. 'It does not surprise me that you are here… and now. I understand fate better than most.'

Obviously to the players, they know they are talking to Orland Fank. The Player Characters are quite unlikely to know him, but they might be able to pass a Lore (World) check at –30% to know rumours of the Orkneyman and his hatred of the Dark Empire. If they choose to actually fight him, as they might think he is some kind of Granbretanian spy, you can use the statistics given for him on page 130 of *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game*, or you can simply have him consistently dodge or avoid the attacks until he can convince the Player Characters he is genuine.

When the Player Characters give him the chance to speak beyond his mysterious introduction, he has an important question for the Player Characters:

'You bear a piece of Equilibrium there,' he points to the artefact that has caused you so much trouble over what has felt like a much longer time than has actually passed, 'and with it comes much hardship and possible glories.'

'If you do not want to follow the path its destiny will take you on,' he gestures to the magical gauntlet, 'I will take it from you now and make it part of mine. If you so desire it.'

Oddly enough the gauntlet unbuckles itself at this enigmatic man's offer…

This is where the Player Character(s) have to decide whether or not they are going to choose to give up the Sword Magistrate and the Hand of Fate to Fank, who will take the weapons off into his own adventures. Or they can decide to continue to bear the powerful weapon and become a part of this world's battle for Equilibrium. Their choice here could very well shape the rest of their lives, so Games Masters should give them as much time as they want to make the choice.

If they choose to give the artefacts to Orland Fank:

'Very well,' the man says as he accepts the ancient items, 'you are free of your responsibility to these now. I wish you happy and long lives, however rare in these dark times. If our paths ever cross again, may it be in more favourable circumstances.'

As he turns to walk away, he looks back over his shoulder at you with an almost sad frown.

'Cherish your freedom from fate,' he sighs, 'it is more precious than any coin or kingdom, friends.'

If the Player Characters gave up the artefacts to Fank, they are indeed free of any further responsibility of the Sword Magistrate. However, they have been instrumental in the death of a noble in the Order of the Bull, which makes them wanted criminals all across Granbretan.

If they choose to keep the artefacts:

'Welcome then,' the man says with a genuine smile as the gauntlet's buckles latch magically in response to your decision, 'to the rest of your lives. Destiny is a harsh mistress, but what manner of man argues with the hand we are dealt? Not I, to be sure.'

As he turns to walk away, he looks back over his shoulder at you with an almost sad frown. 'Destiny arranges no meetings by chance,' he sighs, 'We will one day meet again.'

Since the Player Characters chose to keep the artefacts they have essentially decided to become instruments in the greater fate of their world. While not as directly influential as the Eternal Champion or his actions, they are now pieces of a greater puzzle that they may eventually need to try and decipher. Firstly, by willingly accepting such a daunting role in the Multiverse, all the Player Characters should receive a bonus Fate Point with the actual bearer of the sword and gauntlet gaining an additional Fate Point. This might seem an unfair

bonus, but with the added responsibility and dangerous interactions that these artefacts will likely bring for them specifically over the course of their lives – it is a small reward.

No matter the decision made, Orland Fank will wave off the Player Characters if they want to join him, as he feels it would not be safe for them, but he will give them any advice he can. He is genuinely aware that they are now enemies of the Granbretanians and he will help if he can – as long as it does not get in the way of his personal missions and goals.

Aftermath

The Player Characters are now a few hundred metres outside of Karlye and currently free of the Granbretanian soldiers. Saka Gerden himself might be informed of his nephew's untimely death, which will make for a very deadly foe angled against the Player Characters until they or he is dead. Even if they do not still bear the Sword Magistrate, they are enemies of Granbretan and Games Masters should use that in their future adventures as plot hooks, campaign steerage or even just happenstance encounters.

Karlye itself will likely be off limits to them for a few weeks or months unless they can arrange for decent disguises. The Order of the Bull will move their search for the Sword Magistrate elsewhere in short order, but the dark crucifixions and general malice that the Player Characters' presence unwittingly brought upon the city for the short time the Order of the Bull were there is enough to make it a very dangerous place to be. Eventually the people of Karlye will forget about the exact role the Player Characters played in that bloody act, making it safe once more to come to the merchant town.

From here it is up to the players and the Games Master to map out what waits for the Player Characters in the Multiverse. Are they the bearers of a specific piece of Fate? Are they marked forever as those who abandoned Destiny and are therefore forbidden to ever fulfil their own? Do they play a greater role in the Eternal Champion's life than anyone involved can know?



Characters and Beasts

Karlye Citizen

These are the normal folk of Karlye. They are the merchants, buyers, butchers and travellers that someone might happen into on the streets of the busy city at the end of the Silver Bridge. The statistics below should be slightly adjusted to represent specific people in the city if the Games Master feels it necessary to do so.

Characteristics: STR 9, CON 11, SIZ 11, INT 11, POW12, DEX 12, CHA 13
Skills: Athletics 30%, Craft (appropriate) 65%, Dodge 30%, Lore (Karlye) 50%, Perception 35%, Persistence 28%, Resilience 40%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	–/6
10-12	Chest	–/7
13-15	Right Arm	–/4
16-18	Left Arm	–/4
19-20	Head	–/5

Leather Trews: –2% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage / AP*
Dagger	30%	1D4+1–1D2 / 4

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 2, *Strike Rank:* +11, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m, *Equipment:* Dagger, Leather Trews, 3D6 Copper Pennies

Karlye City Watchman

Although many of these stalwart defenders of Karlye's populace are good men looking to earn an honest wage, they cannot help but be turned into an instrument of the Granbretanians' dark plots and schemes while Rafe is in the city. They would prefer to serve the greater good, but they cannot risk their jobs – or lives – going against the will of a Granbretanian noble.

Characteristics: STR 12, CON 14, SIZ 12, INT 10, POW 11, DEX 13, CHA 12
Skills: Athletics 50%, Dodge 50%, Driving 40%, Flame-Lance 25%, Influence 60%, Lore (Karlye) 70%, Perception 65%, Persistence 45%, Resilience 60%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	1/7
10-12	Chest	1/8
13-15	Right Arm	1/5
16-18	Left Arm	1/5
19-20	Head	5/6

Helmet, Leather Shirt, Leather Trews: –11% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage / AP*
Baton	65%	1D6 / 2
Rapier	60%	1D8 / 3
Light Crossbow	55%	2D6 / 2

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3, *Strike Rank:* +11, *Damage Modifier:* 0, *Movement:* 4m, *Equipment:* Baton, Rapier, Crossbow and 6 bolts, Leather Armour and Helmet, 2D6 Silver Euo

Rafe Thenblade; Order of the Bull Noble

Rafe grew up deep in the darkest corner of the Order of the Bull, learning the best ways to kill a man in painful strokes while not leaving himself open to a similar end. He is a masterful fencer that wields a unique sorcery-science longsword with which he can shock weapons parrying him with alchemical electricity. Having all the best schooling and trainers, Rafe is a great deal more than just a sadistic noble from Granbretan – he is one of their best and most loyal manhunters.

Rafe is a dastardly man who enjoys the pain and suffering of his foes almost as much as he enjoys the praise and compliments he receives after a job well done. He has a collection of commendations given to him by Lord Minosh and Baron Meliadus, most of which have been for prying the secrets from the skulls of captives and foolish freedom fighters. Rafe hates the idea that Meliadus is relying on some foolish duke and an ensorcelled jewel to get his way in the Kamarg, but understands that it is not his place to question – merely obey.

Characteristics: STR 13, CON 13, SIZ 11, INT 15, POW 14, DEX 19, CHA 15
Skills: Acrobatics 65%, Athletics 60%, Craft (Torture) 82%, Dodge 70%, Evaluate 55%, Influence 70%, Language (Bull) 90%, Lore (Granbretan) 75%, Lore (World) 60%, Perception 68%, Persistence 75%, Pilot Ornithopter 55%, Resilience 68%, Stealth 55%, Survival 65%, Throwing 50%, Tracking 55%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	7/5
4-6	Left Leg	7/5
7-9	Abdomen	7/6
10-12	Chest	7/7
13-15	Right Arm	7/4
16-18	Left Arm	7/4
19-20	Head	7/5

Granbretanian Armour: –28% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage / AP*
Conductor Longsword	85%	1D8+1D6[1] / 4
Hand Flamer	65%	2D6/1D3

[1]If a metallic weapon parries an attack from this weapon; the hand/arm that is wielding that weapon suffers 1 point of electrical damage.

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 4, *Strike Rank:* +17, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m, *Equipment:* Conductor Longsword, Hand Flamer, Standard Granbretanian Armour (Alchemically Lightened) with Bull-helm, Hard-shelled suicide-tooth of Chlorine Toxin, 35 Gold Pundstarleen, 42 Silver Euo, Signet Ring of the Order of the Bull

Risidious Fairhaven

This common Granbretanian citizen is not much for fighting, nor is he anything but a librarian of antiquity. Although he is instrumental in the overall fate of the Magistrate of Fate, his role is that of courier – not wielder.

Characteristics: STR 8, CON 10, SIZ 9, INT 15, POW 12, DEX 11, CHA 13
Skills: Dodge 45%, Evaluate 76%, Influence 55%, Lore (World) 80%, Perception 60%, Resilience 32%, Stealth 40%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	–/4
4-6	Left Leg	–/4
7-9	Abdomen	–/5
10-12	Chest	–/6
13-15	Right Arm	–/3
16-18	Left Arm	–/3
19-20	Head	–/4

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage / AP*
Dagger	33%	1D4+1–1D2 / 4

Special Rules
Combat Actions: 2, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m, *Equipment:* Dagger, Page of Antiquity Tome, *Magistrate of Fate*

Sewer Monitor (Cess Lizard)
Sewer Monitors are actually just an urban variety of the foul and disgusting beast named 'Cess Lizard' for its habit of living in and around rotten meat and other animal waste. They are disgusting creatures that are often toxic to live around, but can be quite useful to watch guard over aquatic territory – if the owner does not mind the awful stench and befouled water.

They range in size from only a few hand spans long to the size of a small adult human. They have long and powerful tails that propel them through the water; slightly webbed feet tipped with sharp talons and pointed heads that are streamlined for swimming and rooting in rotten meat. Their skins range from a light tan to a dark green, depending on what sort of foulness they have been living in that could stain them.

Characteristics: STR 2D6+6 (13), CON 2D6+6 (13), SIZ 2D6+2 (8), INT 2 (2), POW 2D6 (7), DEX 3D6+1 (12), CHA 3 (3)
Skills: Athletics 55% (85% Swimming), Dodge 35%, Stealth 35%, Track 35%
Traits: Excellent Swimmer

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Tail	2/4
4-6	Right Hind Leg	2/5
7-9	Left Hind Leg	2/5
10-12	Hindquarters	2/6
13-15	Forequarters	2/6
16-18	Right Front Leg	2/5
19-20	Left Front Leg	2/5
18-20	Head	2/5

Scales: No Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage / AP*
Claw	45%	1D4
Bite	40%	1D6+sewer rot / 0

Special Rules
Combat Actions: 2, *Strike Rank:* +7, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m, 6m Swim

Sewer Rot
Type: Touch
Delay: 2D6 hours
Potency: 62
Full Effect: 1 hit point damage to the initial infected location. 25% chance per Potency roll per adjoining body locations that the disease has now spread to those locations as well, requiring additional Potency rolls to fight the disease there.

Street Thug
Due to the high concentration of illegal sales and trade in Karlye, the streets of the city are a maze of street gang territories and turfs. If one did not know who to talk to, where and what about, it could be a dangerous place to move about at night.

Characteristics: STR 13, CON 13, SIZ 14, INT 8, POW 9, DEX 12, CHA 11
Skills: Athletics 45%, Dodge 40%, Evaluate 45%, First Aid 20%, Influence 50%, Lore (Karlye) 65%, Perception 50%, Persistence 40%, Resilience 65%, Sleight 40%, Stealth 65%, Survival 50%, Throwing 35%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	2/6
4-6	Left Leg	2/6
7-9	Abdomen	2/7
10-12	Chest	2/8
13-15	Right Arm	2/5
16-18	Left Arm	2/5
19-20	Head	–/6

Heavy Leather Armour: –12% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage / AP*
Club	65%	1D6+1D2 / 2
Dagger	60%	1D4+1+1D2 / 4
Unarmed	65%	1D3+1D2 / 0

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 2, *Strike Rank:* +10, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m, *Equipment:* Club, Dagger, Heavy Leather Armour, 3D6 Copper Pennies, 1D3–1 Gold Pundstarleen

Order of the Bull Shocktrooper

The scientifically altered powerhouses of the Order of the Bull, shocktroopers are hulks of muscle mass and aggression. They are bred and chemically stimulated to be easy to anger and ready at any time to smash any foe of Granbretan to bits. They are rarely deployed in large numbers due to the extreme cost in moving and equipping their ranks.

Each shocktrooper is capable of fighting several opponents at once, but prefers to specifically maim or otherwise incapacitate a foe before moving on to another. Killing strokes can be dealt at any time if ordered to do so, but they have been taught the benefit of having captured enemies brought back to the interrogation chambers of the Order of the Bull. Although they are chemically predisposed to crush any and all enemies of the Order of the Bull – they are infinitely loyal and will not disobey an order, no matter how badly they may want to. They would rather die on their own blades than risk bringing dishonour to the Order and it makes them deadlier than most enemies of Granbretan could ever face.

Characteristics: STR 17, CON 15, SIZ 19, INT 10, POW 6, DEX 13, CHA 7

Skills: Athletics 70%, Dodge 30%, Influence 50%, Language (Bull) 60%, Perception 48%, Persistence 85%, Pilot Ornithopter 65%, Resilience 72%, Survival 95%, Tracking 55%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	8/7
4-6	Left Leg	8/7
7-9	Abdomen	8/8
10-12	Chest	8/9
13-15	Right Arm	8/6
16-18	Left Arm	8/6
19-20	Head	10/7

Heavy Granbretanian Armour: –34% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage / AP*
Granbretanian Polearm	80%	2D8+1D6 / 5
Flame-Lance	75%	2D6/1D6+1D6 / 2
Martial Arts	60%	2D3+1D6 / 0

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3, *Strike Rank:* +11, *Damage Modifier:* +1D6, *Movement:* 5m, *Equipment:* Granbretanian Polearm (Halberd Equivalent), Flame-Lance (only if noted in description), Heavy Granbretanian Armour (Alchemically Lightened) with Reinforced Bull-helm, 1D6 Gold Pundstarleen

Note: Granbretanian Honour Guards add +10% to *all* skill rolls if fighting an opponent that is within 10m of their noble ward (Rafe in the case of this scenario).



Order of the Bull Ornithopters

Order of the Bull ornithopters are blackened metal and wood constructions that look like a sick cross between a bat and a dragonfly as they wing across the sky and are powered by rather unstable engines which must be refuelled quickly if the vehicle sees tactical use. An Order of the Bull ornithopter can, on average, fly for eight hours of direct travel, but less than three hours in search patterns or engaged in combat. This engine will explode if the flyer is reduced to 0 structure points or 0 structural integrity while in operation. This explosion deals 8D6 damage to anyone within ten metres of the vehicle.

Ornithopter, Order of the Bull

Hull: 3
Structure Points: 32
Structural Integrity: 16
Crew: 1 pilot, 1 passenger
Speed: 16 m/160 km
Weapons: One Mounted Flame-lance
Skill: Pilot Ornithopter +10%
Cost: 45,000 silver (Granbretan Nobles of the Order of the Bull only)

Appendix

Spells

Acid	Hawkmoon	MAG Damage Acid
Agony	Hawkmoon	Tortures target
Animate (Substance)	Hawkmoon	Animates a particular object or substance
Blasting	Granbretan	Explosive blast of 1D6 x MAG
Blood Heat	Granbretan	Bonus to attacks
Bloodline Rejuvenation	Granbretan	Restores youth
Boost	Hawkmoon	Increases MAG of an artefact
Cast Back	Hawkmoon	Flings resisted spells back at caster
Command Vapours	Granbretan	Controls gases
Clone	Hawkmoon	Creates a copy of a creature
Cure Disease	Hawkmoon	Cures a disease
Damage Boosting	Hawkmoon	+MAG Damage to a weapon
Damage Resistance	Hawkmoon	Stops any damage less than MAG of spell
Dampening	Granbretan	Reduces light, boosts stealth, penalises sorcery, stops energy
Darksight	Granbretan	See in the dark
Diminish (Characteristic)	Hawkmoon	Reduces characteristic by MAG
Dimensional Scan	Granbretan	Views alternate realities
Dominate (Species)	Hawkmoon	Commands the target
Enhance (Characteristic)	Hawkmoon	Increases Characteristic by MAG
Fleshwarping	Granbretan	Alters ability scores
Form/Set (Substance)	Hawkmoon	Allows a substance to be shaped like clay
Freeze	Hawkmoon	MAG damage cold, slows foes
Gas Cloud	Granbretan	Creates a billowing cloud of gas
Ghost Fence	Hawkmoon	Psychological barrier, MAG x 5 vs Persistence to cross
Glow	Hawkmoon	Creates a light
Guide Machine	Granbretan	Controls an artefact from afar
Haste	Hawkmoon	+MAG Movement, +1/2 MAG Strike Rank
Hinder	Hawkmoon	-MAG Movement, -1/2 MAG Strike Rank
Holdfast	Hawkmoon	Glues objects together
Hypnotism	Hawkmoon	Allows target to be commanded
Icy Touch	Granbretan	½ MAG touch attack
Ignite	Hawkmoon	MAG Damage Fire
Imbue Artefact	Hawkmoon	Allows spells to be cast into an object
Insight	Hawkmoon	Analyses an artefact or spell
Jamming	Hawkmoon	Counters incoming spells of lesser MAG
Madness	Granbretan	Drives victims insane
Mental Image	Granbretan	Allows mental picture of a scene
Mutate	Hawkmoon	Gives mutations
Neutralise Magic	Hawkmoon	Removes spells up to its MAG
Phantom (Sense)	Hawkmoon	Creates an illusion

Poison	Hawkmoon	Creates a damaging poison
Plague	Hawkmoon	Creates a virulent plague
Regenerate	Hawkmoon	Regrows severed limbs
Resurrection Drug	Hawkmoon	Raises the dead…ish
Riddle of the Cells	Granbretan	Detects diseases, mutations, parentage and so on
(Sense) Projection	Hawkmoon	Probes nearby areas
Sense (Substance)	Hawkmoon	Detects substance
Shapechange (Species) to (Species)	Hawkmoon	Changes one creature into another
Shadow Shape	Granbretan	Caster becomes a shadow for a brief time
Skywriting	Granbretan	Writes messages in the air
Sonic	Hawkmoon	–5% x MAG to all actions
Sorcerer’s Focus	Hawkmoon	Spends Focus on Intelligence skills
Sorcerer’s Presence	Hawkmoon	+MAG x 10% to Influence, penalises attacks on caster
Skin of Life	Hawkmoon	Allows breathing underwater, in poison gases and so on
Smother	Hawkmoon	Cuts off oxygen
Psychic Projection	Hawkmoon	Projects the spirit into astral plane
Time Freeze	Granbretan	Locks a target out of time
Timespace jump	Granbretan	Caster travels through the dimensions
Treat Wounds	Hawkmoon	Cures MAG damage
Voice of Doom	Granbretan	Caster speaks loudly

Artefact Spells

Acid Cannon	Hawkmoon	Potent engine of destruction
Barrier Globe	Granbretan	Force shield
Crystal Rings of Mygan	Hawkmoon	Dimensional travel method
Deathsnatcher	Granbretan	Rescues minions from death
Fire Sword	Granbretan	Flaming weapon
Flame-Cannon	Hawkmoon	Artillery-sized fire weapon
Flame-Lance	Hawkmoon	Personal plasma beam
Machine of the Black Jewel	Granbretan	Implants a mind-controlled gem
Mentality Machine	Hawkmoon	Scans the minds of the victims
Living Armour	Hawkmoon	Powered armour
Ornithopter	Hawkmoon	Flying machine
Pyramid of Dimensional Travel	Granbretan	Time and relative dimensions in space device
Sonic Cannon	Hawkmoon	Horse-breaking cannon
Stiltwalker	Granbretan	Clockwork ‘mech
Regulator Device	Granbretan	Slave control device
Time Crystal	Hawkmoon	Image recorder
Toiling Engine	Hawkmoon	Basic motor
Tutelary Intellect	Hawkmoon	Artificial Intelligence
Vault of Preservation	Hawkmoon	Time-freezing chamber
Watchful Eyes Network	Granbretan	Spy machine
Weather Control Tower	Hawkmoon	Weather control device

Calculating Combat Strength

For infantry or cavalry, take the average of the soldier's STR and CON then add the two values together. Cavalry units may add +10 to this value.

For missile troops, take the average of DEX and CON then add the two values together.

For troops that are cavalry/missile or infantry/missile, add their DEX and STR together, divide by 2, and then add their CON score for infantry troops, or 10+CON for cavalry.

Training

Conscripts: –15
Green: –10
Trained: +0
Exceptional: +10
Elite: +20
Legendary: +30

Commander

Heroic Aura Legendary Ability: +10
Lore (military tactics) 30% or more: +5
CHA 15 or more: +5

Equipment

Add the average Armour Points of the unit's armour to its CS.
Poor weapons: +5
Two-handed weapons: +5

Morale

Miserable: –10
Wavering: –5
Average: +0
Good: +5
Excellent: +10
Fanatic: +5

Terrain

High Ground, such as hills:	Missile +5, Infantry –5, Cavalry –10
Forests and Thick Cover:	Missile –10, Cavalry –10
Natural Barrier, such as a River:	–10 to any units crossing river
Defensive Structure:	+10 Missile, +10 Infantry
Open Field:	Cavalry +10
Wet or Muddy Ground:	Cavalry –10
High wind, rain:	Missile –10 to –20
Night:	Missile –10, Cavalry –10, Infantry –5

Orders

Advance: The unit moves one range category towards the foe.

Attack: The unit engages a foe, advancing from Close to Combat range. This is the 'default' order in battle and does not affect the CS of any unit. Only units in range may be attacked (Long or Close for missile troops, Combat for cavalry or infantry).

Concentrate Fire (Missile Only): The missile troops fire at a particular enemy, inflicting damage. Resolve this missile damage immediately. At Long range, reduce the unit's effective CS by -20. This attack cannot be used as Distant or Combat range.

Brace for Charge: The unit prepares itself to withstand a charge. +10 CS versus Charge only, +10 CS if equipped with Polearms.

Charge: The unit charges on another unit within Close range, moving into combat. Attackers get +10 CS this round when making this attack.

Defensive Line: The unit arranges itself to maximise its defences. Reduce the combat results by two steps for both winner and loser.

Encircle: The unit tries to sweep around the flanks of another unit. +10 CS if the unit has more troops than its foe.

Flank Attack: The unit tries to flank the enemy. Cavalry units get a +10 CS versus Infantry or Missile; all units get +10 CS if the enemy is already engaged.

Give Ground: The unit falls back while staying engaged. +20 CS versus Encircle or Hit and Run. Two Give Ground orders in a row move the units one range band back.

Hit and Run (Cavalry only): The unit makes its attack, then falls back to Close range. The unit automatically disengages at the end of the round.
Hold Ground: The unit holds its position no matter what. It gets a +25% bonus to the morale test at the end of the round.
Reform (Broken units only): The unit reorganises after breaking. The –100 CS penalty is removed. If the unit's Morale is less than average, they will not reform.
Retreat: The unit falls back one range band. If engaged, they suffer a –10 CS penalty this round.
Slaughter Them: The unit suffers a –20CS penalty, but if their final CS total is higher than their opponent's, they inflicts three times as many casualties as normal.
Slow Advance: Two Slow Advance orders in a row allow a unit to close one range band towards a foe. While using Slow Advance, a unit does not suffer any penalties from terrain.
Shield Wall (Infantry or Missile troops with Shields only): The damage sustained by the unit is reduced by two steps.
Quick Advance: The unit moves two range bands towards the enemy. –20 to CS this round.

Heroic Actions

Attack Artillery	Behind Enemy Lines
Capture a Commander	Capture the Standard
Duel	Fallen Friend
Fallen Foe	Heroic Effort
Hold the Standard	My Kingdom for a Horse
Precise Shot	Rally Troops
Red Carnage	Save Commander
Tactical Brilliance	Take Command
The Message Must Go Through	Vile Sorcery

Resolution

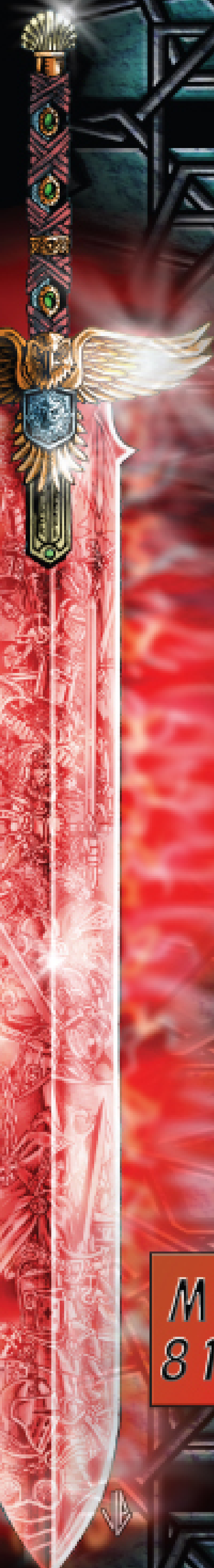
Both units make a percentile roll against their current Combat Strength; for each successful unit, add +20 to the unit's CS for the rest of this round.

Unit outnumbers foe	CS Modifier
Slightly	+5
By half again	+10
Twice size of foe	+15
Three to one or more	+20

Multiply the value below by the number of troops in the *smaller* unit:

Difference in CS	*Inflicts*
–100 or more	None
–90	x1/20
–80	x1/20
–70	x1/10
–60	x1/10
–50	x1/10
–40	x1/5
–30	x1/5
–20	x1/4
–10	x1/4
0	x1/3
+1	x1/3
+20	x1/3
+30	x1/2
+40	x1/2
+50	x1/2
+60	x3/4
+70	x3/4
+80	x1
+90	x2
+100	x3

INDEX



Michael Moorcock's

Hawkmoon

Granbretan

'For this was the great power of the Lords of the Dark Empire, that they valued nothing on all the Earth, no human quality, nothing within or without themselves. The spreading of conquest and desolation, of terror and torment, was their staple entertainment, a means of employing their hours until their spans of life were ended. For them, warfare was merely the most satisfying way of easing their ennui.'

The Dark Empire of Granbretan reaches out to conquer the world! Within his life-sustaining Throne Globe, the immortal King-Emperor Huon raises a withered hand and a million beast-masked warriors charge across the Silver Bridge. They desire to conquer the world, to enslave all humanity so that the mad Granbretanians can indulge in their twisted lusts or depraved hatreds. No army in Europe can stand against the flame-lances and foul sorceries of the Dark Empire. No force in all the world can staunch the wounds they inflict - save for the eldritch influence of the Runestaff!

War is coming. Where will you make your stand against the Dark Empire?

This volume contains the introductory scenario 'The Hunters of Granbretan'.

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